

Do You Want Ingrid Bergman Back?

★PHOTOPLAY

AUGUST

20¢

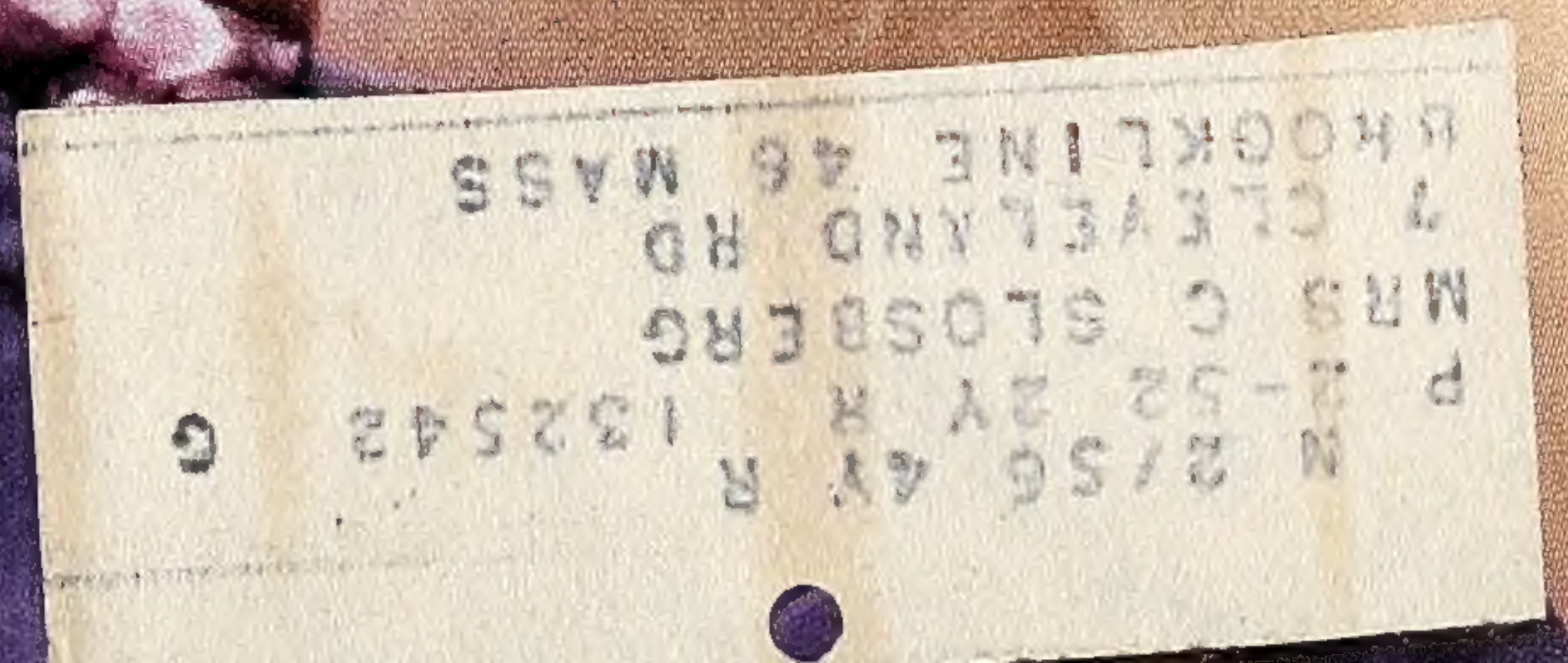
CHOOSE YOUR STAR

Vote for your newest favorites —
Over 50 names with facts, photos

PAT NEAL'S HEARTBREAK

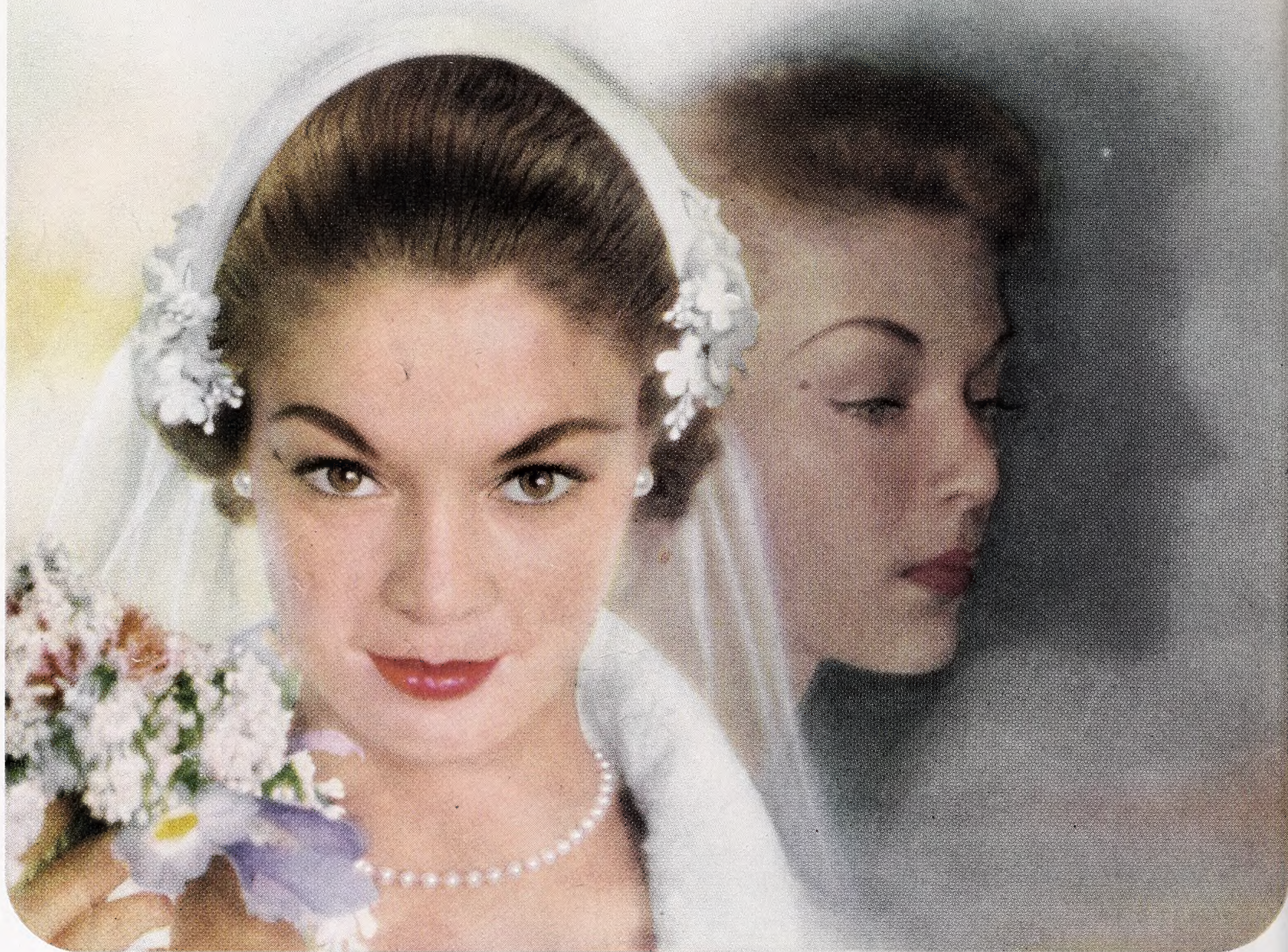
BY
HEDDA HOPPER

ESTHER
WILLIAMS



Yes, Camay takes your skin "out of the shadows"

AND INTO THE LIGHT OF NEW LOVELINESS!



Like this Camay bride, you'll win
a fresher, brighter skin with your First Cake of Camay!

NO GIRL can expect eyes and hearts to turn her way—or hope for a ring for her third finger, left hand—if she lets dullness overshadow the natural beauty of her skin!

Are shadows keeping your beauty hidden from view? That needn't be! Camay can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of romantic new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone—and your complexion will have a new freshness—a clearer look with your very *first cake* of Camay.

For complexion *or* bath, there's no finer beauty soap than Camay. How mild—how gentle Camay is! And Camay gives you such an abundance of rich, creamy, luxurious lather! What joy to see your skin come "out of the shadows" and into the light of romantic new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

Head to toes—your beauty grows!



The daily Camay Beauty Bath wakes your sleeping beauty, head to toes! It brings your arms—your legs—your shoulders—that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance. Camay in the Beauty-Bath Size offers more lather—more economy!

MRS. LOUIS AUER, lovely Camay bride, says: "Camay's a lamb of a beauty soap! After I changed to regular care and Camay, a clearer complexion was mine surprisingly soon!"



Camay

the Soap of Beautiful Women

Now! A choice of 3 permanents for all different types of hair

NEW TONI TRIO

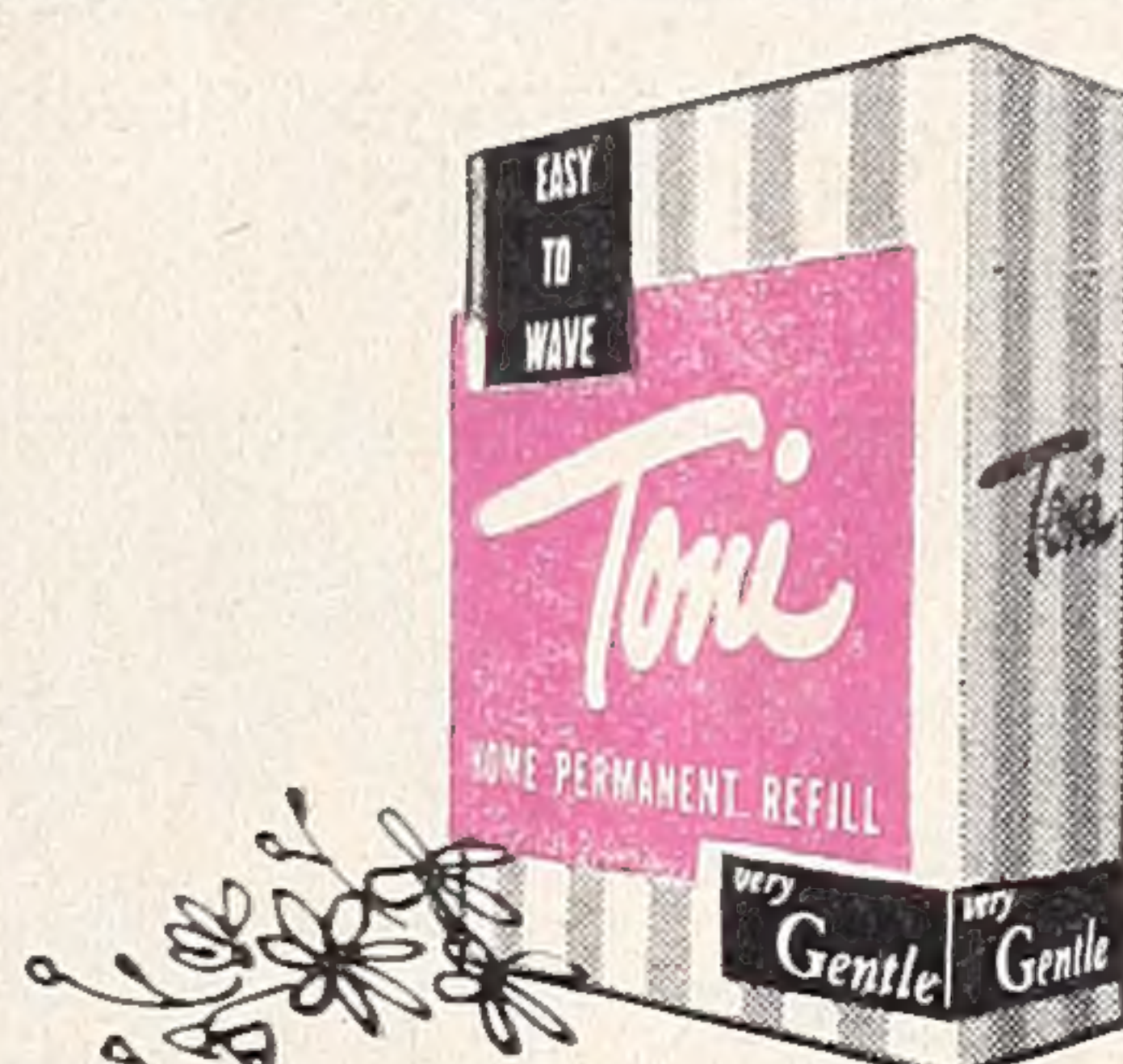
custom-made for you!



Regular Toni

FOR NORMAL HAIR

For most women—including the millions of Toni users who have always had good results. With Regular Toni you're sure of a permanent with all the beauty of a natural wave because it's just right for normal hair.



Very Gentle Toni

FOR EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR

If your hair waves very easily you need the extra mildness of Very Gentle Toni. It's custom-made to give you a soft, natural-looking permanent. Also wonderful for bleached, dyed or tinted hair—or hair with some natural curl.



Super Toni

FOR HARD-TO-WAVE HAIR

If other permanents didn't take or didn't last, Super Toni is your answer. For it is specially made to curl resistant hair. Super Toni is recommended, too, for women who want a curlier permanent.



Now... do what the finest beauty shops do

—choose a permanent custom-made for your type of hair. Make your choice from the New Toni Trio — Regular Toni, Super Toni, Very Gentle Toni. Three different permanents, each expertly formulated by the world's leader in hair research to give you a home permanent custom-made for your type of hair. And that means a lovelier, livelier, more natural-looking wave than ever before. Results no single-lotion permanent can give. Today, choose from the New Toni Trio the one permanent just right for your hair.

Your choice of Toni refills \$1.50

Tonette

NEW PERMANENT
FOR CHILDREN

At last a permanent that takes on every little girl's hair! Tonette—the children's home permanent by Toni. Specially made for youngsters' hair that lacks body and resists ordinary permanents.



Tonette refill \$1.50

Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
STOPS
BAD BREATH
AND
STOPS DECAY
BEST!

Colgate's Instantly Stops Bad Breath
 In 7 Out of 10 Cases
 That Originate in the Mouth!



It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth! Brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream gives you a *clean, fresh* mouth *all day long!* Scientific tests *prove* in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate's *instantly* stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. No other toothpaste has proved so completely it stops bad breath. No other cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!



Yes, the best way is the Colgate way! In fact, brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today. The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! Yes, to help stop bad breath and tooth decay at the same time, the *best* way is the *Colgate* way!



**PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S
 WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!**

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS FOR 40 YEARS

PHOTOPLAY

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 Natural color portrait by Dirone

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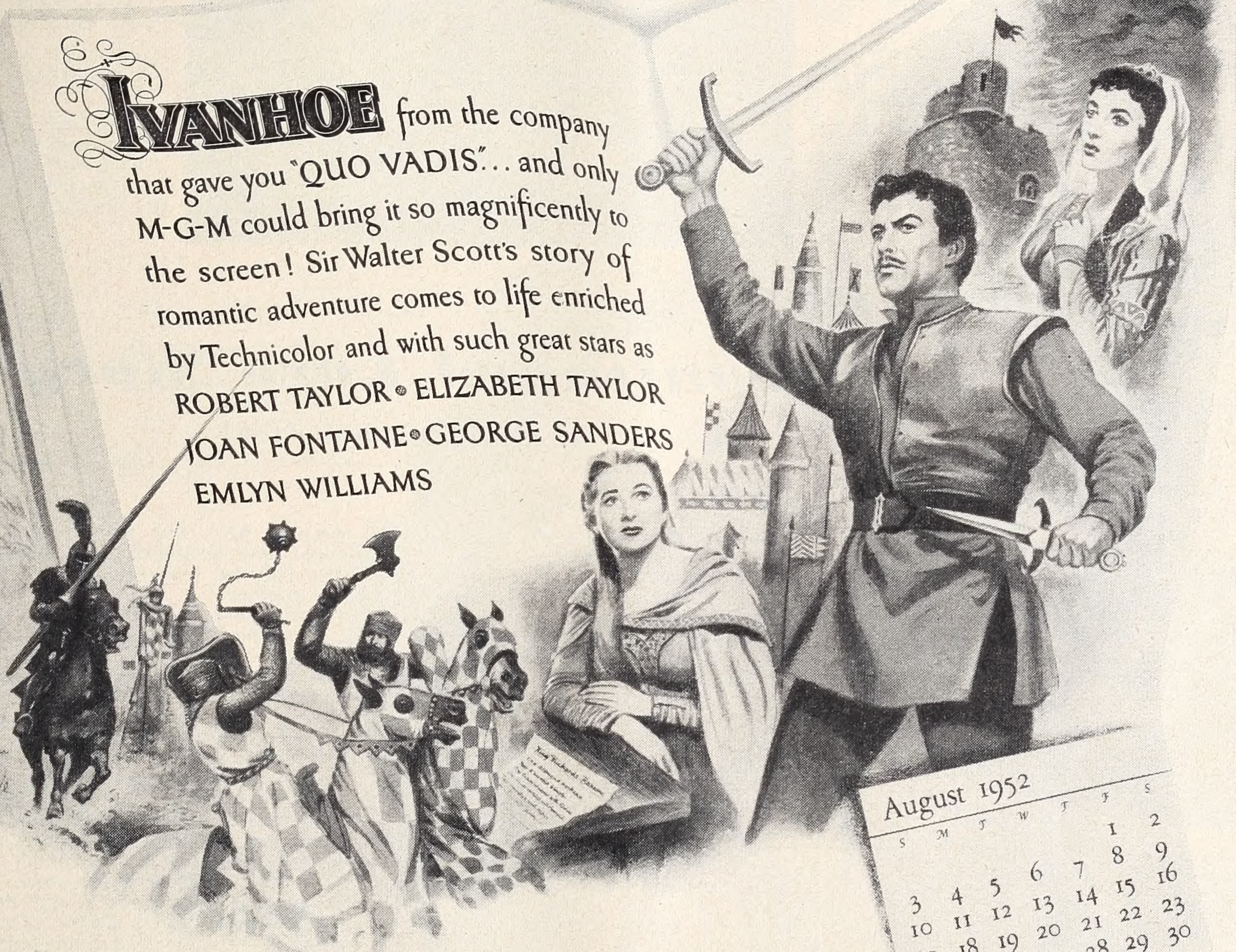
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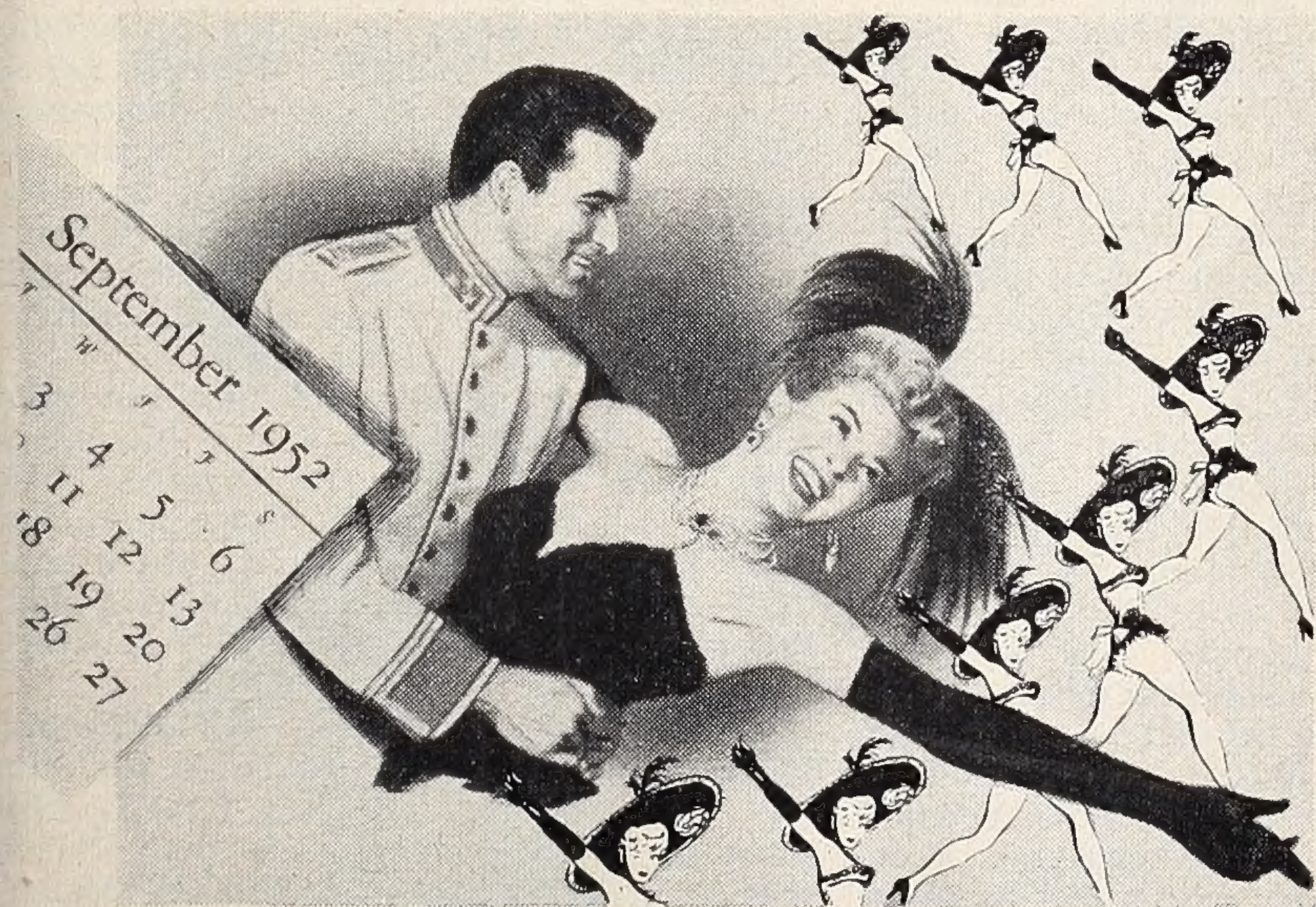
M-G-M's Movie-of-the-Month Calendar

IVANHOE from the company that gave you "QUO VADIS"... and only M-G-M could bring it so magnificently to the screen! Sir Walter Scott's story of romantic adventure comes to life enriched by Technicolor and with such great stars as ROBERT TAYLOR • ELIZABETH TAYLOR JOAN FONTAINE • GEORGE SANDERS EMLYN WILLIAMS



August 1952

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THE MERRY WIDOW is LANA TURNER — it could be none other — and FERNANDO LAMAS is her lover. A glorious entertainment aglow with the magic music of Franz Lehar and gorgeous color by *Technicolor*.

October 1952

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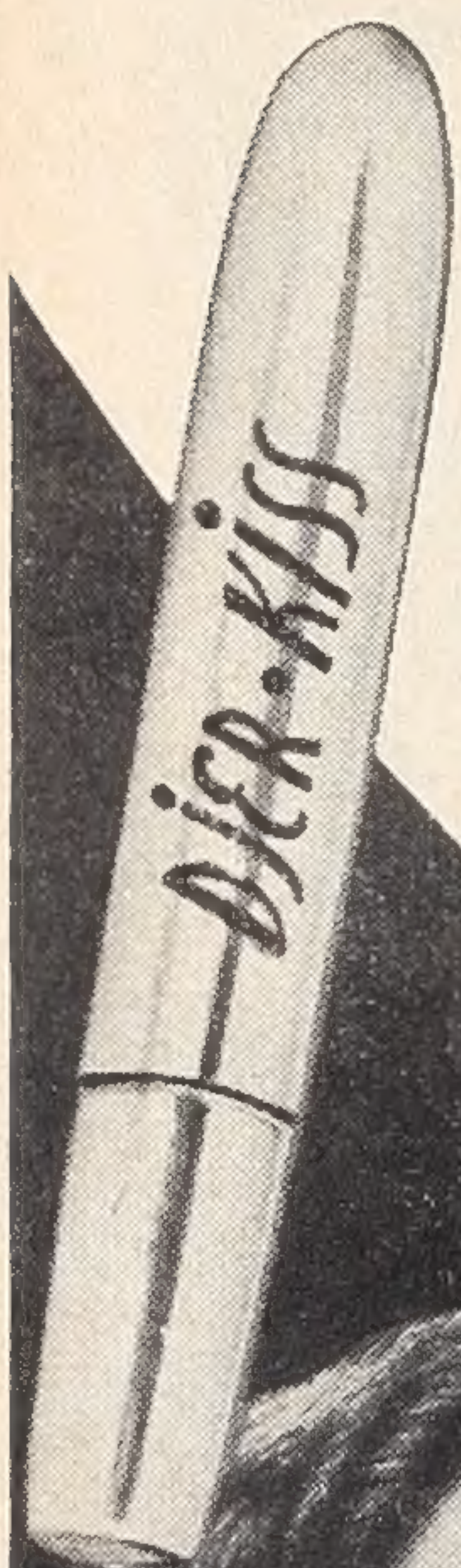
BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE brings you golden-voiced MARIO LANZA in a new romantic musical sensation co-starring JAMES WHITMORE and introducing DORETTA MORROW. *Technicolor*.

At last... perfection
in an indelible lipstick!

Now you can have a lipstick that will not kiss off, will not smear, yet has such a creamy texture your lips stay velvet-soft! For lasting glamour, try the new DJER-KISS ... in five color-rich shades.

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(DEAR KISS)
Perma-Color Lipstick

in slim or
regular case
29¢



FREE!

Limited time only

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PERFUME

with

59¢ DJER-KISS TALC



Use Djer-Kiss lavishly. Soothes, smooths, prevents chafing. Delicately yet deeply scented with Djer-Kiss perfume, the fragrance that whispers "Kiss me, dear!"

Romance starts with

BLUE WALTZ

Perfume

Makes men forget
to remember anyone
... but you!

10¢ and 25¢



Vivien Leigh visits husband Laurence Olivier on the set of Paramount production, "Carrie"

Continued Love Story

BY BEVERLY LINET

LAURENCE OLIVIER, for ten years, turned down all Hollywood offers. Curious, that at last it should be the Theodore Dreiser novel, "Sister Carrie," that wooed him back. For in it, he was required to shed his British manner in order to play a middle-aged Mid-westerner.

There was a time when Olivier looked upon movies as a necessary evil, a medium in which to make money between stage appearances. In 1931, when he was twenty-four, he had made three Hollywood movies—all bad. Then, the government refused to extend his visitor's permit and he returned to England.

A year later, however, a frantic call came from M-G-M. Would he please appear opposite Garbo in "Queen Christina"? He would indeed. But when he arrived at Culver City, Garbo refused to play with him and John Gilbert got the part. Never again, he swore, would he set foot in Hollywood. And it wasn't until the role of Heathcliff in "Wuthering Heights" came along, with a fine salary, that he changed his mind.

With the success of this picture, "Rebecca," "Pride and Prejudice," and "That Hamilton Woman," all was well again. In 1940, however, he returned to England to join the British Fleet Air Arm Service. And again not even the choicest parts or almost-fabulous salaries could induce him to return. But this time it was because he was busy reorganizing London's Old Vic Theatre where he served as actor, director, producer and manager. With his Old Vic associates he brought such masterpieces as "Hamlet" and "Henry V" to the screen. And he was knighted for these achievements.

Actually, Olivier's refusal to return to Hollywood was a double loss. It meant Vivien Leigh wouldn't come back either.

Their's is one of the greatest love stories. They met but didn't fall in love while first appearing together in a British movie called "21 Days." Both of them were married at that time and both had children. He was married to actress, Jill Esmond and she to a London lawyer, Leigh Holman. Then, a year later, they were again cast together in "Fire Over England." It was then they knew they

were in love. The scandal they faced might have destroyed their careers. But they believed they couldn't live without one another.

At Elsinore in Denmark, again appearing together in an outdoor production of "Hamlet," they were deliriously happy. The following fall when Larry left for America, Vivien followed. She planned only a brief visit, but stayed to play Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With the Wind." They were together constantly. But the studios hushed all romance rumors. However, when "Gone With the Wind" was completed and premiered in Atlanta, they announced that they would marry as soon as their divorces came through.

"I don't suppose there ever was a couple as much in love," Larry declared happily. And Vivien added, "Our love affair has been the most divine fairy tale."

They were married the following June. And when the war came Vivien sacrificed her health and consequently lost her expected baby in order to remain with Larry in England. There's never been the slightest rumor of dissension between them. That they still work together as harmoniously as they live together was proven last winter when their Broadway productions of "Caesar and Cleopatra" and "Antony and Cleopatra" met with wild acclaim.

Olivier likes people but he's not gregarious. He prefers to spend his spare time with friends in the theatre. His humor is deft and for the most part dead pan. But occasionally he lets out a roar of laughter that has the effect of a dam breaking loose. He can't tell a story without acting it.

Olivier had a fine time in Hollywood. He enjoyed the parties thrown for him and the reunions with old friends. But most of all, he was pleased that Vivien was making "A Streetcar Named Desire" at the same time that he was working in "Carrie." There are those who believe that this factor influenced his return more than any other. And when the Oliviers left, there were cries of "Come back soon," ringing in their ears. The next time, everyone hopes they will appear in a film together.

THE END

Did "Carrie" do
wrong...or only
what every woman
dreams of doing!

*She couldn't help using
men...even when she
didn't want to!*

Paramount Presents

LAURENCE JENNIFER
Olivier and Jones



in
**WILLIAM
WYLER'S**
production of the novel so daring
it once shocked the nation!

Carrie



with
MIRIAM HOPKINS · EDDIE ALBERT

Produced and Directed by WILLIAM WYLER
Screenplay by RUTH and AUGUSTUS GOETZ
From the American Classic,
SISTER CARRIE, by THEODORE DREISER



new!

WONDERFUL



**Two-In-One
Talc**

**keeps you
twice as
nice!**

April Showers

DEODORANT TALC

Now! To famous April Showers Talc, the world's most effective deodorant ingredient has been added! You'll be delighted with this lastingly effective deodorant talc that smooths your skin—and, at the same time, safeguards your freshness. Keeps you fragrant as April Showers—all over. Family size—50¢.

"A/S"

STICK DEODORANT



A favorite with both men and women—this new type deodorant in "solid" stick form glides pleasantly over your skin. It's always safe—always sure—protects you surely, lastingly. Wonderful to take with you when traveling... not a chance of dripping, staining! 75¢.

Prices plus tax

by **CHERAMY**
PERFUMER

Casts of Current Pictures

CLASH BY NIGHT—RKO: Mae, Barbara Stanwyck; Jerry, Paul Douglas; Earl, Robert Ryan; Peggy, Marilyn Monroe; Uncle Vince, J. Carroll Naish; Joe Doyle, Keith Andes; Papa, Silvio Minciotti.

FRANCIS GOES TO WEST POINT—U-I: Peter Stirling, Donald O'Connor; Barbara Atwood, Lori Nelson; Cynthia Daniels, Alice Kelley; Wilbur Van Allen, William Reynolds; William Norton, Palmer Lee; Colonel Daniels, Les Tremayne; Corporal Ransom, James Best; Chad Chadwick, Otto Hulett.

GLORY ALLEY—M-G-M: Socks Barbarrosa, Ralph Meeker; Angela, Leslie Caron; The Judge, Kurt Kasznar; Peppi Donato, Gilbert Roland; Gabe Jordan, John McIntire; Shadow Johnson, Louis Armstrong; Jack Teagarden, Himself; Sal Nichols (The Pig), Dan Seymour; Dr. Robert Ardley, Larry Gates; Jabber, Pat Goldin; Spider, John Indrisano; Domingo, Mickey Little; Dan, Dick Simmons; Terry Waulker, Pat Valentino; Frank, the Policeman, David McMahon; Newsboy Addams, George Garver.

HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GAL—U-I: Samuel Fulton, Charles Coburn; Millicent Blaisdell, Piper Laurie; Roberta Blaisdell, Gigi Perreau; Dan Stebbins, Rock Hudson; Harriet Blaisdell, Lynn Bari; Charles Blaisdell, Larry Gates; Howard Blaisdell, William Reynolds; Edward Norton, Frank Ferguson; Carl Pennock, Skip Homeier; Clarissa Pennock, Natalie Schafer; Judge Wilkins, Paul Harvey; Quinn, Forrest Lewis.

JUST ACROSS THE STREET—U-I: Henrietta Smith, Ann Sheridan; Fred Newcombe, John Lund; Walter Medford, Robert Keith; Pop Smith, Cecil Kellaway; Al, Harvey Lembeck; Gertrude Medford, Natalie Schafer; Davis, Alan Mowbray; John Ballenger, George Eldredge; Ed Timmens, Burt Mustin; Pearl, Billie Bird.

KANGAROO—20th Century-Fox: Dell McGuire, Maureen O'Hara; Richard Connor, Peter Lawford; Michael McGuire, Finlay Currie; Gamble, Richard Boone; Trooper Leonard, Chips Rafferty; Kathleen, Letty Craydon; Matt, Charles Tingwell; Fenner, Ron Whelan; Burke, John Fegan; Pleader, Guy Doleman; Ship's Officer, Reg Collins; Burton, Frank Ransom; Aborigine Stockman, Clyde Combo; Black Tracker, Henry Murdoch.

LOVELY TO LOOK AT—M-G-M: Stephanie, Kathryn Grayson; Al Marsh, Red Skelton; Tony Naylor, Howard Keel; Clarisse, Marge Champion; Jerry Ralby, Gower Champion; Bubbles Cassidy, Ann Miller; Zsa Zsa, Zsa Zsa Gabor; Max, Kurt Kasznar; Pierre, Marcel Dalio; Diane, Diane Cassidy.

LYDIA BAILEY—20th Century-Fox: Albion Hamlin, Dale Robertson; Lydia Bailey, Anne Francis; d'Autremont, Charles Korvin; King Dick, William Marshall; Gen. LeClerc, Luis Van Rooten; Madame d'Autremont, Adeline de Walt Reynolds; Paul, Angos Perez; Soldier, Bob Evans; Pauline Bonaparte, Gladys Holland; Consul, Will Wright; Mirabeau, Roy E. Glenn; Toussaint, Ken Renard; Marie, Juanita Moore; Specialty Dancer, Carmen de Lavallade; Voodoo Priest, Martin Wilkins; Lieutenant, Albert Morin; Deckhand, William Washington; Codman, Clancy Cooper; Ametiste, Muriel Bledsoe; Marmeline, Mildred Boyd; Roside, Marjorie Elliott; Floreal, Sizette Harbin; Aspodelle, Roz Hayes; Claircine, Dolores Mallory; Attenaire, Lena Torrence; Clorophene, Frances Williams; Barbe, Ken Terrell; Millet, Louis Mercier; General LaPlume, William Walker; Fencing Instructor, Fred Cavens.

NO ROOM FOR THE GROOM—U-I: Alvah Morrell, Tony Curtis; Lee Kingshead, Piper Laurie; Herman Stroupe, Don DeFore; Mama, Spring Byington; Will Stubbins, Jack Kelly; Donovan, Lee Aaker; Elsa, Lillian Bronson; Mr. Taylor, Stephen Chase; Dr. Trotter, Paul McVey; Cousin Betty, Lynn Hunter; Cousin Ben, Fess Parker; Cousin Luke, Frank Sully; Cousin Emmy, Helen Noyes; Cousin Julia, Elsie Baker; Cousin Henry, Fred J. Miller; Cousin Mike, James Parnell; Cousin Pete, Lee Turnbull; Cousin Dorothy, Janet Clark; Cousin Susie, Delores Mann; Cousin Kate, Alice Rickey.

PAT AND MIKE—M-G-M: Mike Conovan, Spencer Tracy; Pat Pemberton, Katharine Hepburn; Davie Hucko, Aldo Ray; Collier Weld, William Ching; Barney Grau, Sammy White; Spec Cauley, George Matthews; Mr. Beminger, Loring Smith; Mrs. Beminger, Phyllis Povah; Hank Tasting, Charles Buchinski; Sam Garsell, Frank Richards; Charles Barry, Jim Backus; Police Captain, Chuck Connors; Gibby, Joseph E. Bernard; Harry MacWade, Owen McGivney; Waiter, Lou Lubin; Bus Boy, Carl Switzer; Pat Pemberton's Caddy, William Self; and Sports Stars: Gussie Moran, Babe Didrikson Zaharias, Don Budge, Alice Marble, Frank Parker, Betty Hicks, Beverly Hanson, Helen Dettweiler.

SCARAMOUCHE—M-G-M: Andre Moreau, Stewart Granger; Lenore, Eleanor Parker; Aline de Gavrilac, Janet Leigh; Noel, Marquis de Maynes, Mel Ferrer; Chevalier de Chabrilaine, Henry Wilcoxon; Marie Antoinette, Nina Foch; Philippe de Valmorin, Richard Anderson; Gaston Binet, Robert Coote; Georges de Valmorin, Lewis Stone; Isabelle de Valmorin, Elisabeth Risdon; Michael Vanneau, Howard Freeman; Fabian, Curtis Cooksey; Doutreval, John Dehner; Dr. Dubuque, John Littel; Sergeant, Jonathan Cott; Pierrot, Dan Foster; Puncinello, Owen McGivney; Mme. Frying Pan, Hope Landin; Harlequin, Frank Mitchell; Pierrette, Carol Hughes; Perigore, Richard Hale.

SCARLET ANGEL—U-I: Roxy McClanahan, Yvonne de Carlo; Frank Truscott, Rock Hudson; Malcolm, Richard Denning; Norton Wade, Whitfield Connor; Linda Caldwell, Bodil Miller; Susan, Amanda Blake; Morgan Caldwell, Henry O'Neill; Eugenie Caldwell, Maude Wallace; Frisby, Dan Riss; Pierre, Henry Brandon; Phineas Calhoun, Tol Avery.

STORY OF ROBIN HOOD, THE—Disney-RKO: Robert Fitzooth, Richard Todd; Maid Marian, Joan Rice; Friar Tuck, James Hayter; Queen Eleanor, Martita Hunt; De Lacy, Peter Finch; Little John, James Robertson Justice; Stutely, Bill Owen; Prince John, Hubert Gregg; Scathelock, Michael Hordern; Allan-A-Dale, Elton Hayes; King Richard I, Patrick Barr; Hugh Fitzooth, Reginald Tate; Midge, Hal Osmond; Earl of Huntingdon, Clement McCallin; Tyb, Louise Hampton; The Archbishop, Antony Eustrel; Will Scarlet, Anthony Forwood.

WHITE CORRIDORS—U-I: Dr. Sophie Dean, Googie Withers; Neil Mariner, James Donald; Groom Sr., Godfrey Tearle; Joan Shepherd, Petula Clark; Dolly Clark, Moira Lister; Dick Groom, Jack Watling; Dr. Shoemith, Barry Jones; Burgess, Bernard Lee; Tommy Briggs, Brand Inglis; Miss Farmer, Fabia Drake; Sister Gater, Jean Anderson; Matron, Mary Hinton; Tranter, H. F. Hills; Dr. Cook, Timothy Bateson; Night Nurse, Jean Lodge; Night Porter, Johnnie Schofield; Dr. Macuzek, Gerard Heinz; Philip Brewster, Henry Edwards; Pedler, Lyn Evans; Sawyer, Philip Stainton; Nurse Miller, Helen Harvey; Rose Dawson, Mary Pratt; Sister Abbott, Grace Gavin; Margery Brewster, Dagmar Wynter; Retired Civil Servant, Basil Radford.

WILD HEART, THE—RKO: Hazel Woodus, Jennifer Jones; Jack Reddin, David Farrar; Edward Marston, Cyril Cusack; Abel Woodus, Esmond Knight; Mrs. Marston, Sybil Thorndike; Andrew Vessons, Hugh Griffith; Mr. James, Edward Chapman; Aunt Prowde, Beatrice Varley; Albert, George Cole; Miss Amelia Clomber, Frances Clare; Martha, Valentine Dunn; Martha's Brother, Richmond Nairne; Brother Minister, Owen Holder; Chapel Elders, Raymond Rollett, Bartlett Mullins, Arthur Reynolds, Gerald Lawson; Mr. James' Daughter, Ann Tetheradge; Cornet Player, Peter Dunlop; Roadmender, Gerald Lawson; Country Policeman, Louis Phillips; Landlord, Hunter's Arms, Raymond Rollett.

WORLD IN HIS ARMS, THE—U-I: Jonathan Clark, Gregory Peck; Countess Marina Selanova, Ann Blyth; Portugee, Anthony Quinn; Deacon Greathouse, John McIntire; Mamie, Andrea King; Prince Semyon, Carl Esmond; Anna, Eugenie Leonovich; Gen. Ivan Selanova, Sig Ruman; Eustace, Hans Conried; William Cleggett, Bryan Forbes; Eben Cleggett, Rhys Williams; Oagechuk, Bill Radovich; Paul, Gregory Gay; Peter, Henry Kulky.

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plus Hollywood's Top Pin-Ups—In Color!
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**ALL THE GREAT
JOY AND ALL
THE GOL-DARNED
GREATNESS OF**

THE STORY OF **WILL ROGERS**

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Technicolor

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WILL ROGERS, JR. AND **JANE WYMAN**
as His Father as Mrs. Will Rogers

WITH **JAMES GLEASON**, and as himself: **EDDIE CANTOR** DIRECTED BY **MICHAEL CURTIZ**

SCREEN PLAY BY **FRANK DAVIS** AND **STANLEY ROBERTS** PRODUCED BY **ROBERT ARTHUR**

BASED ON THE SATURDAY EVENING POST STORY, "UNCLE CLEM'S BOY" BY MRS. WILL ROGERS



**CLAUDETTE
COLBERT**



*Claudette Colbert of
"Planter's Wife"*

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

DEAR Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-eight and live with my parents. My father is a retired police officer. No girl could have a more devoted father, but his ideas of integrity and his love for me threaten my future.

A year ago I was introduced to a man whom I liked at once and he has assured me that the feeling was mutual. After we had dated three or four months, he said he wanted to tell me his story. I knew that he had a fine job in a good company and was slated for a better job soon. I knew that his manners are perfect, that he attends church, and that he seems like a model citizen.

It seems, though, that when he was in the Army, he got into a horrible jam. He paid his debt to society, and says he learned his lesson. He had a rough boyhood and got onto the wrong road by associating with a bad type in the Army. However, he is now going to night school to finish his education and he swears he is going to make a good life for himself and for the family he wants some day. He asked me to marry him.

My folks are opposed to the whole idea. My father says that a man with a record is followed all his life by this shadow.

Do you think I should listen to my parents and drop this man, resigning myself to growing old in my parents' home and never having a life of my own, or should I make my own decision?

Adrienne Y.

In a case of your kind there are so many "imponderables" that it is difficult for a stranger to make a suggestion.

So much of the future rests entirely with you. Are you strong enough to assume the responsibility for yourself, as an independent factor in society, and for your husband? He may be in need of bolstering, of warm-hearted trust, of blind devotion, at some time in the years to come. Have you been overprotected by a father who knew so well how bitter life can be?

At twenty-eight, you should be wise enough to choose your own mate. You should know that many of the members of our armed forces were little more than high-spirited youngsters who, unthinkingly, committed acts which were punished by jail sentences. Their youth and devil-may-care spirit did not excuse them, but it did explain them somewhat.

For some of these men, entire reformation is not only possible but logical and permanent. Sometimes the most impossible little wretches become corporation presidents, able, honorable, and of great value to their communities.

However, make every effort to have him and your father come to some sort of friendly terms before you marry him. Emotional security and overall acceptance are important to a man rebuilding his life.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I'm a little tardy, but I just happened to read the January, 1952, issue of Photoplay, and I studied the letter from "The

Reluctant Dragon" with interest. If you remember, he was complaining because every girl he met tried to marry him. They called him, they cooked dinner for him, they showered him with presents.

I suppose he is very attractive and has a great deal to offer, and I imagine that it is true that some girls pursue him.

However, there is another side to the story, and I'd like to state it on behalf of a great many girls. Forgive the personal reference, but that has to be the point of departure: I'm twenty-six, and termed attractive. I have a wonderful job which I love, a charming apartment, a hard-top convertible car (almost paid for) and a pleasant life. I cock when I feel like it. I dine out when the mood strikes me. I have a large circle of girl friends and an occasional date. I don't want to get married. Eventually, perhaps. But why give up this easy, challenging, happy existence for an unknown life with a man?

How do men like this set-up? Dandy. They agree that I'd be silly to get married, but how about an affair, huh? My health demands it; my complexion would benefit; I must not defy nature, etc. etc.

Now I have a system. On a first date with a new man, I say pleasantly, "Incidentally, if you'll forgive a brief speech, I think you should know that I don't want to get married and that I don't play house with anyone. If you want to be friends in the platonic sense of the word, I'm your girl."

The wolves and the phonies are disgusted; they call me frigid and spread the word. The nice men take me up on my offer of friendship. One day, a friend is going to come along and the first thing you know, I'll change my mind about marriage. But I'm in no hurry.

Just call me "Contented"

Thank you for a delightful letter.

So far, around 200 letters have been addressed to the "Reluctant Dragon" and more than half of them would have inflicted third-degree burns.

As nearly as I could make out, the consensus was that no one wanted to marry the "Reluctant Dragon" but that there was the most attractive boy in the senior class, or on the bus each morning,

.....

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

CLAUDETTE COLBERT?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

.....

or in the next office, or going to the same church, or . . . you know!

I don't think the "Reluctant Dragon" bothered Cupid for a moment.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a guy fifteen years old, in plenty of trouble.

When I was fourteen I liked this certain girl very much. I gave her my ring to wear. It happened that this ring was a very expensive one that my mother gave me for my birthday that year.

Since I gave this girl my ring, she and I have had a fight and decided to break up for good. I asked her to return it, but she refused. She said it was only a cheap ring because she had seen one like it in the dime store. This is a big fat lie. Anyhow, even if she was telling the truth, I think it's neither here nor there. The ring is mine and I have a right to have it back. If my mother found out I didn't have my birthday ring, she would whip me.

How can I talk this girl into giving back my ring?

Herbert R.

Your ex-girl friend is completely in the wrong. I can't imagine how any girl having one ounce of pride or honor could keep the gift of a boy who asked to have it returned.

The sensible thing for you to do would be to go to this girl's home and explain your problem to her mother. Be courteous and pleasant about it, but tell the truth about the ring being your birthday gift and about it meaning a great deal to you. I'm sure this girl's mother will see to it that your property is returned.

If there is some good reason why you hesitate to talk to the mother, why not talk to the girl's best friend? Or her favorite teacher? The point is that you shouldn't suffer in silence. Collect an array of people who agree with you and the pressure of public opinion will improve this girl's attitude.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My problem is guns and children. I don't think they mix at all; real or play varieties. Of course, I'm writing of small children. When a boy becomes twelve or fourteen, he is a reasoning person and can be taught care by his father.

It gives me chills to see youngsters at play point guns at one another and yell, "Bang. You're dead." So far, I've forbidden my daughter to play with children who are given guns as toys. This has caused endless arguments with my husband and my in-laws. They explain that children live in a world of fantasy and that it means nothing. However, week after week the papers carry stories about innocent youngsters killing parents or other children by aiming and firing an "unloaded" gun.

My little girl is very sweet when the neighborhood children leave her alone because they are going to play cowboy and Indian. She accepts my explanation that

(Continued on page 32)

Sing a Song of Summer

there's romance
everywhere

says **WOOLWORTH'S**
Susan Smart

This season, your loveliness can prove the prelude to romantic picnics, moonlight sails and dancing under the stars. So be sure your beauty is fresh, radiant . . . an invitation to love. It's simple if you gather your beauty aids at Woolworth's. There you'll find everything you need, all so conveniently arranged . . . shopping is a delight! You can choose quickly or at leisure. And if you wish, you can ask the advice of the friendly Woolworth salesgirl.



LONG LIFE TO DAINTINESS! Discover ETIQUET, the safe, sure way to end underarm odor, check perspiration. Safe for normal skin . . . sure for all-day protection. Cream form 10c, 25c, 39c; Spray form 43c; Stick form 59c*



LOOK LOVELY CLOSE-UP with SOLITAIR Cake Make-Up to lend *natural*-looking beauty to your skin. Made with lanolin, Solitair smooths on easily . . . *conceals* tiny skin faults! Use it daily to be ready for romance. 30c, 60c*



SMART OUTDOOR GIRLS love the way a touch of SUAVE helps your hair-do laugh at wind and weather! Made with miracle 'Curtisol', Suave keeps hair *softly* groomed all day and protects from sun's fading, drying rays. 50c, \$1*

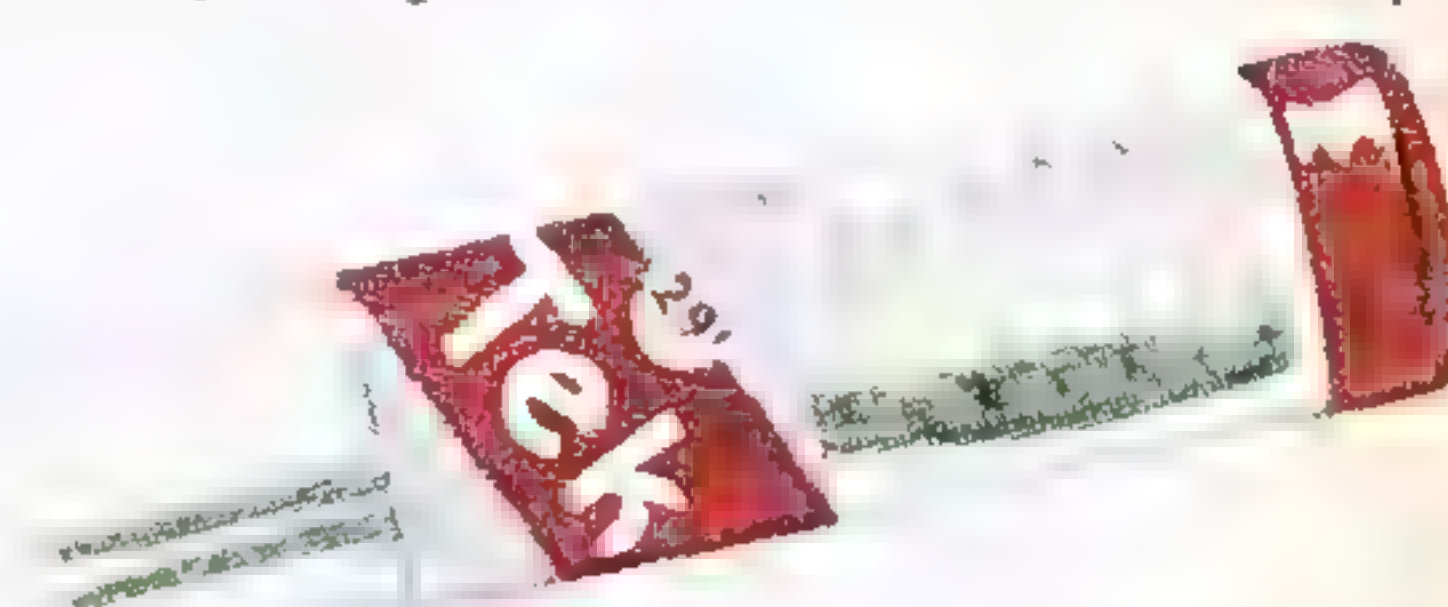


MINER'S
STICK
COLOGNE

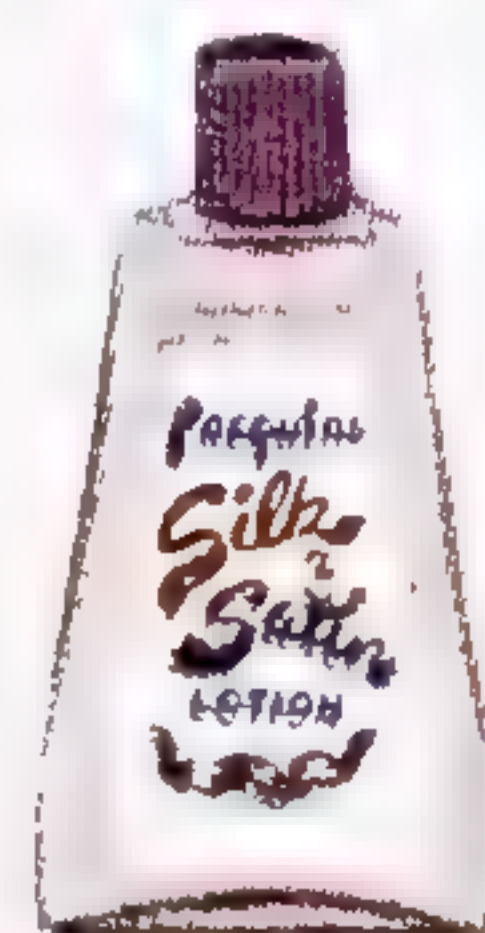
NEED A HOT WEATHER PICK-UP? Stroke on cooling MINER'S Stick Cologne. Inspired by French perfumes, it keeps you *lastingly* fresh and sweet. Carry your favorite fragrance, handy and spill-proof, in your purse. 25c and 49c†*



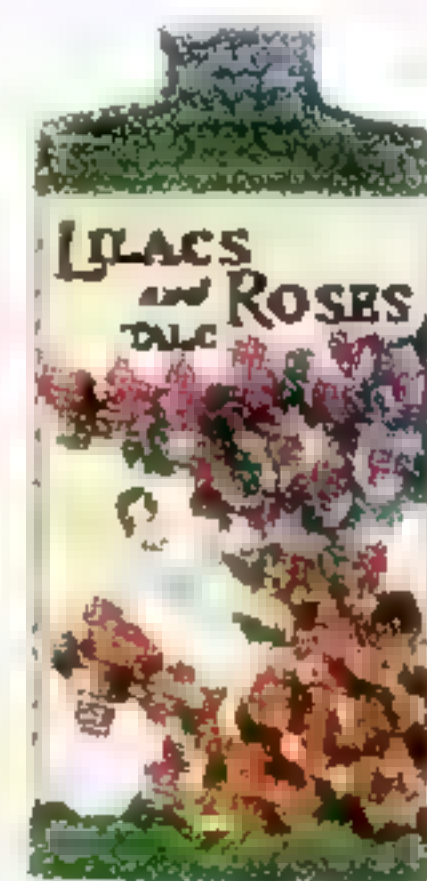
REFRESHMENT PLUS . . . a *clean mouth taste!* PEPSODENT cleans teeth with oral detergent (not a soap) so gets teeth cleaner. Make your own test of Pepsodent and compare your clean mouth taste. It lasts *hours!* 10c, 27c, 47c, 63c



OUNCE OF PREVENTION . . . wherever you go, take a TEK 29c Toothbrush for after-meal brush-ups so important to healthy teeth and sweet breath. Finest soft, medium or hard nylon bristles. Smart plastic travel case. 29c



WHY NOT BABY ALL OF YOU! Make every inch of you *feel young* with Pacquin's SILK 'N SATIN Lotion. Its lanolin-richness satinizes your skin . . . leaves it baby-soft and lovely in revealing warm-weather fashions. 25c, 49c*



TO BE SUMMER SWEET, dust LANDER'S Flower-Fresh Talcs head to toe. Choose Spicy Apple Blossom, Sweet Pea or Lilacs and Roses in 12c tins, or the latter in an economical 25c tin.†* You'll love them all!



FORECAST: SUNSHINE in your hair if you'll use WHITE RAIN tonight. White Rain is Toni's fabulous new *lotion* shampoo . . . *guaranteed* not to dull or dry hair. So gentle, it pampers your hair and gives it sparkle. 30c, 60c, \$1



PERMANENT BEAUTY. To end summer hair cares, give yourself a PROM Permanent. So easy! Use plastic curlers. Apply. Rinse 30 minutes later. Needs no neutralizer. Takes every time! 3 Prom lotions for different hair types. \$1.50*



THERE'S MAGIC in the *right* shade of face powder! Choose the perfect one for *you* from LADY ESTHER'S lovely summer shades. You'll look prettier longer, for Lady Esther Powder clings for *hours*. 15c, 29c, 55c*



HAZEL BISHOP
No-Smear
LIPSTICK

GET IN THE SWIM! Try HAZEL BISHOP, the No-Smear Lipstick that stays on so perfectly you can even wear it swimming! And it won't eat off . . . bite off . . . kiss off. Choose from 8 of the smartest shades under the sun. \$1.10*

* Prices plus tax

† Slightly higher
in the West

Many of these products
available at Woolworth stores
in Canada at slightly
higher prices.

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.

Put that \$100 gleam in your hair!

New Lady Wildroot Shampoo



Wildroot gleam girl, Diane Cheryll of Omaha, Neb. says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo rinses away like magic... gleams my hair without a special rinse... leaves it radiantly alive."

Does your hair have that \$100 gleam? Does it sparkle with highlights... does it have that alive look? Sounds like you've discovered new Lady Wildroot Shampoo... the liquid cream shampoo that gleams as it cleans... cleans as it gleams.

You see, Lady Wildroot Shampoo is more than just a liquid... more than just a cream! It's a combination of the best of both. It's a soapless shampoo plus soothing lanolin. Watch it foam into a quick lather for deep-down cleansing. Feel it leave

your hair soft, silky, in all its natural beauty... with just enough body to take a quick set...and to hold that set!

For a clean...deep-clean scalp...for softly gleaming, radiant hair...for *manageable* hair that never needs a special rinse...for a soft shampoo that *protects* your hair...try new Lady Wildroot Shampoo today!



Wildroot gleam girl, Tommie Hendler, Vancouver, B.C., says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo makes my hair gleam because it gets it so clean."



Wildroot gleam girl, Barbara Ellen Myers of New York says, "I love the good smell of Lady Wildroot Shampoo... 'n mother says it never leaves a dull film 'cause it rinses right out."

Get New
Lady Wildroot shampoo
gleams as it cleans—cleans as it gleams



Three Sizes
29¢ 59¢ 98¢

LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local television station.)

A movie queen suggested to her agent that he try to get her husband on the "What's My Line" show in which experts guess at the professions of contestants. "They'll never guess," she said, "that he does nothing."

They're telling about the flat-chested starlet who was assigned to play the role of a secretary. She reported to the studio with her pencil and PADS.

Among the thousands of letters pleading with Roy Rogers not to sell Trigger to that Texas millionaire, was this clinching argument from a seven-year-old boy: "I have always played cowboys and I have always played you. But if you sell Trigger, I will be Gene Autry."

Sign outside a Hollywood pet shop window filled with playful dachshund puppies: "Get A Long Little Doggie."

Before Liz Taylor's marriage to Michael Wilding, a fashion designer was asked if she had any suggestions for her wedding gown. The designer whispered: "One that doesn't go out of style."

Overheard: "I just put a bullet through my wife's poodle."

"Her dog?"

"No, her head."

Macdonald Carey checked into the swank Coronado Hotel in San Diego and the room clerk said: "Mr. Carey, I can give you a room overlooking the ocean or one overlooking the garden. Which do you prefer?"

"What I really prefer," replied Carey, "is a room that overlooks the rent."

Credit Bob Hope with this one: "Movie stars give the shirts off their backs for charity—and we have Marlon Brando to prove it."

Della Russell claims that a tactful husband is one who remembers his wife's birthday—but forgets which one.

Talking about a certain movie queen, Red Skelton said: "She's an excellent housekeeper—every time she's divorced, she keeps the house."

Overheard at Ciro's: "Whether a girl's lipstick comes off depends not on her cosmetic, but on her resistance."

Marilyn Monroe slithered into the Fox studio cafe wearing a red, tight-fitting, low-cut gown slit at the sides. "You're on your way to being a big star now," one of the executives advised her, "and I think it's time you paid more attention to the clothes you wear."

"Why, honey," wide-eyed Marilyn, "don't you like red?"

Hollywood definition of platonic friendship: "The time lapse between introduction and first kiss."



YOUR PHOTOPLAY

Photo-Plays

Marriage and a honeymoon are wonderful. But, as Liz Taylor ruefully discovered later, all those lavish dinner parties in honor of the bride and groom can play havoc with a girl's figure! For one morning, when she stepped on the scales, Liz found that she had gained five pounds! To make things worse . . .



. . . Liz was due at the studio to make "The Girl Who Had Everything." "I'll be the girl who had too much!" wailed Liz. When she told Mike she . . .



. . . was going on a diet, he grinned. But after a few days of watching the longing on Liz's face, Mike began to lose his enjoyment of mashed potatoes and roast beef. "Look, . . .



. . . honey," he finally told her, "if it will make it easier for you, I'll go on a diet too." And for a while, the same old salads *did* taste better, with Mike eating them . . .



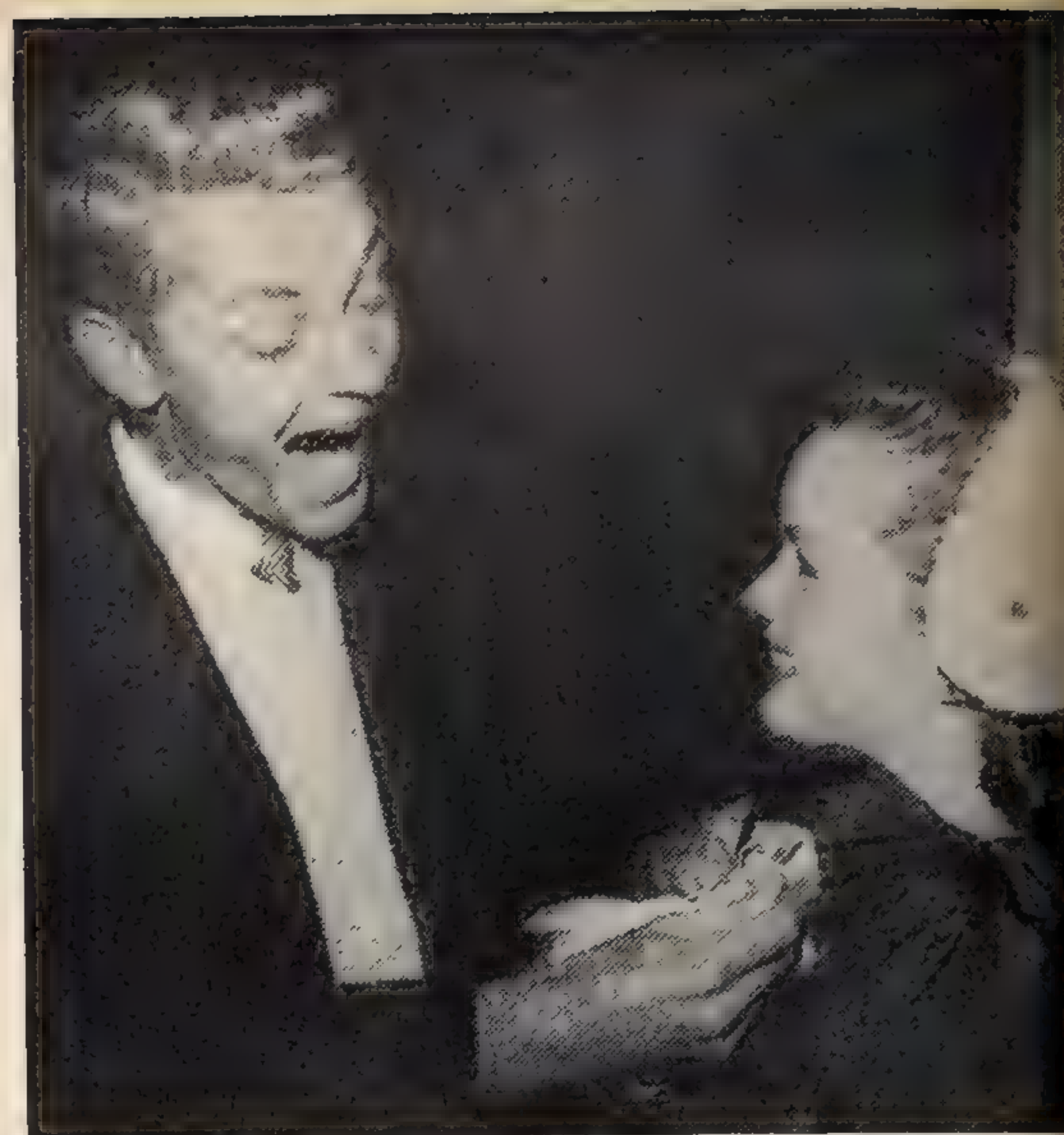
. . . too. But one thing puzzled Liz. While she felt more and more tired, Mike was bursting with energy. Liz couldn't understand it. Until one night she awoke to find Mike gone.



She slipped downstairs. The mystery was solved! For in the kitchen, fortifying himself with a Dagwood sandwich, was the man who'd promised to love, honor—and share her diet!



Mitzi Gaynor has postponed her marriage to star in the stage show, "Jollyanna," for Edwin Lester, who "found" her. She has just completed "Bloodhounds of Broadway" for Twentieth



Good pals Carleton Carpenter and Debbie Reynolds enliven the Ice Capades opening



Tom Irish escorted Natalie Wood, grown up now, to "Street of Sorrow" premiere

INSIDE

STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Data on Dates: Rock Hudson, who's had ample opportunity to observe, believes Gene Tierney has the most beautiful cheekbones in Hollywood . . . Now that his personal publicists have convinced every doubting Thomas that Carleton Carpenter can't live without Barbara Ruick, he's dating Debbie Reynolds! . . . Blue skies, a new blue Cadillac and dinner overlooking the blue Pacific. Put them all together and you have the background setting for Richard Egan's dates with Ann Blyth . . . Two lonely people who deserve each other's charming company: Barbara Stanwyck and Jean Pierre Aumont at the Beachcombers . . . Hedy Lamarr and Leo Genn watching the acting and each other at the Circle Theatre . . . When Kirk Douglas called Lana Turner for a date, she laughingly answered, "Just a minute, you'll have to ask a friend of mine." Then she put Fernando Lamas on the phone!

Doggy Tale: Here's one that every dog lover will understand. Recently Geary Steffen surprised Jane Powell with



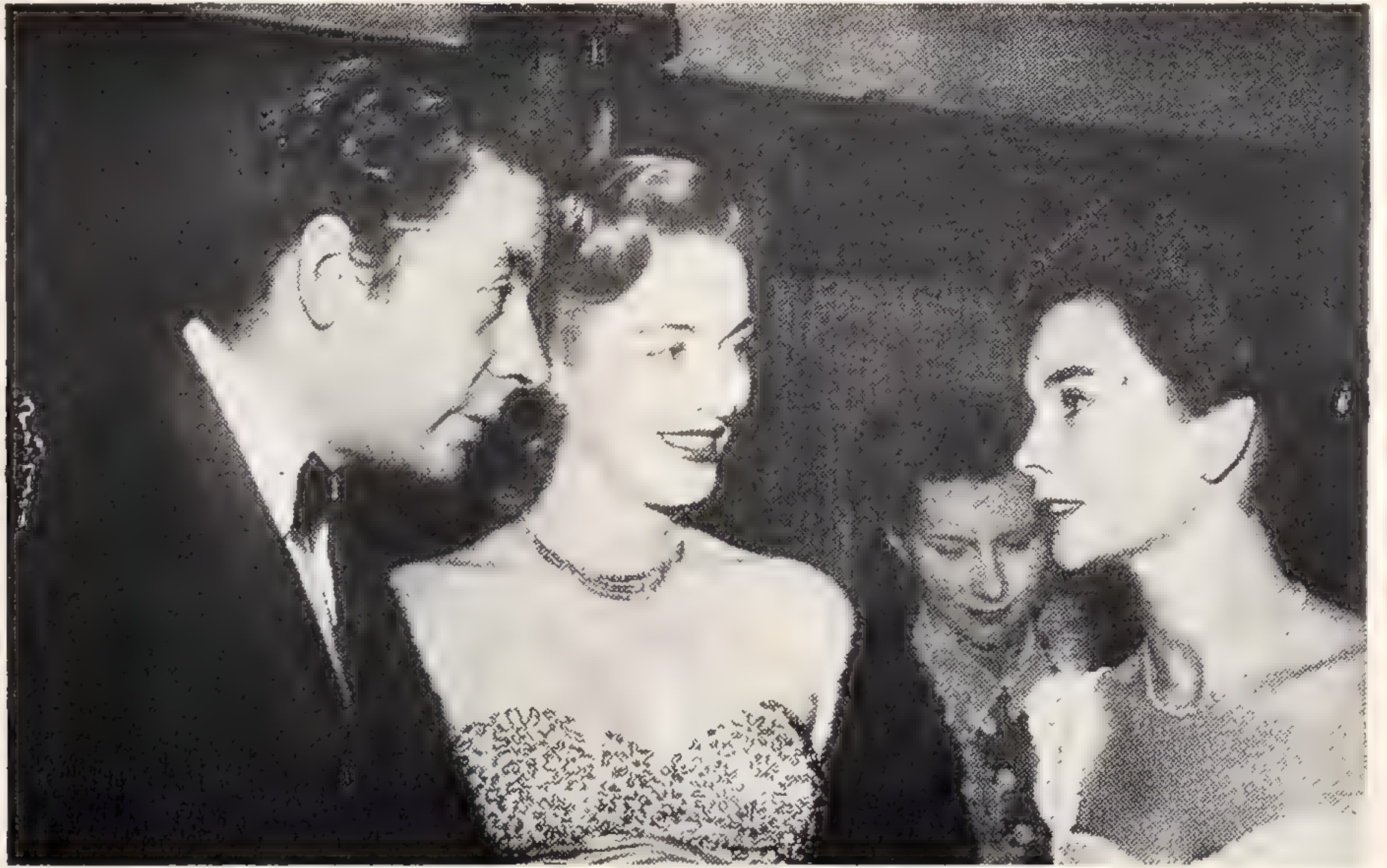
Susan Hayward, Tony Owen and his wife Donna Reed were among the Hollywood citizens who turned out for the "I Like Ike" dinner and rally



Kathryn Grayson and Zsa Zsa Gabor entertain daughters Patty and Francesca on the "Lovely to Look At" set



Cyd Charisse, dining at La Rue with her husband Tony Martin, is the latest convert to a summer-short hairdo



Leo Genn, Eleanor Parker and Jean Simmons gather for a before-the-show chat at the Philharmonic prior to catching a Judy Garland performance

a French Poodle. She fell in love with it on sight, which only added to her grief when it suddenly took sick and died. Believing another poodle was the best remedy, Geary called up Ann Sheridan. Now Annie's quite a poodle raiser these days and loves every pooch in her kennels. "Call me at the end of the day," she told Geary. "I have nine poodle puppies. I'll get them combed and bathed, then it will be easier to decide which one I want to sell." Later when Geary called, Ann's voice was disconsolate. "I feel like a dog myself," she all but sobbed. "I just got those little fellows lined up and honestly—I can't bear to part with *any* of them!" Understanding only too well, Geary found another dealer!

Success Story: Cal has known Lucille Ball since those dear dead days when, as Lucy puts it, "They used to throw my scripts up on the lawn." Well, "I Love Lucy" (and we *do*!) just happens to be the number one TV show today and when Lucy and Desi went off the air for

the summer, every studio in town was on its knees begging her to make a picture for them. Lucy needs a rest but she just had to accept a guest spot on Ed Wynn's show. Years ago she tried out as a show girl for Ed Wynn on Broadway—and *didn't* get the job. For one appearance on his TV show today, Lucy received \$10,000!!! That's right—ten thousand! "In my bracket, most of it goes for taxes," grins the fabulous redhead, "but I *had* to do it to make myself believe I was worth that much money!" Isn't show business wonderful?

Cal Predicts: That long before you read this, there will be an announcement from Oklahoma that Peggy Dow is expecting the stork. She won't be making many pictures in the future . . . That Doris Day is waiting for the propitious moment to step in (after you've seen all the other canaries!) and become the most important singing star of television . . . That Robert Taylor is facing the most illustrious period of his entire career. (Continued on page 14)

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from preceding page)

Purely Personal: Twenty-year-old Robert Wagner is learning his Hollywood history from good friends, the Alan Ladds . . . They run off old movies made by Garbo and other stars who were great when Bob was in three-cornered dungarees . . . A letter addressed to "Miss Crinkle Puss," Hollywood, California, was delivered to M-G-M and eventually reached June Allyson . . . On a prescription for a new formula, Audie Murphy's baby doctor notated: "Also TLC." That's when the puzzled papa learned that TLC stands for "Tender Love and Care"—which is just what little Terry Murphy is getting . . . Jerry Lewis sent a fan letter to Marilyn Monroe and asked for an autographed calendar!

Set of the Month: "Do you think women will recognize me with my clothes on?" Cal took one look at Jeff Chandler standing before him on the "Magic Lady" set. He was wearing dinner clothes that looked as though he had been poured into them. His face was bronzed from the sun. Women, we predict, will not only recognize him, but promptly go right out and shoot themselves! It's the old, old story in Hollywood, but let Jeff's agent, Myer Mishkin, (who was on the set) tell it. "I couldn't even get Jeff a one-day part at first. Every casting director said he had no sex appeal. Finally, they undressed him for his role of Cochise in 'Broken Arrow'. That did it! Since then, we've been fighting to get his clothes back on." At this point, Jeff winked as he interrupted: "Now with my clothes on—I feel kind of naked!"

(Continued on opposite page)



Dutch treat: Dick Powell, June Allyson were among Hollywood guests at big banquet in honor of Queen Juliana

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



Lee Grant

IT WAS MRS. GASSMAN, overhearing someone say, "Who invented that Character?" who turned around and Shelley Wintered her with: "I invented myself—and I'm still inventing!" . . . Anne Baxter, who's turning glamorous, told me that wolf whistles are like steamboat horns: something you like to hear even when you don't want to go any place . . . Why isn't Lee Grant, who as the kleptomaniac in "Detective Story" stole the picture, making more pictures? . . . Debra Paget doesn't go with boys. Debra's hobby is ceramics, but it could change . . . Johnny Ray eludes me, despite his great popularity. All right, hate me! . . . Actors who work with James Mason say he is a nice guy. An impression you wouldn't gather from his stupid statements in interviews . . . In movies, henchmen of leading gangsters look like faces on passport photos . . . I wonder how hard Marlon Brando works at being sloppy . . . For the sake of posterity I asked Marilyn Monroe, "What do you wear to bed?" Marilyn replied, "Just Chanel #5."

KATIE GRAYSON comes out of a dress very nicely . . . The best TV program is spoiled for me when a former movie name comes on and does the commercial. I feel sad about it . . . See "The Man in the White Suit." It's a fine movie . . . I think the nicest tribute to motion pictures was made by Queen Juliana when she spoke to an assembled group of actors: "You are old friends to me because I see you so often on the screen" . . . Lucille Ball gives me a kick at parties. She doesn't take any chi-chi. I've heard Lucy say to a top actress who was putting it on: "Honey, why don't you be yourself?" Which is another reason I love Lucy . . . Debbie Reynolds likes bangle jewelry, anything so long as it's noisy . . . Donald O'Connor often plays it too sincere to convince me he's sincere.

NO ONE CONSIDERS Lex (Tarzan) Barker an actor, including Lex Barker. But he's studying and should make the grade . . . I still keep wondering what Zsa Zsa Gabor has besides a knack for supplying good copy . . . Nancy Davis got out of her M-G-M contract because, as she put it, "I'm tired of playing the pregnant wife" . . . Somehow or other, I can't believe a movie in which Janet Leigh is a lawyer and wins the case . . . Adolph Green and Betty Comden, who write such movies as "On the Town" and "Singin' in the Rain," are the best entertainers at parties around town . . . I can remember Jimmy Stewart when he was regarded as a young Gary Cooper . . . Michael Rennie is a teetotaler by allergy rather than choice . . . Only the Beachcomber makes fried shrimp the way I go for it . . . Jane Russell is going into the interior decorating business . . . I can just see her expression when a customer asks, "What do you recommend in the way of chests?"



Lex Barker

BETTY GRABLE reading the Racing Form at Schwab's is a better bet than anything in the paper . . . I'd love to see a great newspaper movie . . . Why do studios continue to make program pictures? They should be wise to the fact that these days they must manufacture quality, not quantity! . . . I'm amused by the way movies try to defy nature; such as trying to convince audiences for even a sequence that Lana Turner is a boy in "Tribute to a Bad Man" . . . Gloria Grahame adores the word adore . . . Dinah Shore is smart enough not to want people to believe she's smart . . . Ann Blyth never does anything that's improper . . . Susie Hayward, discussing clothes, said that girls dress for men. "Don't make any mistake about it. A girl's clothes are her outward man-hunting equipment" . . . You should know that in "The Prisoner of Zenda," Stewart Granger plays a dual role—and they had plenty of trouble with him on the set. Granger kept trying to steal scenes from himself. That's Hollywood for you!



Lana Turner

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

BY EDITH GWYNN



NIGHT CLUBS have been in a bit of a slump along the Sunset Strip lately—but wow!—when Josephine Baker bounced into Ciro's she changed all that. Had a mad, jam-packed opening night—and had the jernt jumpin' for weeks! Ringside was crammed with celebs for her bow—and they all gasped at her famous wardrobe (wot gowns!). I've got to tell you about a very enticing glamour stunt that Josephine introduced that evening—and one that any gal's feller will be intrigued by. La Baker casually scattered tiny, iridescent sequins over the vast expanse of chest, back, neck, arms and shoulders that showed above her very low-cut, strapless dress. The effect as she moved or when the lights hit her was startling. Gene Tierney was with Rock Hudson, with stubble decorating his chin in preparation for his role in "The Texas Man" and Marie Wilson came with Bob Fallon. Jerry and Patti Lewis applauded like mad. The Van Johnsons there too—and Van came back the following five nights to hear Josephine.

THIS MONTH was full of surprises—surprise birthday parties—I mean. Dixie Crosby tossed one for Bing that was a beooty! How she managed to surprise "The Groaner" when there were over a hundred and fifty guests in the house as "husband came home" is still a mystery, but she dood it. And *three* bands made with the music until the dawn set in. Everyone was all dressed up, so of course Bing did a "quick change" himself. So what did he change to? He put on a bright plaid jacket, a blue shirt, yellowish trousers and white sport shoes. The entire Crosby clan was there. All the brothers, their wives, and Momma Crosby, too. And the four lads who'd been brought down from school for Pop's party. Dixie staged the affair in a huge tent she had put up in the garden, and thousands of flowers were flown in from Hawaii. The Bob Hopes, Dotty Lamour and Bill Howard, the Donald O'Connors, The Dean Martins, the J. Bennys, Janie Wyman, Cleatus Caldwell with tunesmith Jimmy van Heusen were among the celebrators.

LINDA CHRISTIAN surprised Ty Power with a natal-day bash. Theirs was staged on their beeg "back porch" where a three piece Mexican band and forty guests made merry and stuffed themselves with fancy Mexican food. Pete Lawford and Sharman Douglas on hand—but definitely *not* together. So were the Macdonald Careys, Mary Benny, Rocky Cooper (without Gary) and a bunch of Argentine polo players. Just a few nights later Rocky and Gary (denying the reconciliation talk) co-hosted a real ball. Their formal party was also "tented." The poles that held it up were covered with white gardenias, which also trimmed great portions of the canvas. No less than six femmes were wearing *pink*—and most of the gowns were shortish. Pete Lawford escorted Gene Tierney. Kirk Douglas came stag. Lana was with Fernando Lamas—who else? The Van Johnsons (Evie was in a very bejeweled pink faille); Ann Sothern, in pink pleated chiffon and lace, with best beau, Dick Egan; Ginger Rogers in pink bouffant taffeta (strapless) with Greg Bautzer; the Ray Millands, the Jimmy Stewarts. Sheila (Mrs. Gordon) MacRae wore a short, navy blue chiffon. Judy Garland came in after her show with Sid Luft. She was in black lace, topped by a knockout, long gold satin evening coat. And for a fashion note—don't faint—Gilbert Roland was there wearing a bright pink shirt with his tux.

GLAMOUR GLIMPSES: Linda Darnell, showing off her brunette beauty in an out-of-this-world way at Mocambo. She'd pinned a great big *real* rose on the tiny brim of her black net cocktail hat. Her dress was black chiffon—her gloves pale pink . . . Joan Evans has a wonderful white alpaca dress, clinging to the figure all the way to the hips—then springing into much fullness down to the hem. A tiny little coat of black linen that stops at the hip-line goes along . . . Jeanne Crain, spotted at the Ice Capades, in a little hat fashioned of stiff white veiling, so cleverly draped and trimmed that what seemed to be a cascade of small flowers at the side was actually the veiling itself.



Rock Hudson, Gene Tierney

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from opposite page)

Party Palaver: At the Van Johnsons' welcome home celebration for Rosalind Russell, who's been out cashing in on "Bell, Book and Candle." "No matter how much you've missed me," said Roz in her thank-you speech, "I've missed you twice as much." Gordon MacRae thrilled guests with an impromptu ballad. Arriving late after her sensational show at the down-town Philharmonic, Judy Garland still had a song left for the guest of honor. "Judy is like Al Jolson was," Jack Benny whispered to Mary Livingstone. "She makes your heart sing with hers."

Luck Is a Lady: Ann Blyth came back from her Honolulu vacation. The cameras were ready to roll on "The Great Companions" with Dan Dailey, when the lovely little lady notified U-I she no wanna do. Did they scream and suspend her? We said it was Annie—not Shelley! Missy Blyth can do no wrong. They merely turned right around and loaned her to M-G-M (at a big fat profit—natch!) for Mario Lanza's "Student Prince." Janie Powell was supposed to do this one. But it took them so long to get started, that when they got around to her—the little mother was on the nest again!

Farewell Performance: Before she checked out of Hollywood and off the U-I payroll (temporarily, that is) Mrs. Vittorio Gassman (Shelley Winters) gave the natives a treat. She went along when her husband made "The Glass Wall" in New York. One night at a party for celebrities, Shelley wore sheer black hose that had leather soles and

(Continued on next page)



Time marches on: The Van Johnsons, who have been married five years, pose with their four-year-old daughter, Schuyler

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from preceding page)

high red heels attached. Her entire foot was visible in this unusual creation that came from Italy. Shelley was the center of attraction and, of course—loved it!

Around the Clock: With less than two years to go on her present contract, Ava Gardner is pouting at M-G-M for suspending her when she refused two pictures. Claims the beauty, the studio is fortunes ahead on her loan-out deals . . . Shirley Temple Black got her wish. Now she's the mother of a six-pound, twelve-ounce son, delivered via Caesarean at the Naval Hospital in Maryland . . . Hollywood is literally praying for the speedy recovery of the brilliant and popular Adrian. The famous designer suffered a heart attack while working on a forthcoming fashion show . . . Husband of Charlotte Greenwood (the famous musical comedy star who has inspired Doris Day in her religion) is writing songs for Doris to sing on her new radio show . . . Sights you see in London: Elizabeth Taylor queuing up with other housewives for rationed food and looking as if she loved it . . . Twenty years ago, the little-known Fred MacMurray and Bob Hope appeared together in "Roberta." Recently Fred made his initial TV appearance as guest star on Bob's program . . . Aly Khan, who likes actresses, likes to dance

(Continued on opposite page)

What Hollywood's WHISPERING About

BY FLORABEL MUIR

THE STRANGE and unexpected break-up between Mona Freeman and her husband, Pat Nerney, has everybody—even Mona's family—asking "why?" Some think the answer might be found in Howard Hughes' rediscovery of Mona with a whole new film career in the offing for her.

Hughes gave Mona her first screen contract when she was a fourteen-year-old model because he was attracted to her through a series of magazine pictures. In the two years she was on his payroll, she never made a film for him. She never even saw him. Finally she lost patience and when Paramount offered her a role she grabbed it.

Paramount bought her contract from Hughes. However, they say he has recently seen the lovely face that once attracted him and again he believes she has great promise as a screen star. At the Paul Hesse studio where Hughes dabbles in amateur photography there

are several beautiful portraits of Mona.

Mona's friends say she has been very discontented with her film career. She left Paramount because they were giving her such "wishy-washy" roles. Hollywood knows that whenever movie stars' careers start sagging they're apt to view everybody around them with jaundiced eyes. That's when marriages break up. It's happened over and over again in our town.

So, they're saying that career trouble made all the little arguments in the Nerney household take on such magnitude that Mona decided to seek a divorce. "Mona is a wonderful person and it's tough to accept her decision," said Pat.

Those who knew the young couple when their home was full of bliss are betting they will reconcile before Mona gets the final divorce decree and she admits that they might have something. "Anything can happen in a year's time," she said.



Mona Jr., Mona Freeman, Pat Nerney



Opening night at the Ice Capades brings out Dennis Morgan, his wife Lillian and daughter Kirstin with, far left, her friend Sally Helverstadt. Dennis and Lillian, happily married for nineteen years, have two other children, Stanley and James



Janice Rule and Richard Greene, co-stars in "Rogue's March," pause between the acts to become acquainted with another performer in film!

Impertinent INTERVIEW

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

Hollywood Reporter Columnist



Doris Day and Marty Melcher

TALKING about Doris Day's love life is sometimes a difficult task because Doris feels that her private affairs are her own. Consequently, during the lunch hour in Warners' Green Room, Doris, her husband Marty Melcher, and I began a discussion on how she spends her time between pictures. Concluding a list of household activities, Doris revealed that she's a "parlor singer." This is a throw-back to her childhood in Cincinnati where her father was an organist and she warbled around the house. "She was only an organist's daughter," Marty grinned, "but they loved her pipes."

We all laughed and I leaped in. "But you love more than her pipes, Marty."

"I do, indeed," said Marty. "I love the whole girl very much."

It was Doris' turn. "We were married a year April 3, and if the first year is the hardest, I'll settle for more exactly like it. I think we've found the formula for

a happy marriage. First, we never meddle in other people's affairs. Second, we use common sense and try to be adult in discussing every subject that comes up. Third, we make rules and, more important, we follow them. We never argue, but we do have discussions."

Religion has helped them more than anything else, she said. She drew a diagram on the tablecloth to show me how. She drew a big square and labeled it God. Then she drew three small squares outside the big one and labeled them Marty, Mike and Doris. "If I want to get through to you or Marty," she said, drawing a straight line from her own square to the big square in the center, "I go up to God, like this. Then I come back to whomever I'm dealing with."

She drew the line that had started with her square back from the big square to Marty's. "It always works," she said, flashing that sunny smile at Marty.

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from opposite page)

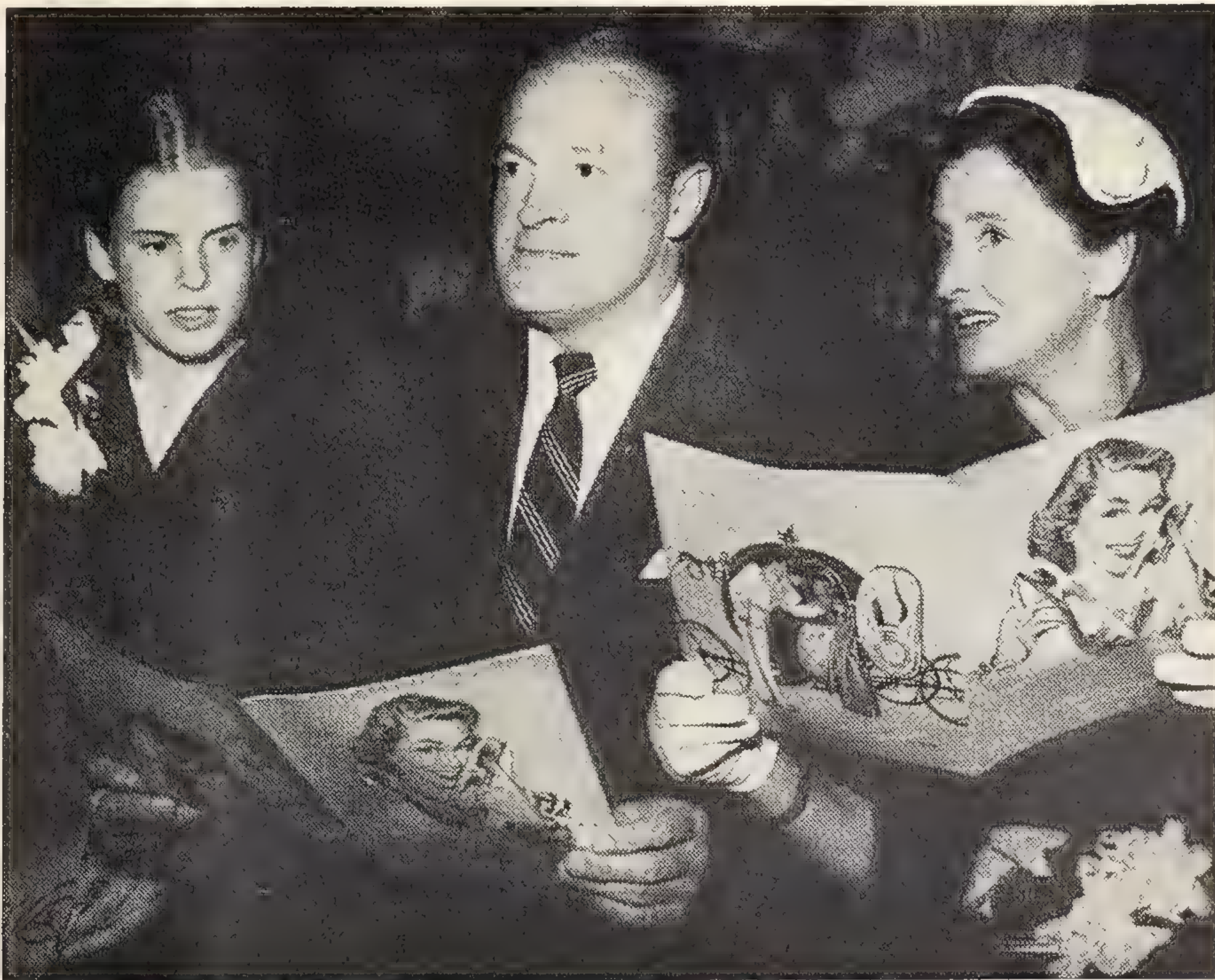
with Yvonne de Carlo, which he's doing in Paris . . . Judy Garland may be subpoenaed as the "principal witness to Sid Luft's earnings" when Lynn Bari asks for an increase in their son's allowance . . . Wanna know what Terry Moore did the day the newspapers announced that Cryin' Johnnie Ray (they were supposed to be engaged once) was getting married? Bought a sweater!

Curtains: What gives in Hollywood this month? It must be the spots on the moon or somethin'. Now it's Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens who've announced a trial separation. Cal attended their wedding eight years ago and somehow these two have always seemed more solid and sensible than most Hollywood couples. Perhaps they were too sensible, which can happen in the struggle up the ladder of success. We wonder why local columnists insist there's a surprise reason back of it . . . Lex Barker and Arlene Dahl puzzle Cal. They remind us of that song—"First you say you will—then you won't." Anyway, at this writing, they're living apart because—"We've been together every day since our marriage." This is wrong? Lex, by the way, is no longer tied up exclusively to his "Tarzan" contract. Arlene has opened offices in New York for the Arlene Dahl enterprises.

(Continued on next page)



Two parents have a party, talking about their children at annual ball given by Marymount School for Girls. Both Irene Dunne's and Loretta Young's daughters attend school



Busy-Bob Hope takes a night off from his strenuous activities to escort daughter Linda and his wife to the Ice Capades opening. Bob has just completed his annual Cerebral Palsy campaign to help handicapped children



Although Ava Gardner went into the hospital for an operation shortly afterwards, she was on hand for husband Frank Sinatra's opening night performance at the Cocoanut Grove



Hollywood put its talent to work when the Palm Springs Racquet Club entertained the small fry at a children's benefit. The clown with Richard Anderson and Howard Keel is James Whitmore



The Geary Steffens celebrate the coming blessed event with a night out at the Brown Derby. Jane Powell, expecting her second child, had to give up "Student Prince" role to Ann Blyth

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from preceding page)

Date With Fate: His troubled heart finally failed him and John Garfield is dead. Cal will never forget that night back in 1938, the preview of "Four Daughters" on Hollywood Boulevard. Watch Jeffrey Lynn, advised the studio. But halfway through the picture another newcomer appeared and something electric swept through the audience. Ironically, John Garfield played a turbulent young man who cried: "The fates are against me!" However, for the next few years, fate in the form of a guardian angel sat on his shoulder. Everyone loved him and, as his grieving wife Robbie once said: "John has a forlorn quality that reaches out and makes you want to help him." John in turn was all but consumed by gratitude. He was also an emotionalist and a fighter for the underdog, because he had fought his way up from nonentity. Too late in his idealistic search, he discovered he was trapped. At 39, when most folks are just beginning to live, John Garfield is dead. More than anything else in the world he wanted—peace. He still hoped to find it when the end came. We hope he has.

Cal Wonders: Why Peter Lawford remains aloof on his sets, rarely shows interest in anything (especially his fellow actors) until he gets in front of the camera. Then he merely becomes brilliant! . . . Why Humphrey Bogart pulls his good-natured ribbing at parties on total strangers as he did recently. The results were upsetting to the woman "victim" who didn't understand the inimitable Bogey . . . Why Shelley Winters complains that the press picks on her, when she appears in public (as she did at the Laurel Market near Schwab's) wearing no make-up and old denim slacks, with a crumpled shirt that wasn't tucked in!

Twos in the News: Pier Angeli met Vic Damone when she was making a movie in Munich. They're both single, both Italian and each thinks the other is just what Dan Cupid ordered . . . According to Patricia Neal (who won't give his name) he's young, attractive and she's "very interested" . . . Nancy Sinatra has a nice new Rock to lean on and his last name is Hudson . . . Somewhere in France there's a French girl who is somewhere in France—with Farley Granger . . . Personal to Kathryn Grayson: If it was only Christmas, all Hugh O'Brian wants is your telephone number! . . . The charming young lady who accompanies Steve Cochran on his interviews is introduced as his "secretary."

Party Patter: At Barbara Stanwyck's farewell do (it lasted until 5 A.M.) for the London-bound Jack Bennys: Van Johnson giving out with song hits from his chorus-boy days. Wife Evie singing hers in French while Jean Pierre Aumont (Barbara's date for the evening) looked slightly bewildered. Rosalind Russell making like Sophie Tucker, while Ann Sothorn, who would be great in Helen Morgan's life story, singing the songs that made her world famous. *(Continued on page 23)*

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of these women
has discovered
a wonderful
complexion
secret...



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READERS

Cheers and Jeers:

"Movies Are Better Than Ever?" I don't believe it. The only people who think so are small boys. I'm fed up with so many Westerns, adventure yarns and slapstick comedies. How about a few good dramatic love stories? I'm a normal girl of twenty-two.

PEGGY J.
Seattle, Wash.

I just finished Farley Granger's article in June, "Girls Ruin Romance." This really made me mad. Farley Granger isn't so big that he can say, "Girls all over the world should change tactics." He doesn't know but a small percentage of the girls around the world. I'll grant that some of the girls are exactly like Farley stated, but that is no sign that all the girls are that way. Farley Granger has probably always been out with the wrong kind of girl.

MARJORIE DENT
West Branch, Mich.

I was simply thrilled with the feature on Charlton Heston in June and I can't thank you enough. He's a terrific actor and with the right roles, I'm willing to bet that he'll soon be the new "King of Hollywood."

ANNA HALL
St. Albans, N.Y.

I am sick and tired of reading about the romantic married life of Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh. When I read a thing so many times I just get so I don't believe it at all; it must be phony.

CATHERINE PARR
Youngstown, Ohio

Casting:

They are talking about casting either Olivia de Havilland or Vivien Leigh in the movie version of "My Cousin Rachel." What's the matter with Hollywood's producers anyhow? Can't they see that the beautiful and tempestuous Susan Hayward is the girl for the role?

SUSAN GOODE
Boston, Mass.

In your June issue Grace Cervenka said she thought Ava Gardner would make a good Helen Morgan in the movie of her life. The editors said they thought Doris Day would play it. I would like to say Ava is Helen Morgan made over. Doris Day's bleached hair and cute smile are all right for certain pictures, but she certainly couldn't play the part of Helen Morgan as well as Ava.

MARY HUMPHRIES
Charlotte, N.C.

Readers' Pets:

Please say it isn't so. Bob Mitchum just can't quit the movies; for they would be incomplete without his easy-going manner, his rugged smile with his cute dimple. Please say it isn't so.

HELEN DUPLAGA
Winnipeg, Manitoba

You say Elizabeth Taylor is good looking and can act. Well, believe me, Debbie Reynolds has it all over her. Besides, she can act, she can sing, dance and has twice the looks Elizabeth Taylor has.

LARRY LA FARGE
Auburn Heights, Mich.

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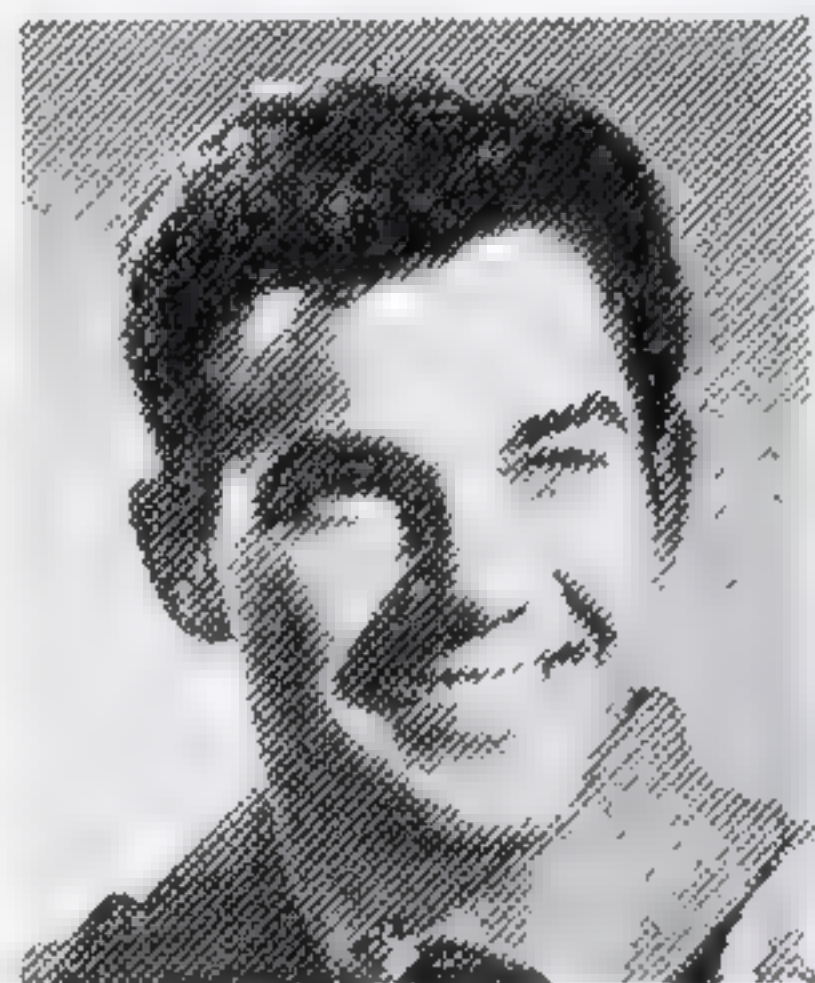
INC.

Question Box:

Would you please tell me the name of the young man who sang and danced in "With a Song in My Heart" with Susan Hayward in her picture of the same name? I would also like to know if he really sang the song himself.

LAILA MATTHEWS
Jacksonville, Fla.

(That was Richard Allan, born June 22 in Jacksonville, Ill. He is 6', 165 lbs., has dark brown hair, blue eyes. He has a fine lyric baritone voice and has studied both dancing and voice. But Bob Graham sang for him in this picture. He is unmarried. His next films, "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," "Bloodhounds of Broadway.")



In your story about Mitzi Gaynor in the April issue, you said that her favorite swear word was "77" in Polish and I would like to know what "77" in Polish is.

MARTHA MALONE
Louisville, Ky.

(Siedmdziesiat siedm—but don't ask us to pronounce it!)

Many of us fellows here at the men's residence hall at Illinois State Normal University have just seen "Quo Vadis." Everyone agreed it was an excellent movie, but we have a disagreement on Petronius's death scene. Did Petronius (Leo Genn) kill himself by slashing his wrists and bleeding to death or did he use a poisoned needle?

MARTIN A. SCHLUETER
Normal, Ill.

(Quoting from the scripts "The physician reluctantly severs a vein in the bend of his arm and Petronius bleeds to death.")

Who was that cute boy who played the life guard Barbara Bates liked in "Belles on Their Toes"? Is he married?

SUZANNE EVANS
San Diego, Calif.

(That was Clay Randolph, tall, blue-eyed, blond newcomer to Hollywood. Clay is not at present under contract to any studio, but he may be soon, for fan reaction to his role in "Belles on Their Toes" has been unusually strong.)



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June Allyson, with husband Dick Powell at Hollywood Park, is on tiptoe with excitement these days. As a seventh wedding anniversary present, Dick is taking June to Europe some time in August

Movie Moppets: Oblivious to the pounding traffic, the Van Johnsons walking their kiddies down the grass-covered bridle path that divides Sunset Boulevard in Beverly Hills. "It makes them think they're in the country," proud papa explains . . . Jane Wyman and daughter Maureen emerging from a recording studio on Vine Street. They're making trial records for a mother-and-daughter singing series . . . John Wayne's four young "giants" are taking ukulele lessons, on account of because their famous father sent each of them a "uke" from Honolulu where he's making a movie . . . Pleaded the young son of Mark Stevens: "Mommy, *you* ask Daddy to buy me a fishing pole—you've known him much longer than I have!"

Rhythm Boys: Gordon MacRae, who's starring in the third remake of "The Desert Song," received a special delivery package while he was working on a sand dune! Contents disclosed a framed picture of Gordon and two other gents taken on a Palm Springs golf course. They were in slacks and sweater. Gordie was stripped to the waist and wore tight-fitting shorts. "Maybe you flex bigger muscles, but we're still prettier," read the inscription. It was signed Bing Crosby and Phil Harris!

Laughs at Lunch: Cal isn't exactly sure who was whose guest in the U-I commissary. Anyway, Jeff Chandler, Loretta Young, coach Ruth Roberts and Jerry Lewis were all at one table. For a change, Jerry was unusually quiet until they got up to leave. Then he spied a front office executive. "I'm trying to get Jeff Chandler into Paramount," cracked the comedian. As everyone knows, Jerry and Dean Martin are feuding with producer Hal Wallis and have been on suspension. "How are you going to get in?" the executive came back at him. For once—Jerry had no answer!



All's quiet on the Western front! No shots were exchanged when Hopalong Cassidy met Gene Autry at Cobina Wright's party for Bill (Hopalong) Boyd. They're friendly rivals



Betty Grable, Harry James enjoy last fling at the race tracks at Hollywood Park opening. Betty will soon be too busy for favorite sport, now she's set for "The Farmer Takes a Wife"

Best Pictures of the Month

Lovely to Look At
Pat and Mike

Best Performances of the Month

Barbara Stanwyck, Paul Douglas,
Robert Ryan in "Clash by Night"
Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy
in "Pat and Mike"
Jennifer Jones, David Farrar
in "The Wild Heart"

LET PHOTOPLAY BE YOUR GUIDE

shadow



History is in the making when Russian countess Ann Blyth persuades adventurer Gregory Peck to help her escape to Alaska



Ann Miller, Howard Keel and Kathryn Grayson star in a lavish and melodious remake of popular Jerome Kern classic "Roberta"

THE WORLD IN HIS ARMS

(U-I—TECHNICOLOR)

✓✓
(F)

ADVENTURE—lusty and gusty—rides the high seas with Gregory Peck as *Captain Jonathan Clark*, owner of a sealing boat which plies between Russia and Alaska. The year is 1850 and Ann Blyth is the beautiful Russian, *Countess Marina*, anxious to leave San Francisco and her fiance, *Prince Semyon*. Ann, pretending to be a lady-in-waiting, contrives to meet Peck, whose aid she hopes to enlist. The two fall madly in love. But before their scheduled wedding, the Prince arrives and secretly conveys Ann to Sitka. The dramatic rescue on her wedding day, the carefree brawls between Peck and *Portugee*, well played by Anthony Quinn, and the race between the two Captains over perilous seas, add up to he-man action. Carl Esmond is the Prince with John McIntire, Andrea King, Eugenie Leontovich, Sig Ruman and Hans Conried completing the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: *Romance with doubled fists.*

Program Notes: His role of "Captain Hornblower" prepared Peck for the rough sea-going scenes as the dauntless sea captain. On the one day he had off in two months of shooting, Peck confessed to the cast that he had taken his three sons to the movies . . . It took Ann Blyth two weeks to master her Russian dialogue some of which was eliminated in the cutting. Ann weighing ninety-nine pounds had difficulty carrying her fifty-pound Russian type costume . . . Separate units sailed to Alaska where the beach of seals was filmed . . . The waterfront brawl resulted in a bloodied nose for Peck, a sprained ankle for McIntire and various bruises and black eyes among the sailor-actors.

LOVELY TO LOOK AT

(M-G-M—TECHNICOLOR)

✓✓½
(F)

A BIG, SPLASHY, colorful musical, top-heavy with names. Based on the musical "Roberta," enhanced by the unforgettable Jerome Kern music, the story has Red Skelton as a down-and-out actor who inherits a Paris dress shop. Off to Paris with his two pals, Howard Keel and Gower Champion, Red discovers his co-inheritors, French Kathryn Grayson and Marge Champion, deep in debt. Naturally the three American lads leap in and save the business with a style show a la triple delirium tremens. Keel, the heel who deserts his pals for Broadway, returns at the crucial moment to save the show and win Kathryn's love. Ann Miller, a good-egg friend, floats about, and Zsa Zsa Gabor chats incessantly about "nuzzin" at all. Kurt Kasznar is the loud-mouthed producer and, of course, the Champions dance divinely.

Your Reviewer Says: *"Delightful to see."*

Program Notes: The noted designer Adrian returned to M-G-M, where he reigned for years as top designer, to do the clothes for this musical. With everything from bathing suits to ball gowns on display, Adrian and his staff worked for weeks before production began. Twelve top models were signed to display the elegant attire . . . Red Skelton was delighted with his straight role which unfortunately permitted him only one comedy skit . . . It was old home-week for Kathryn, Keel and the two Champions who worked together in "Show Boat" . . . The requests to visit the style show scenes were so numerous, the studio had to limit the list to the press . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor, in midst of marital difficulties with George Sanders, decided movies were for her.

stage

BY
SARA HAMILTON

✓ Fair
✓✓ Good
✓✓✓ Outstanding
F—For the whole family
A—For adults

For Complete Casts of
Current Pictures See Page 6

For Brief Reviews of
Current Pictures See Page 34



Barbara Stanwyck is torn between the security Paul Douglas offers and the attraction Robert Ryan offers in an intense drama

CLASH BY NIGHT

(RKO)

✓✓
(A)

MATURE, adult fare with the ever new, ever old triangle of two men and a woman. Paul Douglas is a naive but honest fisherman, Barbara Stanwyck his world-weary bride. And Robert Ryan is her neurotic lover. Against the ugly background of a fishing and canning village, the drama unfolds. The action, at times, seems hindered by excessive dialogue, but the realistic, excellently performed story maintains suspense to its happy conclusion. Marilyn Monroe (the calendar beauty) adds bright interest as the fiancée of Keith Andes, Barbara's brother. Keith, a newcomer to films, looks mighty promising. J. Carrol Naish as *Uncle Vince* and Silvio Minciotti as *Papa* are splendidly in character.

Your Reviewer Says: Meaty drama.

Program Notes: Produced by Harriet Parsons for the Jerry Wald-Norman Krasna unit of RKO, "Clash By Night" was filmed near Monterey, California. Marilyn Monroe, taking her place for scenes with fifty regular fish cannery workers, was made an honorary member of the Cannery Workers Union . . . Twin sisters, babies Deborah and Diane Stewart, took turns playing the infant child of Paul and Barbara. Three-and-a-half months old at the time, they were limited by law to a twenty-second individual appearance before the camera . . . Barbara Stanwyck was the only casualty in the fight sequence between Douglas and Ryan. Barbara, who broke up the fight, emerged with a bruised back, skinned elbow and sore shoulder . . . Ryan, who has a starring role in the movie, played a bit part in the Broadway production of this Odets drama.



Professional sports become a laughing matter when Spencer Tracy sets out to make a star athlete of gym teacher Katharine Hepburn

PAT AND MIKE

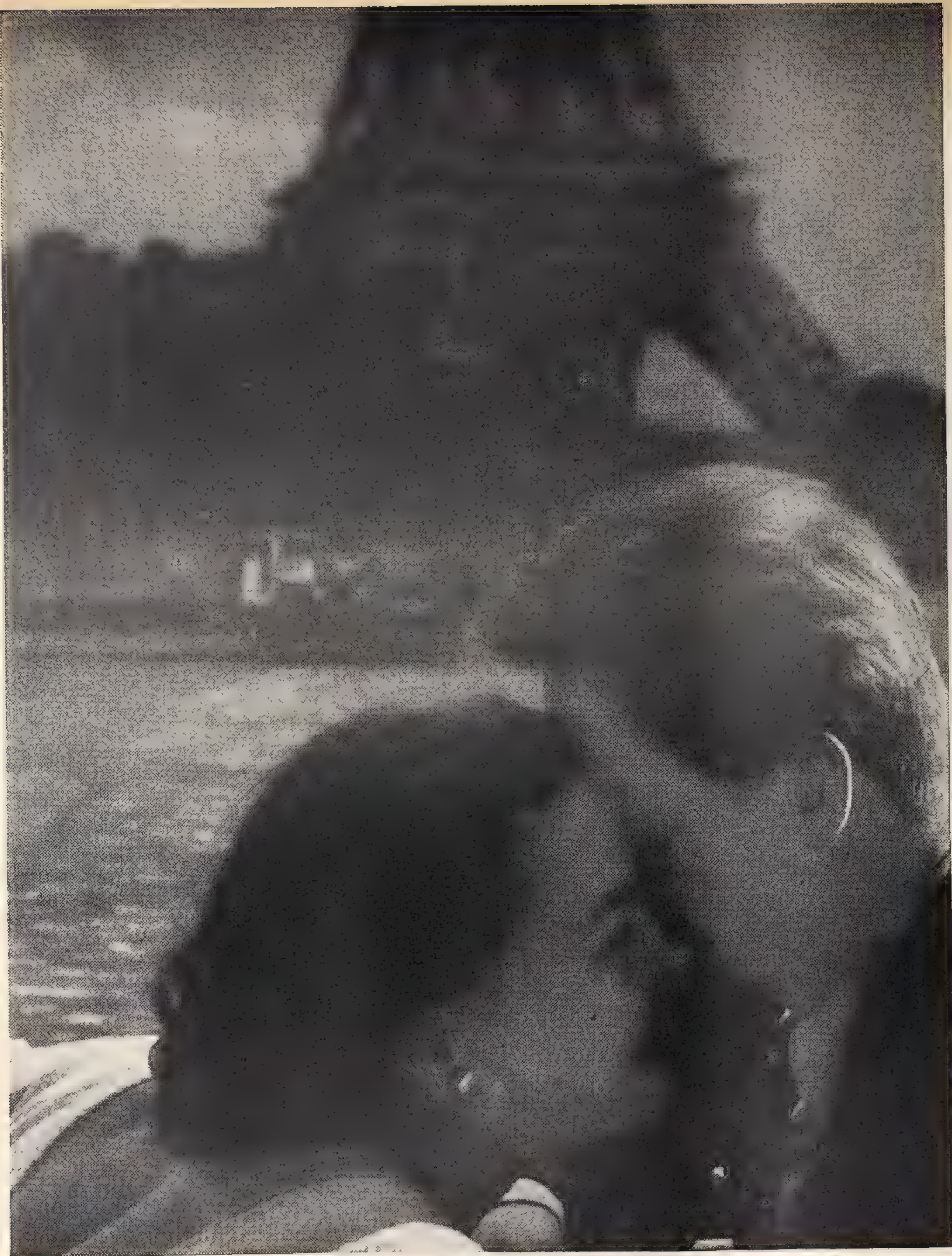
(M-G-M)

✓✓½
(F)

IT SEEMS there were two Irishmen named Pat and Mike. And *Mike* (Spencer Tracy) says to *Pat* (Katharine Hepburn), "I'll promote you to a top star athlete." And he does, with fun, frolic and some interesting sports events. Stars such as Babe Didrikson Zaharias, Gussie Moran, Don Budge, Alice Marble and Frank Parker take to racket and mashie against Miss Hepburn as the story develops. Aldo Ray, heavyweight fighter, and a horse named *Nellie* are Mr. Tracy's other promotion properties. *Nellie* seems much brighter than addled Aldo, but not as cute, of course. William Ching plays Katy's jinx-laden beau who is crowded out of the love department by shady promoter Tracy. Sammy White, George Mathews, Loring Smith and Phyllis Povah get into the act.

Your Reviewer Says: High jinks in the sport world.

Program Notes: For the third time Tracy and Hepburn are united with director George Cukor and writers Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin. This team's former hits were "Adam's Rib" and "Woman Of The Year" . . . It took some doing to round up the array of sport stars. The golf scenes were shot on various swank courses in southern California . . . Aldo Ray was borrowed from Columbia for his co-starring role in this, his third film . . . Tracy, never a rabid sports' fan, claimed that a whole new world of interest opened up through his role. But Spencer will confine his interest to looking on, not playing . . . The sport shirt Katie wears made a hit on the set. It has now been manufactured and marketed. (More Reviews on page 26)



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Face Powder in eight different shades \$1.00 each All prices plus tax

(Continued from page 25)

✓✓(F) **The Story of Robin Hood** (DISNEY-RKO-TECHNICOLOR)

THE LEGEND of Robin Hood, hero to countless generations, once again comes to life under the banner of Walt Disney—with nary a cartoon in sight. Disney's all-human movie recounts the story of the fabulous outlaw in clear cut, good natured fashion. And those who enjoy a romantic tale of gallantry will find this ideal escapist fare. The all-English cast has Richard Todd as *Robin*, Joan Rice as *Maid Marian*, James Hayter as *Friar Tuck* and James Robertson Justice as *Little John*. Midst the luscious greens of Sherwood Forest the characters live and move with happy purpose; to rob the rich and give to the poor. The pageantry, the intrigue and romance of those historical times are emphasized not only in the beauty of the background but in the lively performances of the splendid cast.

Your Reviewer Says: A timeless tale for both young and old.

Program Notes: Months of historical research with extensive additional research on the theme and the period (1190) was conducted for Disney by Dr. Charles Beard. From old twelfth century ballads, handed down by word and song, and early fifteenth century printed stories, the tale emerged in completed form . . . Richard Todd, whose "Hasty Heart" made him an overnight star, was chosen as the ideal *Robin Hood*. Disney's production crew journeyed to England and worked with the English cast and crew . . . The ballads, popular at that time, were based on little known folk tunes of early English vintage. Musical research was conducted by Elton Hayes who sings the ballads as *Robin's* lute-playing friend *Allan-A-Dale* . . . Forest scenes, made beautiful through Technicolor, were shot in and near the original Sherwood Forest.

✓✓(A) **The Wild Heart** (SELZNICK-RKO-TECHNICOLOR)

ARTISTICALLY and scenically beautiful, "The Wild Heart" deals with young innocence, versus mature brutality. Laid as it is on the Welsh border and fey in all its aspects, the tale has Jennifer Jones, half-tame daughter of a Gypsy mother and a Welsh father, caught between duty and physical attraction. Marrying the local pastor, Cyril Cusack, because he asked her first, she leaves him for David Farrar whose appeal she cannot resist. Loathing Farrar and his evil influence, she returns home with her husband to her doom. Esmond Knight, Sybil Thorndike and Hugh Griffith adorn the ghostly tale that sometimes threatens to burst the bounds of reality.

Your Reviewer Says: Haunting!

Program Notes: The beautiful Shropshire countryside in all its glory provided the background . . . With three-quarters of the drama made on the Welsh border, all the picturesque customs of the late nineteenth century, the era of the story, are captured on the screen . . . The small animals featured in the story, were trained by Jean Knight, especially the fox. By degrees the latter became used to the people, lights and commotion. After three weeks he permitted Jennifer to pick him up with no protest . . . David Farrar enjoyed his

rides over the countryside and became a favorite of the people of Much Wenlock, the Welsh village that housed the players.

✓✓(F) **Scaramouche**
(M-G-M—TECHNICOLOR)

SCATTERING its forces over too much territory, "Scaramouche" is still a colorful adventure story. Adapted from the Rafael Sabatini novel, the story is set among French aristocrats in the late 1700's. Stewart Granger, motivated by revenge, sets out to do in the ruthless noble, Mel Ferrer. Seeking refuge from detection while he masters the art of fencing, Granger hides behind the mask of *Scaramouche*, a low comic in a Parisian revue. Eleanor Parker, member of the show troupe, has as rival for Granger's love Janet Leigh, Ferrer's ward and fiancée. Granger really loves Janet but—believing her his half-sister—he turns to Eleanor. A terrific duel is one of the many highlights of this picture. In the cast are Nina Foch, Lewis Stone, Henry Wilcoxon and Richard Anderson.

Your Reviewer Says: *R-O-M-A-N-C-E.*

Program Notes: Eleanor Parker played her first role for M-G-M and after viewing her rushes, the studio got her back for "Above and Beyond" . . . Janet Leigh, victim of eye strain, felt far from well throughout the shooting. But, as usual, she looked beautiful. Her unusually small waist was emphasized by the lovely costumes . . . Designer Gile Steele had a field day with the period clothes. Stewart Granger alone had fifty individual changes. The elaborate silks and satins worn by Mel Ferrer never failed to bring forth gasps from the set workers. Set designers worked for months planning to perfection the interiors of the famed Versailles palace, the French National Assembly and the Parisian theatres of that era . . . Granger and Ferrer worked for weeks on the dueling scenes and the results were worth it.

✓✓(F) **White Corridors**
(U-I-RANK)

LIKE A CHAPTER plucked from the center of a book, "White Corridors" chronicles the events of a limited time within a London suburban hospital. British-made and brilliantly played by an all British cast, the story deals primarily with a scientist's attempts to perfect a drug with curative values, beyond the reach of penicillin. The story detours into unrelated yet interesting bypaths; some tragic, some comic. Featured are such capable performers as Googie Withers, James Donald, Godfrey Tearle, Petula Clark and Jack Watling.

Your Reviewer Says: *Our hearty recommendation.*

Program Notes: Former musical-comedy-star Googie Withers made an important decision at war's beginning: she'd play only straight roles from then on. As a result, she's gone from one role to another, taking time out only for the birth of her daughter Joanna Belinda McCallum . . . Scriptwriter Jan Read spent considerable time at the North Middlesex Hospital in England gathering authentic data for the story . . . Dr. Daphne Scott, daughter of Sir Harold Scott, Commissioner of London
(Continued on page 28)

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(Continued from page 27)

Police, acted as technical adviser . . . Veteran actor Godfrey Tearle, has appeared in several Broadway plays and is well known to American audiences.

✓½(F) Has Anybody Seen My Gal
(U-I—TECHNICOLOR)

A GAY old romp! A scamper through those wondrous days of raccoon coats, speak-easies, flappers and the Model A Ford. A solid story, presenting the familiar theme of we-ain't-happy-when-we're-rich with songs, old and new. Charles Coburn plays an eccentric millionaire who anonymously showers wealth on the *Blaisdell* family. And, ooooh, what he did to that little group. Daughter Piper Laurie has her engagement to Rock Hudson broken. Mama Lynn Bari goes social and teams up Piper with rich snipe Skip Homeier. Money flies around like crazy and so does incognito Coburn as a soda jerk, jail bird, star boarder and a fatso Cupid. When the smoke clears away, the *Blaisdell* family, poorer and happier, are right back where they began. Gigi Perreau, Larry Gates and William Reynolds have themselves a ball.

Your Reviewer Says: A step-lively trek down Nostalgia Alley.

Program Notes: Piper Laurie sings on the screen for the first time. However, Piper sang with USO units in Korea recently . . . Rock Hudson had no trouble at all with his soda-jerker role. He was one back in Winnetka, Illinois, during his school days . . . 75-year-old Coburn celebrated his fiftieth movie role during the making of this one. Charles pedaling a bicycle for several scenes was something to see—they should really have run excursions . . . The authentic costumes, furnishings, etc., of 1928 proved easy, but the studio spent weeks locating genuine raccoon coats worn by college boys in those Tippling 'Twenties.

✓(F) Glory Alley
(M-G-M)

IT RAMBLES. It twines in and out the frail trellis of twin stories—a fighter who runs away and a blind man who can't forgive. Ralph Meeker plays the fighter who "rats" before a fight, becomes a war hero and returns to disillusionment and eventual justification, of sorts. In short, Ralph is a "belly-acher" only no one knows why. Kurt Kasznar, blind father of Leslie Caron, the girl Meeker loves, plays a pseudo judge in the backwashes of New Orleans where the story is laid. Certainly the reasons for Meeker's peculiar behavior are weakly insufficient for the resulting hullabaloo. Gilbert Roland, John McIntire and Louis (Satchmo) Armstrong roam around trying to locate the story.

Your Reviewer Says: Drama . . . but slightly mixed up.

Program Notes: In her first role since "An American in Paris," Leslie Caron is given splendid opportunity to display her dancing ability. As performer in a small New Orleans night club, long-legged Leslie struts her stuff . . . Kurt Kasznar, the *Uncle Louie* of Broadway's "The Happy Time," reported to Columbia for the film role of *Uncle Louie* on completion of this one. Ralph Meeker, the

neurotic hero of "Glory Alley" gets the romantic lead opposite Betty Hutton in "Somebody Loves Me" . . . Louis Armstrong plays his first actual dramatic role and is pleased as punch about it. Naturally "Satchmo" gives out vocally and instrumentally despite his straight role.

½✓(F) No Room for the Groom
(U-I)

FAVORITES like Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie deserve better fare. The pair play newlyweds who can't get together—first because Tony gets chicken-pox on their wedding night and later because mother-in-law, Spring Byington, won't let them. To complicate matters, well-to-do Don DeFore, Piper's boss, adds a bit of heelish doings to the "unkissed" proceedings. Jack Kelly plays Tony's obliging friend.

Your Reviewer Says: Young love.

Program Notes: By the time the film was completed, the set resembled an art gallery with a one-man exhibition of Tony Curtis' paintings. Tony, quite the amateur artist, painted constantly between scenes. Weekends, he and his wife, Janet Leigh, worked on their gag movie "A Spot in the Shade" for their friends Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis . . . Piper received a surprise sock during a scene when a popping champagne cork struck her in the right eye. It required two days' delay in shooting while the swelling went down . . . Oddly enough, in Piper's first film "Louisa" Spring Byington played her grandmother, and in this one her mother. Piper celebrated her twentieth birthday on the set during the shooting.

(F) Scarlet Angel
(U-I—TECHNICOLOR)

THIS story was new back when Shep was a pup. The old heart-of-gold gal who turns down wealth for true love should be somewhere in an old ladies' home by this time. Yvonne De Carlo and Rock Hudson try hard to ignore the cliches and moss-covered dialogue. The story, placed in post Civil War times, limps from New Orleans to San Francisco. Yvonne, pretending to be the wife of a soldier killed in the war, and the mother of his child, is taken into the heart of his wealthy and unsuspecting family. But she is unable to resist Rock, a poor but husky lad. Richard Denning and Amanda Blake play Nob Hill snooties.

Your Reviewer Says: Better luck next time.

Program Notes: "Scarlet Angel" marks Miss De Carlo's fifteenth Technicolor film and on her it's particularly becoming. When the movie was finished, Miss De Carlo once again took herself off to Europe where her name was linked with Rita Hayworth's husband, Aly Khan . . . Rock Hudson hasn't drawn an idle breath since his big hit in "The Iron Man" going from one movie to another without a day's pause . . . Several cameras and two Technicolor ones caught the fight scenes with Yvonne the chief brawler. Twenty-four stunt men helped to make things interesting . . . Three sets of youngsters ranging from six months to two years were required to play Yvonne's supposed-to-be child as the story progressed. The children, especially the youngest, were the brightest spots in the story.

(Continued on page 30)



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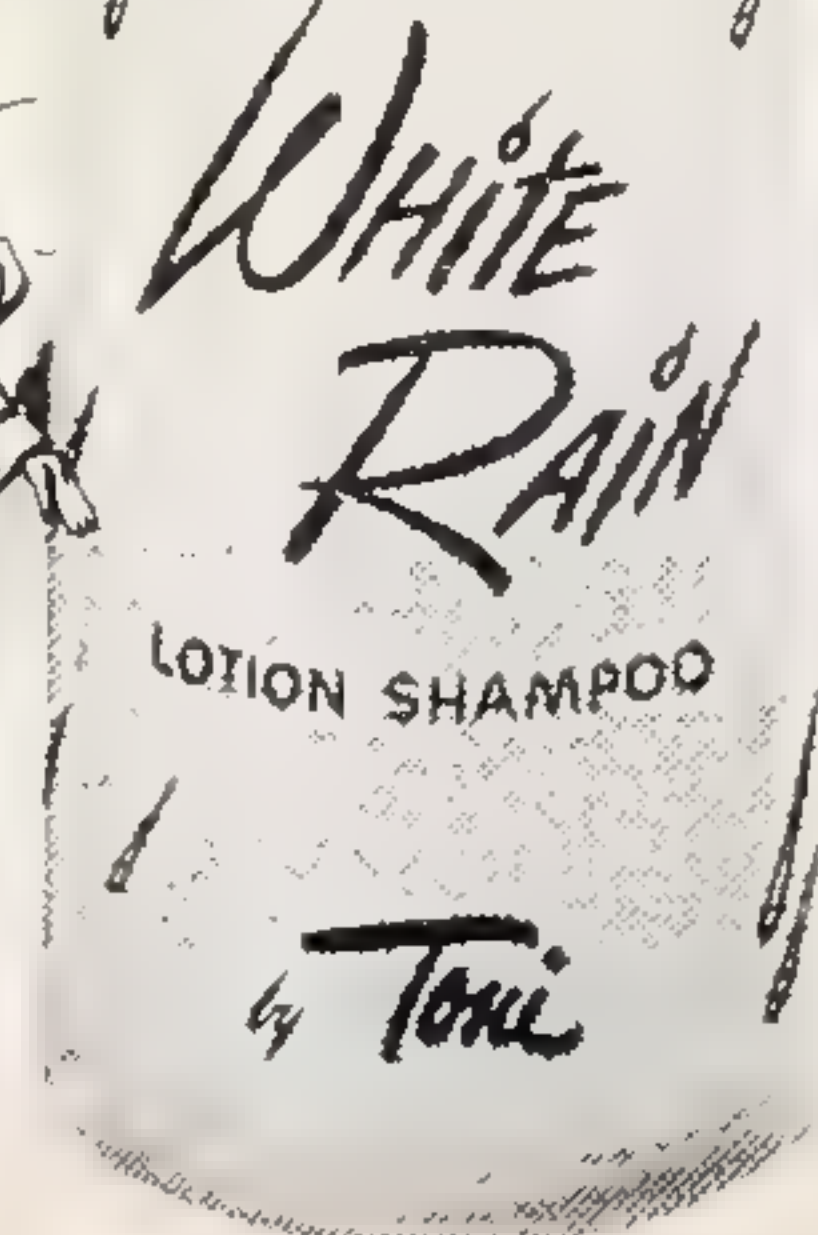


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(Continued from page 29)

✓✓(F) **Francis Goes to West Point**
(U-I)

THAT LINGUISTIC MARVEL, Francis the mule, with pal Donald O'Connor, creates fun and furor at old West Point. When O'Connor, on advice from Francis, prevents the sabotaging of a war plant he receives as a reward a West Point appointment. Francis just naturally goes along as mascot and ends up as football coach, tutor and all-around fixer. But that's not all, folks. His tutoring of O'Connor from lowest to among the highest in his class and his drill instructions that foul up the dress parade are riotous. Pretty Alice Kelley, smitten with Donald, and Lori Nelson, in love with William Reynolds, grace the goings-on. Also around are Les Tremayne and Palmer Lee.

Your Reviewer Says: A laugh for everyone.

Program Notes: Twenty-six-year-old Donald O'Connor celebrated twenty-five years in show business with a party on the set. Francis was invited, too. O'Connor, growing in professional stature, bowed in his parents' vaudeville act at the age of one and a half years. He was recently presented with a trophy to the "Youngest Old Timer of the Year" . . . When Francis developed a minor cold during shooting, vets were called in immediately. Francis quickly recovered. The studio almost didn't . . . Alice "Dimples" Kelley was discovered in a high school play and signed by the studio for this and "Bend of the River" . . . Serving as technical adviser for West Point sequences was Lt. General Robert Eichelberger.

✓✓(F) **Lydia Bailey**
(20TH CENTURY-FOX—TECHNICOLOR)

HAITI, in the year 1802, with Bonaparte's attempt to seize the island! Shortly before the siege, Baltimore attorney Dale Robertson arrives to secure the signature of *Lydia Bailey* (Anne Francis) on a legal document. First attacked and then befriended by a powerful native patriot William Marshall, Dale is guided through dangers to the plantation of Anne's fiance Charles Korvin. Shortly after Dale's arrival, Korvin, French agent, leaves to join Napoleon's brother, who has arrived as conqueror. But marauders attack; Dale attempts to guide Anne, her maid and Korvin's small son to safety. The little group is hounded for days, and Anne's final rescue from the island piles action upon action.

Your Reviewer Says: Historical thrills in an eerie background.

Program Notes: Hard luck dogged the two stars during the production. Dale pulled a leg ligament during an action scene and Anne hobbled on a cane for two weeks after falling from her horse. The brown mixture used to darken her skin resulted in make-up poison for Anne, which delayed her scenes a week . . . The studio was so anxious to secure William Marshall for the role of *King Dick* they waited until his role in Broadway's 1951 revival of "Green Pastures" was over . . . Firemen stood by ready for emergency during the burning and sacking scenes . . . Hundreds of extras were recruited for the picture . . . Six-year-old Angos Perex who plays *Paul* is a Chicago quiz kid.

✓½(F) **Just Across the Street**
(U-I)

THIS MOVIE, filled with unlikely probabilities and funny in spite of itself, concerns Ann Sheridan's attempts to find a job and look after scalawag father, Cecil Kellaway. The old mistaken identity angle stomps in when plumber John Lund mistakes Ann for a wealthy glamour girl seeking a new way of life. He hires her as secretary. But the catch comes when John insists upon driving his secretary to and from her elegant suburban home (or so he believes), when all the time Ann lives directly across the street. Her creeping in and out of swank residential premises to meet John leads to all sorts of complications. Natalie Schafer, Robert Keith, Harvey Lembeck and Alan Mowbray go a little crazy too.

Your Reviewer Says: Just for the fun of it.

Program Notes: While John Lund took notes on the handling of plumber's tools, Ann spent time with a comptometry machine. Each knew enough to get by when shooting time rolled around . . . John claims plumbers can so be romantic and wears smart business suits to prove it . . . Between scenes Ann looked over the business details of her miniature wire recorder company, cosmetic company and the breeding of prize-winning poodles . . . Lund, a writer before Hollywood days, spent his spare time writing a TV series and working on a movie script . . . During a traffic scene, Cecil Kellaway was knocked down by a studio-hired bus. Only his clothes were damaged.

✓½(F) **Kangaroo**
(20TH CENTURY-FOX—TECHNICOLOR)

THE LAND "down under" with its colorful bushmen, leaping kangaroos and endless plains, takes precedence at all times over the story. Maureen O'Hara, Peter Lawford and Finley Currie are shown against the striking background of Australia, which, by virtue of its "difference" demands first interest. The story has Currie, owner of a drought-ridden ranch in the bush, seeking news of his son, lost as a child. Lawford, a stowaway, and Richard Boone, a gambler-murderer, use Currie as a foil. Returning to the ranch with Currie, Lawford pretends to be his lost son. But complications arise when Maureen O'Hara, Currie's daughter, and Peter fall in love. Lawford's eventual confession brings on an abrupt but satisfactory climax. The native rain dance, dust storms and cattle-drive over parched earth add tension and excitement. Chips Rafferty plays Leonard.

Your Reviewer Says: Unique adventure.

Program Notes: On the southern fringe of the desert near the town of Port Augusta, Australia, twenty-four pre-fabricated cabins were set up for cast and crew. A convoy of twelve trucks carrying \$250,000 worth of equipment and two heavy generators arrived overland. Peter Lawford flew in from a Honolulu vacation and shooting began. With dust and drought, the going was tough for the two and a half months' work . . . Inside scenes of the gambling house were shot in Sydney . . . The tribe of ninety-six half-wild aborigines camped near the desert set . . . Between the excessive heat and sand, Maureen and Peter figured this to be the toughest location jaunt of their movie lives.

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(Continued from page 8)

each child must obey her own parents and that rules for one child do not apply to another, but sometimes I feel like a monster. How do you teach a child "Thou Shalt Not Kill," and then allow her to break that rule in play? It doesn't seem logical or sincere.

Finally, my husband leaves his hunting rifle, unloaded of course, under our bed. Our home is small and we have no garage, so there are few places to store a rifle, but I have begged him to leave it at his mother's or elsewhere without success.

Is there any way to compromise between my feeling about guns and gun play and my daughter's apparently normal desire to be included in neighborhood games?

Evelynne O.

First of all, I agree heartily with your conviction that an actual weapon should be removed from the reach of a child. As you have said, the daily newspaper is a continuously tragic witness to the truth that guns kept in homes kill children. Instead of insisting upon your own fears in this connection, why don't you clip every account of such a tragedy from your newspaper until you have half a dozen. Then say to your husband something like, "You love our little girl as much, perhaps more, than I do. You never want to think, 'I could have prevented her death.' For your own sake, won't you store the rifle at your mother's home or in her garage?"

For the peace of his own conscience, a man will sometimes do what he wouldn't do for the comfort of another person—even his wife.

The next problem is more difficult. Those who have studied children assure us that youngsters are small savages who live in a dream world of horrors without meaning. We know that it is not what happens to a child that guides his development, but the interpretation he makes or is given of it. You can explain that toy guns are harmless, but that real guns kill, just as a Teddy bear is a playmate, but a grizzly bear is dangerous. Constant explanation is the key to the safety of children.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a receptionist and during the course of a day's work I come in contact with many men. Most are old, married, or both, but not long ago an attractive man asked to see our office manager. The manager wasn't in, so he returned five or six times. We talked a little, casually, and I learned that he isn't married. Finally,

he was able to see the manager one day, and that ended it. He has never been into our office again. I know this man's name, where he lives and where he works, but I don't suppose anything will come of it.

I am attractive and friendly. The personnel manager says he has heard some highly favorable comments about my work. One man who came in said that he felt that only the coffee was missing when he walked into the reception room. Wasn't that nice?

I'm reserved and very businesslike, which I must be. Other girls would be able to drop a subtle hint and a fellow would wind up taking them out for coffee or to luncheon and later on dates, but I'm not the type. I always think that anything I say outside of casual remarks about the weather and my work, will be too forward and obvious. How, say in the span of five or ten minutes, do you make these people know that you can be fun socially and make them want to see you outside of the office where you won't have to be formal?

I will follow your advice faithfully and let you know how it works out.

Visalia C.

There is a technique to attracting a man, but it is very difficult to confine to words. First of all, a girl is more attractive if she is not obviously "on the march." There is nothing that inhibits a man as much as detecting the huntress light in a woman's eyes. A girl must always remember that men are far more wily than women because, for thousands of years, they have had to be for reasons of business expediency.

No matter how tactful you are about learning whether a man is married or not, when he is merely sitting in your reception room, you may believe that he knows exactly what you are doing and why. He feels like an item being appraised, and he resents it. Man feels that he has the right to be the aggressor, and he resents, openly or unconsciously, any attempt to set aside that right.

You should relax, and believe that if it is your fate to meet a man in the office, he will come along at the right time and under the proper circumstances. You should read the sports pages in the newspaper so that you will know what men talk about. Keep busy with current books, too, and be active with your girl friends.

But the final fact is this: you must not be impatient. Your opportunities are far greater than those of most girls. You are discriminating and wouldn't be happy with a man whose ideals were less than yours. He'll be along. Believe it and it will come true.

Claudette Colbert

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Goldwyn Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Los Angeles: Dana Andrews, Joan Evans, Farley Granger.

Uetro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 10202 W. Washington Blvd., Culver City: Dawn Addams, June Allyson, Richard Anderson, Pier Angeli, Fred Astaire, Lionel Barrymore, Keefe Brasselle, Kay Brown, Robert Burton, Louis Calhern, William Campbell, Leslie Caron, Carleton Carpenter, Diane Cassidy, Gower Champion, Marge Champion, Cyd Charisse, Patrick Conway, Donna Corcoran, Jonathan Cott, James Craig, Vic Damone, Michael Dugan, Billy Eckstine, Marilyn Erskine, Nanette Fabray, Sally Forrest, Clark Gable, Ava Gardner, Greer Garson, Stewart Granger, Kathryn Grayson, Jean Hagen, Robert Horton, Van Johnson, Howard Keel, Gene Kelly, Deborah Kerr, Fernando Lamas, Mario Lanza, Peter Lawford, Janet Leigh, Monica Lewis, Marjorie Main, Ralph Meeker, Ann Miller, Dean Miller, Ricardo Montalban, Doretta Morrow, George Murphy, Reginald Owen, Walter Pidgeon, Jane Powell, William Powell, Paula Raymond, Debbie Reynolds, Jeff Richards, Barbara Ruick, Janice Rule, Red Skelton, Elaine Stewart, James Stewart, Lewis Stone, Barry Sullivan, Elizabeth Taylor, Robert Taylor, Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner, Vera-Ellen, James Whitmore, Esther Williams, Keenan Wynn, Gig Young.

Monogram Pictures, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood: Johnny Mack Brown, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Florence Marly, Jane Nigh, Whip Wilson.

Paramount Pictures, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood: Anna Maria Alberghetti, Judith Ames, Peter D. Baldwin, Gene Barry, William Bendix, Rosemary Clooney, Pierre Cressoy, Bing Crosby, William Demarest, Laura Elliot, Rhonda Fleming, Joan Fontaine, Nancy Gates, Paulette Goddard, Nancy Hale, Virginia Hall, Peter Hanson, Patricia Ann Harding, Van Heflin, Audry Hepburn, William Holden, Bob Hope, Betty Hutton, Carolyn Jones, Alan Ladd, Irene Martin, Tom Morton, Ray Milland, Michael Moore, Susan Morrow, Mary Murphy, Eleanor Parker, Ann Robinson, Jan Sterling, Don Taylor, Joan Taylor, Alan Young. Under personal contract to Hal Wallis: Corinne Calvet, Wendell Corey, Vincent Edwards, Charlton Heston, Burt Lancaster, Jerry Lewis, Marion Marshall, Dean Martin, Eddie Mayehoff, Elizabeth Scott.

RKO Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood: Keith Andes, Carla Balenda, Jack Buetel, Janice Carter, the Charivels, Barbara Darrow, Brad Dexter, Joan Dixon, George Dolenz, Faith Domergue, Betsy Drake, Mel Ferrer, Steve Flagg, Jane Greer, Dee Hartford, Tim Holt, Richard Martin, Charles McGraw, Colleen Miller, Robert Mitchum, Carole Morton, Mala Powers, Jane Russell, Robert Ryan, Margaret Sheridan, William Talman, Mary Jo Tarola, Ursula Thiess, Kenneth Tobey.

Republic Pictures, 4024 N. Radford Ave., N. Hollywood: Rex Allen, Roy Barcroft, Esperanza Baur, Rod Cameron, Judy Canova, William Ching, Penny Edwards, Mary Ellen Kay, Allan "Rocky" Lane, Muriel Lawrence, Adele Mara, Vaughn Monroe, Vera Ralston, Estelita Rodriguez, Forrest Tucker, John Wayne, Grant Withers.

Twentieth Century-Fox, 10201 West Pico Blvd., Beverly Hills: Richard Allen, Merry Anders, Dana Andrews (with Goldwyn), Ray Andrews, Charlotte Austin, Richard Basehart, Lauren Bacall, Barbara Bates, Anne Baxter, Richard Boone, Cornell Borchers, Scott Brady, Marlon Brando, Jill Clifford, Valentina Cortesa, Joseph Cotten, Jeanne Crain, Dan Dailey, Dennis Day, Danielle Darrieux, Bette Davis, Joanne Dru, Gloria DeHaven, Henry Fonda, Anne Francis, Mitzi Gaynor, Betty Grable, Bob Graham, Cary Grant, Billy Gray, Susan Hayward, June Haver, Craig Hill, Jeffrey Hunter, Richard Hylton, Louis Jourdan, Patricia Knox, William Lundigan, Myrna Loy, Joyce MacKenzie, George Mathews, Victor Mature, Hugh Marlowe, James Mason, Gary Merrill, Zero Mostel, Marilyn Monroe, Ava Norring, Pat Neal, Debra Paget, Walter (Jack) Palance, Gregory Peck, Jean Peters, Tyrone Power, Micheline Prelle, George Raft, Michael Rennie, Thelma Ritter, Dale Robertson, George Sanders, Constance Smith, Helene Stanley, Warren Stevens, James Stewart, Randy Stuart, Gene Tierney, Robert Wagner, David Wayne, Clifton Webb, Orson Welles, Oskar Werner, Helen Westcott, Richard Widmark, Cornel Wilde.

Universal-International, Universal City: Abbott and Costello, Julia Adams, Suzan Ball, Ann Blyth, Scott Brady, Judith Braun, Susan Cabot, Jeff Chandler, Anthony Curtis, Yvonne de Carlo, Peggy Dow, Charles Drake, Yvette Dugay, Richard Garland, Cindy Garner, Joyce Holden, Rock Hudson, Alice Kelly, Jack Kelly, Piper Laurie, Palmer Lee, Harvey Lembeck, Richard Long, Marjorie Main, Stephen McNally, Audie Murphy, Lori Nelson, Alex Nicol, Hugh O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Gigi Perreau, William Reynolds, Claudette Thornton, Dennis Weaver, Shelley Winters.

Warner Brothers, 4000 W. Olive Ave., Burbank: Abbott and Costello, Eva Bartok, Humphrey Bogart, Ray Bolger, Eddie Bracken, Marlon Brando, David Brian, James Cagney, Eddie Cantor, Phillip Carey, Steve Cochran, Gary Cooper, Horace Cooper, Nick Cravat, Joan Crawford, Ginger Crowley, Mark Dana, Claude Dauphin, Doris Day, Kirk Douglas, Betsy Drake, Margaret Field, Errol Flynn, Mary Germaine, Virginia Gibson, Cary Grant, Kim Hunter, Phyllis Kirk, Alan Ladd, Burt Lancaster, Vivien Leigh, Frank Lovejoy, Gordon MacRae, Karl Malden, Raymond Massey, Virginia Mayo, Allyn McLerie, Vera Miles, Ray Milland, Eve Miller, Dennis Morgan, Gene Nelson, George O'Hanlon, Paul Picerni, Ronald Reagan, Will Rogers Jr., Gilbert Roland, Ruth Roman, Randolph Scott, Robert Shackleton, Gloria Swanson, Rusty Tamblyn, Phyllis Thaxter, Danny Thomas, John Wayne, Dick Wesson, Susan Whitney, Cornel Wilde, Georgie Winslow, Jane Wyman, Patrice Wymore.



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✓✓ Good

✓ Fair

BRIEF REVIEWS

A—For adults

F—For the whole family

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay
Shadow Stage for months indicated.
See page 24 for this month's reviews

✓ (F) *AARON SLICK FROM PUNKIN CRICK*—Paramount, Technicolor: Musical version of the old-time melodrama with Robert Merrill and Adele Jergens as a couple of crooks who try to fleece farm girl, Dinah Shore. With Alan Young. (May)

✓ (F) *ABOUT FACE*—Warners, Technicolor: Uninspired musical remake of "Brother Rat" with Gordon MacRae, Eddie Bracken and Dick Wesson as the three cadets who spend their time involved in the usual military school kind of nonsense. With Phyllis Kirk, Aileen Stanley Jr., Virginia Gibson. (June)

✓✓½ (F) *ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN*—Paramount: Jose Ferrer comes to the U. S. in search of happiness and a long-lost uncle; finds both and a romance with Kim Hunter in the bargain in this charm-laden bit of Americana. With Kurt Kasznar, Eugenie Leontovich. (May)

✓ (F) *BATTLE AT APACHE PASS, THE*—U-I, Technicolor: Jeff Chandler repeats his *Cochise* character, and again tries to live in harmony with the white settlers until Bruce Cowling stirs up an incident that results in a bloody massacre. Susan Cabot, John Lund, John Hudson and Beverly Tyler are involved in the proceedings. (May)

✓½ (F) *BELLE OF NEW YORK, THE*—M-G-M, Technicolor: Vera-Ellen's a missionary worker and Fred Astaire a playboy in this rather disappointing lightweight musical set in the Gay Nineties period. With Marjorie Main, Keenan Wynn. (May)

✓✓ (F) *BELLES ON THEIR TOES*—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: The further adventures of the "Cheaper by the Dozen" family with Myrna Loy and her brood of twelve going through humorous and sentimental situations to keep their home intact after the death of Papa. With Jeanne Crain, Jeffrey Hunter, Barbara Bates, Debra Paget, Bob Arthur, Hoagy Carmichael, Edward Arnold. (June)

✓½ (F) *BRIGAND, THE*—Columbia, Technicolor: An old-fashioned swashbuckler with Tony Dexter doubling as a frivolous king and his commoner cousin who subs for him when he's wounded. Jody Lawrance and Gale Robbins supply romance, Anthony Quinn, the villainy. (July)

½✓ (F) *BRONCO BUSTER*—U-I, Technicolor: This tale about a young rider (Scott Brady) who becomes nasty and big-headed with success is almost one continuous rodeo show with a triangle involving Scott, John Lund and Joyce Holden tossed in to give the horses a respite. (June)

½✓ (F) *CALIFORNIA CONQUEST*—Columbia, Technicolor: Cornel Wilde foils Mexicans and Russians and brings California into the Union all by himself according to this corny but fast-moving Western. With Teresa Wright. (May)

✓½ (F) *CAPTIVE CITY, THE*—U.A.: A suspenseful drama in which small-town newspaperman John Forsythe is faced with the problem of exposing, at the risk of his life, a gambling syndicate's branch in his community. With Joan Camden. (June)

✓✓ (F) *CARBINE WILLIAMS*—M-G-M: A biographical drama in which James Stewart plays a convicted murderer who, while serving his sentence, invents the U.S. Carbine rifle. With Jean Hagen, Wendell Corey. (July)

✓✓ (A) *CARRIE*—Paramount: Laurence Olivier gives up his wife, family and honor and sinks to tragic depths for the love of Jennifer Jones, in a haunting picturization of the Theodore Dreiser novel. With Eddie Albert, Miriam Hopkins. (July)

✓½ (F) *CARSON CITY*—Warners, Warnercolor: Another workin'-on-the-railroad fable—this time with Randy Scott overcoming obstacles laid in his path by dastardly Raymond Massey to get the choo-choo going between Virginia City and Carson City. With Lucille Norman. (July)

✓✓½ (F) *DEADLINE U.S.A.*—20th Century-Fox: Newspaper editor Humphrey Bogart struggles to expose the head of a crime syndicate and save his paper from being dissolved. With Kim Hunter, Ethel Barrymore. A walloping drama. (June)

✓½ (F) *DENVER AND RIO GRANDE, THE*—Paramount, Technicolor: Unscrupulous Sterling Hayden and staunch Edmond O'Brien, working for rival companies, fight tooth and nail to get a railroad built on property franchised by both. A routine dime-novel kind of story. With Laura Elliott. (July)

✓½ (F) *DIPLOMATIC COURIER*—20th Century-Fox: Courier Tyrone Power becomes involved in a tug-of-war between Russians and Americans working in Trieste, in this fast-moving modern spy story. With Pat Neal, Hildegard Neff. (July)

✓✓½ (F) *ENCORE*—Paramount: Another trio of Somerset Maugham short stories unrelated in theme—dealing with a lazy playboy. (Nigel Patrick), an old maid (Kay Walsh) and a high diver (Glynis Johns)—but all delightful. With Terence Morgan, Roland Culver. (June)

✓ (F) *FIGHTER, THE*—U.A.: Mexican prize-fighter, Richard Conte, slugs his way to victory in the ring in America to get money for guns for his revolutionary friends across the border. A confusing dramatization of the Jack London story. (July)

✓✓½ (F) *5 FINGERS*—20th Century-Fox: The best spy story in years based on actual events which took place in Turkey during World War II, with James Mason as the cool spy who sold top war secrets to the Nazis for mercenary reasons. With Danielle Darrieux, Michael Rennie. (May)

✓✓ (F) *FLESH AND FURY*—U-I: Tony Curtis, a deaf-mute fighter, incited by mercenary Jan Sterling to become champ, almost forfeits his career and Mona Freeman when he regains his hearing. An off-beat and absorbing behind-the-scenes fight yarn. (June)

✓½ (F) *GIRL IN WHITE, THE*—M-G-M: June Allyson plays the first woman doctor ever to be attached to a public hospital. Her work as an ambulance surgeon and her fight against bigotry and prejudice make for an interesting biographical drama. Co-starring Arthur Kennedy, Gary Merrill. (June)

✓✓ (F) *HIGH NOON*—U.A.: Gary Cooper, on the morning of his marriage to Grace Kelly, learns a man he sent to jail five years previously is returning to kill him. Unable to obtain help from the townspeople, Gary faces the killer and three henchmen alone in this adult and unbearably suspenseful Western. With Lloyd Bridges, Thomas Mitchell, Katy Jurado. (June)

✓ (A) *ISLAND OF DESIRE*—U.A., Technicolor: Fair adventure story about the events that ensue when Linda Darnell and Tab Hunter are shipwrecked on a South Pacific island. With Donald Gray. (May)

✓½ (F) *LION AND THE HORSE, THE*—Warners, Warnercolor: A beautiful and touching Western concerning Steve Cochran's love for a fiery stallion, climaxed by a fierce battle between the stallion and an escaped rodeo lion. (June)

✓ (F) *MA AND PA KETTLE AT THE FAIR*—U-I: Further misadventures of the homespun couple in which Ma loses a jam-making contest and Pa a sulky race. With Lori Nelson, James Best. (May)

½✓ (F) *MACAO*—RKO: Robert Mitchum, Jane Russell and William Bendix meet on a ship to Macao and all the shenanigans add up to a merely routine mystery. With Gloria Grahame. (June)

✓ (F) *MARA MARU*—Warners: An average adventure story with Errol Flynn as a salvage diver who becomes involved in intrigue and murder when he goes after an unusual treasure which went down with his ship during World War II. With Ruth Roman, Richard Webb, Raymond Burr. (June)

✓✓½ (F) *MARRYING KIND, THE*—Columbia: Humor, tragedy and a lot of everyday plain living are unfolded in a marriage story of average couple Judy Holliday and Aldo Ray. With Madge Kennedy, Sheila Bond. (May)

½✓ (F) *MUTINY*—U.A., Technicolor: Mark Stevens as the skipper of a U.S. ship during the War of 1812 tries to break the British blockade and bring French gold back to America. A routine adventure yarn. With Angela Lansbury. (May)

✓✓½ (F) *MY SIX CONVICTS*—Columbia: Marshall Thompson, Gilbert Roland, Henry Morgan, Millard Mitchell, Alf Kjellin, Jay Adler prove to be unusual assistants to John Beal's experiment in establishing prison reforms. An entertaining and different kind of picture. (May)

✓✓½ (F) *MY SON JOHN*—Paramount: Helen Hayes returns to the screen after a seventeen-year absence in the heartbreaking role of a woman who has to face the realization that her beloved son, Robert Walker, is a traitor to his country. A bold if somewhat talky anti-Communist propaganda piece. (June)

✓✓ (F) *NARROW MARGIN, THE*—RKO: Excellent suspense-filled story of events that take place aboard a crack train as detective Charles McGraw tries safely to escort gangster's widow, Marie Windsor, to a grand jury trial in California. (July)

✓✓ (F) *OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT*—20th Century-Fox: Exciting events occur when, after being driven out of a pioneer town, Anne Baxter, Dale Robertson, Miriam Hopkins seek refuge in a mountain cabin. A harsh drama. With Cameron Mitchell, Craig Hill, Barbara Bates. (July)

✓½ (F) *PARK ROW*—U.A.: The newspaper era of the 1880's is the background for this absorbing behind-the-scenes story, in which Gene Evans plays an idealistic publisher whose innovations in journalism keep him from being ruined by his attractive but hard-hitting rival, Mary Welch. (July)

✓½ (F) *PAULA*—Columbia: A heavy tear-jerking drama in which Loretta Young, after accidentally hitting Tommy Rettig with her car, takes him into her home and helps him regain his power of speech. With Kent Smith, Alexander Knox. (May)

✓✓ (F) *PRIDE OF ST. LOUIS, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Baseball's Dizzy Dean comes jauntily

to life with Dan Dailey as the pitcher whose screwy antics provided amusement for thousands of fans, Joanne Dru as his understanding wife and Richard Crenna as his brother. With Richard Hylton. (May)

✓½ (F) *RANCHO NOTORIOUS*—RKO, Technicolor: A tongue-in-cheek Western in which Arthur Kennedy, seeking revenge for the murder of his sweetheart, is led by Mel Ferrer to a robbers' hideout run by Marlene Dietrich. (May)

✓ (F) *RED BALL EXPRESS*—U-I: The real story of the work done by the U.S. Transportation Corps during World War II to keep the supply trucks rolling is lost in quarrels between Jeff Chandler and Alex Nicol and a couple of romances. (June)

✓✓ (F) *RETREAT, HELL!*—Warners: A true and gripping story of our soldiers in Korea and the hardships they went through before and during the infamous attack at Chosen Reservoir. With Frank Lovejoy, Richard Carlson, Anita Louise. (May)

✓ (F) *RETURN OF THE TEXAN*—20th Century-Fox: A modern-day Western in which widower Dale Robertson returns to his ranch and tries to make a new life for himself. Joanne Dru and Robert Horton provide the romantic triangle. Walter Brennan, the humor, Richard Boone, the villainy. (May)

✓ (F) *SAN FRANCISCO STORY, THE*—Warners: A routine tale set in 1850 with Joel McCrea as a miner who tries to bring law and order into the corrupt seacoast town despite complications by Yvonne De Carlo and Sidney Blackmer. (June)

✓✓ (F) *SHE'S WORKING HER WAY THROUGH COLLEGE*—Warners, Technicolor: This musical version of "The Male Animal" stars Virginia Mayo as an ex-burlesque queen who goes after some higher education and becomes involved with college musicals, football players and jealous co-eds. Co-starred are Gene Nelson, Ronald Reagan, Pat Wymore, Phyllis Thaxter, Don DeFore. (July)

✓✓✓ (F) *SINGIN' IN THE RAIN*—M-G-M, Technicolor: This super-happy musical pokes fun at the roaring twenties. Gene Kelly and Jean Hagen play a famed silent screen team who try to re-adjust themselves to the new-fangled talkies with hilarious results. Debbie Reynolds is the girl recruited to dub for Jean, and Donald O'Connor is great as Kelly's life-long pal. (June)

✓✓½ (F) *SKIRTS AHOY!*—M-G-M, Technicolor: A rousing musical with nautical trimmings starring Esther Williams, Joan Evans and Vivian Blaine as WAVES who set forth to get their men: Barry Sullivan, Keefe Brasselle, Dean Miller. (July)

✓✓ (A) *SNIPER, THE*—Columbia: A powerful drama about a young psychopathic killer (Arthur Franz) who roams the streets shooting innocent women. Marie Windsor and Marlo Dwyer are his victims, Richard Kiley, the psychiatrist who helps track him down. (May)

✓ (F) *STEEL TOWN*—U-I, Technicolor: The steel industry provides the background for the romantic complications which occur when the boss's nephew, John Lund, falls for Ann Sheridan, Howard Duff's girl. Fair to middling drama. (May)

✓ (F) *TALK ABOUT A STRANGER*—M-G-M: Billy Gray, son of orange ranchers Nancy Davis and George Murphy, almost causes his parents' ruin when, suspecting unfriendly neighbor Kurt Kasznar of killing his dog, he sets out to seek revenge. A minor but unobjectionable drama. (June)

✓½ (F) *THREE FOR BEDROOM C*—Warners, Natural Color: Gloria Swanson, a glamorous Hollywood star, meets and falls for chemistry professor, James Warren, after usurping his train accommodations in this sometimes gay but mostly forced farce. With Janine Perreau. (July)

✓✓½ (F) *WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES, NELLIE*—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Laughter, music and sentiment blend in this story of fifty years in the life of small-town barber David Wayne. With Jean Peters, Helene Stanley, Hugh Marlowe. (July)

✓✓ (F) *WALK EAST ON BEACON*—Columbia: This exciting semi-documentary picture shows the authentic methods used by the FBI to track down Communist plotters bent on stealing a top secret. With George Murphy, Virginia Gilmore. (June)

✓✓½ (F) *WINNING TEAM, THE*—Warners: Doris Day and Ronald Reagan help this tale of baseball hero Grover Cleveland Alexander, who rose to fame as a pitcher, fell to bottom and then came back with a bang. With Frank Lovejoy. (July)

✓ (A) *WITHOUT WARNING*—U.A.: Adam Williams, a young gardener, who has a penchant for picking up and stabbing blondes to death, finally gets his due as he's about to slash pretty Meg Randall. Grim film fare. (June)

✓½ (F) *YOUNG MAN WITH IDEAS*—M-G-M: Glenn Ford tries to prove to wife Ruth Roman that he's not a failure, and becomes involved with French singer Denise Darcel, student Nina Foch and a mob of gangsters. (May)



Marcus Goodrich protected Olivia constantly—even carried a revolver after her life was threatened

Breakup!

Olivia de Havilland's role as obedient wife is over. She's a woman of independence again!

BY
HELEN BROWN

● OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND has finally asked her husband, Commander Marcus Aurelius Goodrich, for a divorce. No more given to compromises than he, she wants to put a final and definite end to their marriage.

All of the things about Marcus which first fascinated Olivia—his forceful manner, his intelligence, his Victorian gallantry—have lost their charm. For years, certainly, she seemed happily cast in her married role of winsome femininity, with Marcus as her protector and adviser. His experience as a man who has traveled widely, his success as a novelist, his mastery of every situation once appeared to give her self-confidence and strength.

But, even while she seemed to relish this almost smothering protectiveness, subconsciously, she must have rebelled against it. She never dared question her husband's decisions. He was the Commander—in all things—in his home as on his ship. (Continued on page 38)



Born: Newark, N. J. **Date:** 11/21/21 **Height:** 5'2½" **Weight:** 103 **Eyes:** Blue **Hair:** Blonde **Current Picture:** "Skirts Ahoy!"

VIVIAN BLAINE has, ever since the late fall of 1950, when "Guys and Dolls" opened in New York, been the darling, or dollface of Broadway. It's much easier to get a cocktail date with Garbo than to get tickets to Vivian's show. It is only natural that Hollywood, who had had first dibs on blonde, blue-eyed, well-stacked Vivian, should come waving contracts the morning after her sensational opening. And it is only natural that Vivian, who loves Hollywood, even though it didn't do right by her, should ask for a leave of absence to come "home" and make a picture—Metro's "Skirts Ahoy!" with Esther Williams. Vivian sings, dances and does a bit of scene stealing when Esther isn't looking. The picture finished, Vivian hurried back to Broadway.

A few years ago Vivian was given a henna rinse and billed as "The Cherry Blonde" at Mr. Zanuck's workshop. With Betty Grable as the reigning musical comedy queen of the lot Vivian got left-overs. It was frustrating. So Vivian and her husband, Manny Frank, who is also her manager, asked for a release from her contract and took to the road with a night-club act. Once or twice while they were on tour in the Southwest things got tough. Then a short time afterward, Vivian, in New York and jobless, literally bumped into Cy Feuer and Ernie Martin, producers of the still unproduced "Guys and Dolls." "Look, Ernie, it's the Cherry Blonde without her red hair," Cy gasped, "and you know what—she looks like *Adelaide*." And she got the role.

Vivian was born in Newark, New Jersey. Her father was a part-time book-ing agent, and while she was still a kid he'd book her for local singing dates for one dollar. Vivian first sang with an orchestra (Halsey Miller's) in Newark. It was while she was singing in New York that a movie scout discovered her. Shortly afterwards, she was making \$100 a week in Hollywood. Manny saw to it that it was upped to \$1,000 in short order. In those days Vivian had a weight problem. Manny took care of the weight problem and had her down to a svelte 103.

Today, Vivian has no problems. All the studios have offered her pictures. But from the looks of things "Guys and Dolls" just might go on forever.

LOOK WHO'S



Born: Denver, Colo. **Date:** 8/6/25 **Height:** 5'4" **Weight:** 112 **Eyes:** Gray **Hair:** Brown **Current Picture:** "Belles on Their Toes"

BARBABA BATES signed with Twentieth Century-Fox in 1950 but before that she was under contract to Warners. Whenever cheesecake was needed they called Barbara. She's beautifully equipped for cheesecake. But it got pretty boring for a girl who wanted to act. "I was Miss Grapefruit, Miss Apricot, Miss Jet Pilot and Miss everything else—including Miss Miss-the-Boat," says Barbara, taking a dim view of the matter. Darryl Zanuck changed all that. Barbara played a dramatic role in "Outcasts of Poker Flat" and a comedy role in "Belles on Their Toes." And this May the Big Boss picked up her option.

Barbara considers her best part to date that of the stagestruck young girl who came on in the last sequence of "All About Eve"—to give Anne Baxter her come-uppance. "If only I could get a part like that to run through the entire picture," sighs Barbara.

Barbara, oldest of three daughters of a Denver postal clerk and his wife, went to parochial school and high school in Denver. During a summer vacation she modeled in a Denver May Company fashion show and landed on the cover of a national magazine. Next thing she knew, she was playing Yvonne de Carlo's handmaiden in "Salome, Where She Danced."

Six months after she launched her screen career, Barbara married Cecil Coan, a United Artists executive, whom she had met in Denver in 1945 when he was managing a War Bond show. The Coans live in an apartment in Beverly Hills with a poodle named Chulie.

Barbara's worst fault, she says, is her stubbornness. "My poor husband has the patience of Job. When I get in one of my stubborn moods I simply close my mind and nobody can change it. My family used to let me sit it out. But Cecil is trying to show me how childish it is, and how bad for my career."

Her pet extravagance, she claims, is buying shoes; and her pet economy is returning milk bottles. "I always want my two cents back," she says, with a laugh. She is neat and orderly, goes around closing drawers, straightening pictures. "It drives my husband mad," she says.

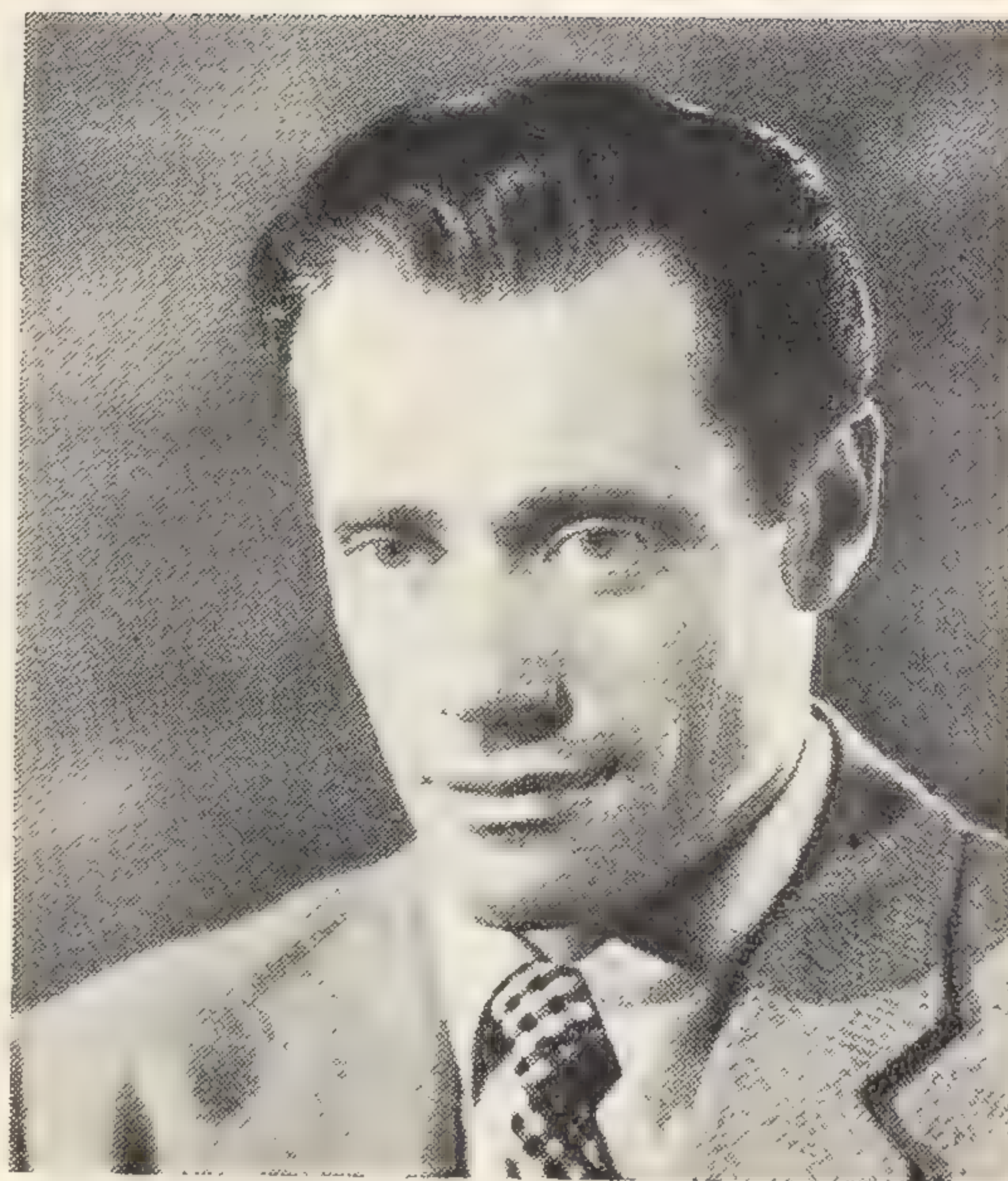
MEL FERRER once described himself as "a head too tall, and thirty pounds too light—with about as much sex appeal as a fish—a long deceased fish." But that's not what the ladies wrote on the "Scaramouche" preview cards. Rumor has it that some of Mel's scenes evoked more sympathy than those of new heart-throb, Stewart Granger, and so had to be eliminated.

Mel is a triple threat boy. He's an actor-producer-director, with his finger in more pies than you find in a bakery on Saturday morning. Despite all his activities Mel finds time to relax carelessly with his friends—among them Clifton Webb, Constance Collier, Charlie Chaplin and the Gregory Pecks—and discuss their mutual passion—acting. A demon for jazz, his most erudite discourses often have background music of trumpets and drums that would delight the hot-rod set.

Strangely enough, nervous, high-tensioned Mel manages to lead a normal family life. He's often late to meals, but who isn't? He is married (he divorced her once, but they re-married) to Frances Pilchard, a Maryland girl whom he met while he was at Princeton. They have two children, Pepa and Mark, and live in Santa Monica. Mrs. Ferrer is hard-put to keep the house supplied with groceries, as Mel eats four meals a day, snacks in between.

Mel, the son of a doctor, was born in Elberon, New Jersey, his family's summer place, and brought up in a sumptuous home just off Fifth Avenue in New York. He entered Princeton in 1935. By 1937 he was consumed with a burning desire to write a novel. He married Frances and they hid away in Taxco, Mexico. The novel turned out to be a children's book, "Tito's Hats."

Back in New York, Mel decided to become a dancer. Clifton taught him what to do with his feet and he got a job in Cole Porter's "You Never Know." Several plays followed. Then radio, where he eventually became a director-producer. His first outstanding movie acting was done in "Lost Boundaries." And he made his debut as a big time director with "The Secret Fury," which brought him an actor-director contract with the man in the tennis shoes, better known as Howard Hughes.



Born: Elberon, N. J. **Date:** 8/25/17 **Height:** 6'2" **Weight:** 170 **Eyes:** Hazel **Hair:** Brown **Current Picture:** "Scaramouche"

HERE!

BY LIZA WILSON

RICHARD TODD, who is already well known to American audiences, won in a walk when Walt Disney tested a number of English actors for the starring role in "Robin Hood."

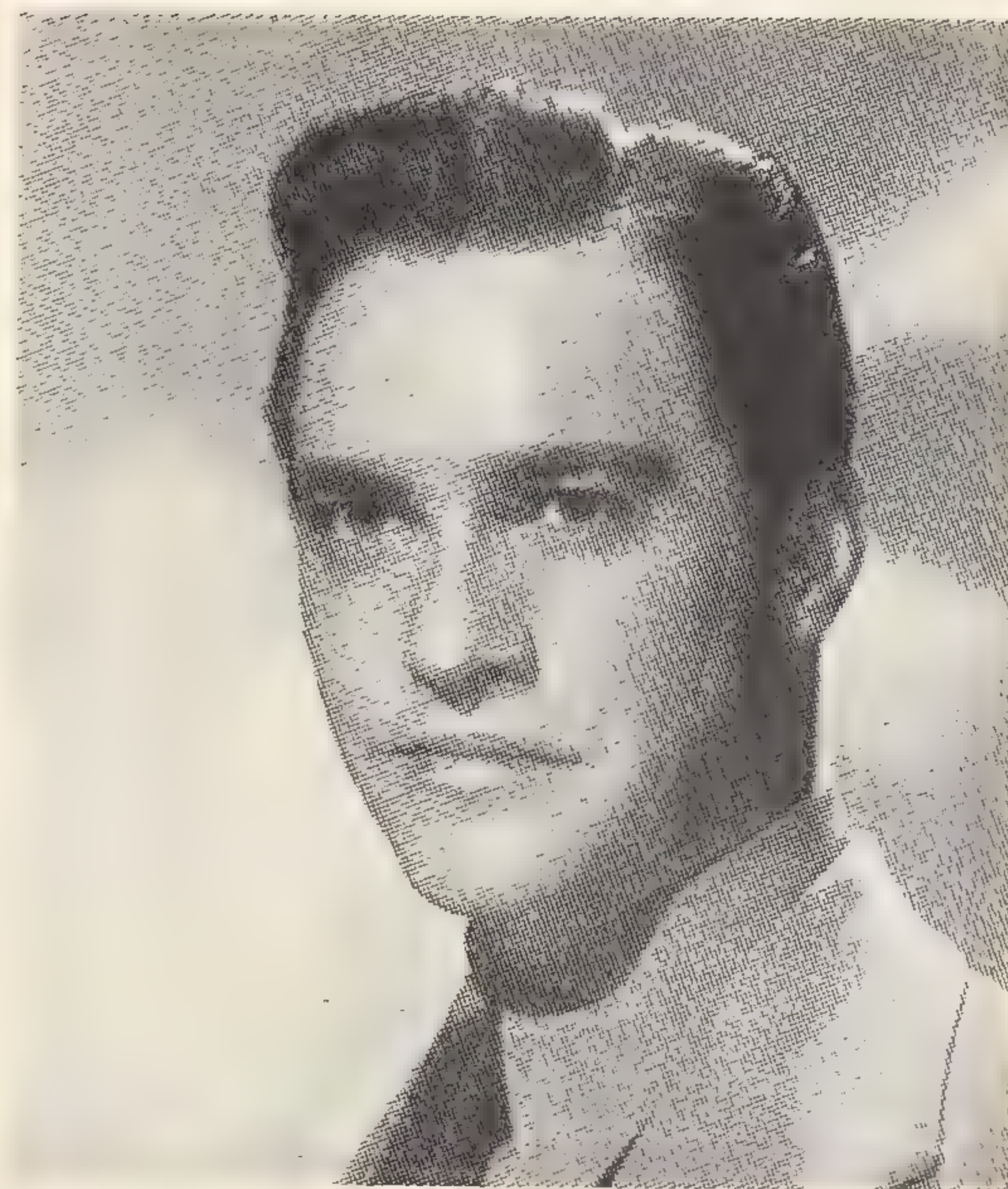
Hollywood became Todd conscious when he was nominated for an Academy Award for his fine work as the dour *Lachie* in "The Hasty Heart." After "Stage Fright," the Hitchcock thriller, also made in England, Warner Brothers brought him to Hollywood for "Lightning Strikes Twice." When he completed the film, Richard and his pretty young wife returned to England.

Richard was born Richard Andrew Paethorpe Todd in Dublin, Ireland, the son of a professional English soldier. He dropped the two middle names when he decided to act. He wasn't enthusiastic about being an actor. "It was mainly for the money," he says quite frankly. "I prefer farming. I'm what you might call a detoured farmer." A few years ago he acquired a bit of land in Scotland, which once belonged to his grandfather, and when the bank balance permits he is going to cultivate it and stock the farm with cattle.

Richard's war record is impressive. He was twenty years old when he first joined the infantry, and came out a war-weary captain in the paratroops seven years later. He made twenty-three jumps from aircraft, and a dozen or more from balloons. The war over, he was thinking about his future when some of his pals persuaded him to do a guest appearance in "Claudia" for the Dundee Repertory Theatre.

"There I acquired a wife and a career," he says. *Claudia* was played by Catherine Bogle. With Jane Wyman making like Cupid, Richard and Catherine were married in August, 1949, while he was working in "Stage Fright."

He doesn't like nicknames, prefers to be called Richard and he hates people who make puns. But he can't resist making a pun himself. Hollywood folk found Richard rather hard to get acquainted with. He never spoke unless spoken to, and instead of indulging in horseplay with the other actors he'd stay by himself in his dressing room. But the people who did break through his British reserve pronounced him "most entertaining and amusing."



Born: Dublin, Ireland **Date:** 6/19/19 **Height:** 5'10" **Weight:** 164 **Eyes:** Blue **Hair:** Brown **Current Picture:** "The Story of Robin Hood"

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Now Colgate brings you wonder-working chlorophyll in the finest chlorophyll toothpaste that 146 years of experience can create . . . Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste!

How Colgate Makes Chlorophyll Work For You!

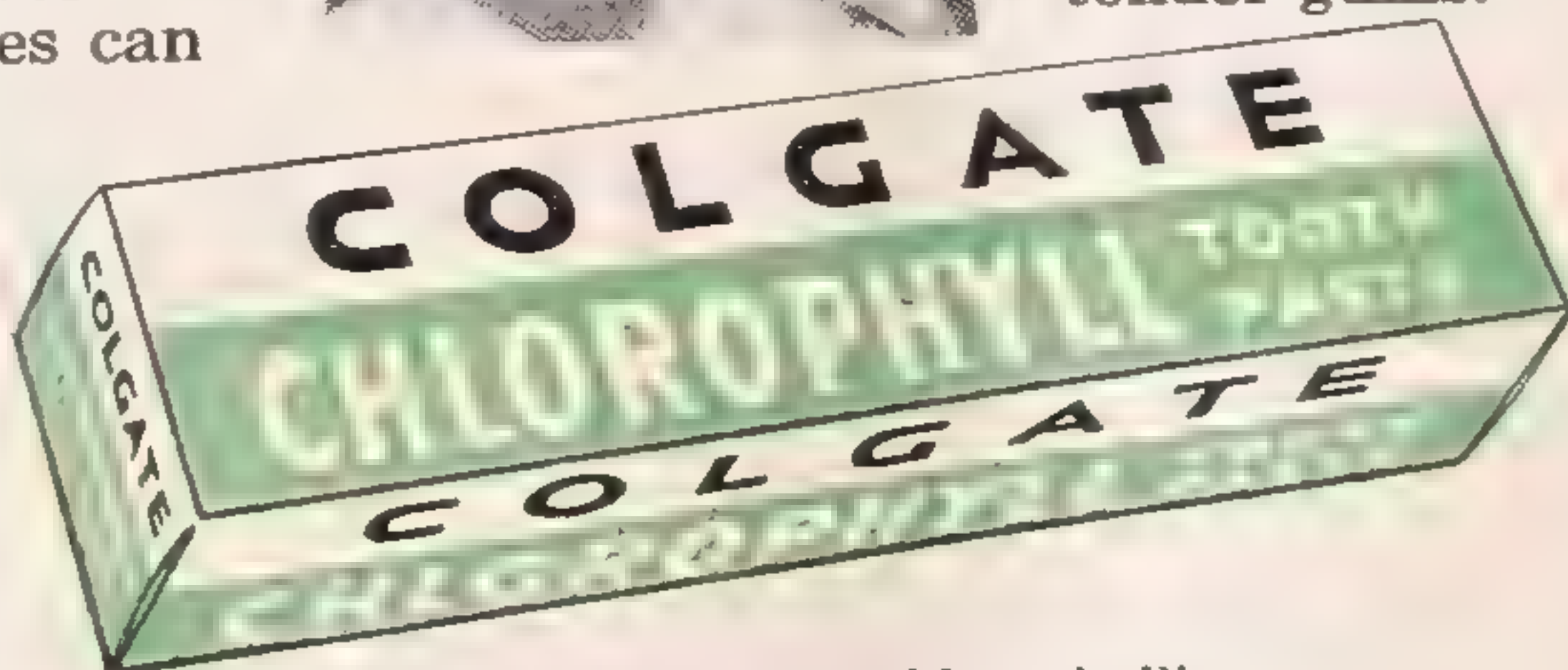
Nature herself makes chlorophyll and puts it in all green plants to enable them to live and grow. But science must break down this natural chlorophyll into a usable, effective form (*water-soluble chlorophyllins*)—before it can help you against bad breath, tooth decay, common gum disorders.

That's why Colgate's experience and skill in creating an exclusive formula is important to you. In Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you get the benefits of these water-soluble chlorophyllins in a safe, pleasant form!

For real help against bad breath originating in the mouth . . . common gum disorders . . . tooth decay . . . use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste after eating. It's the finest chlorophyll toothpaste the world's largest maker of quality dentifrices can produce!

Colgate's Guarantee:

Try Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste for one week. If you're not satisfied that it's the most effective, pleasantest chlorophyll toothpaste you've ever tried, send back the tube and Colgate will give you double your money back, plus postage! Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, 105 Hudson Street, Jersey City 2, N. J.

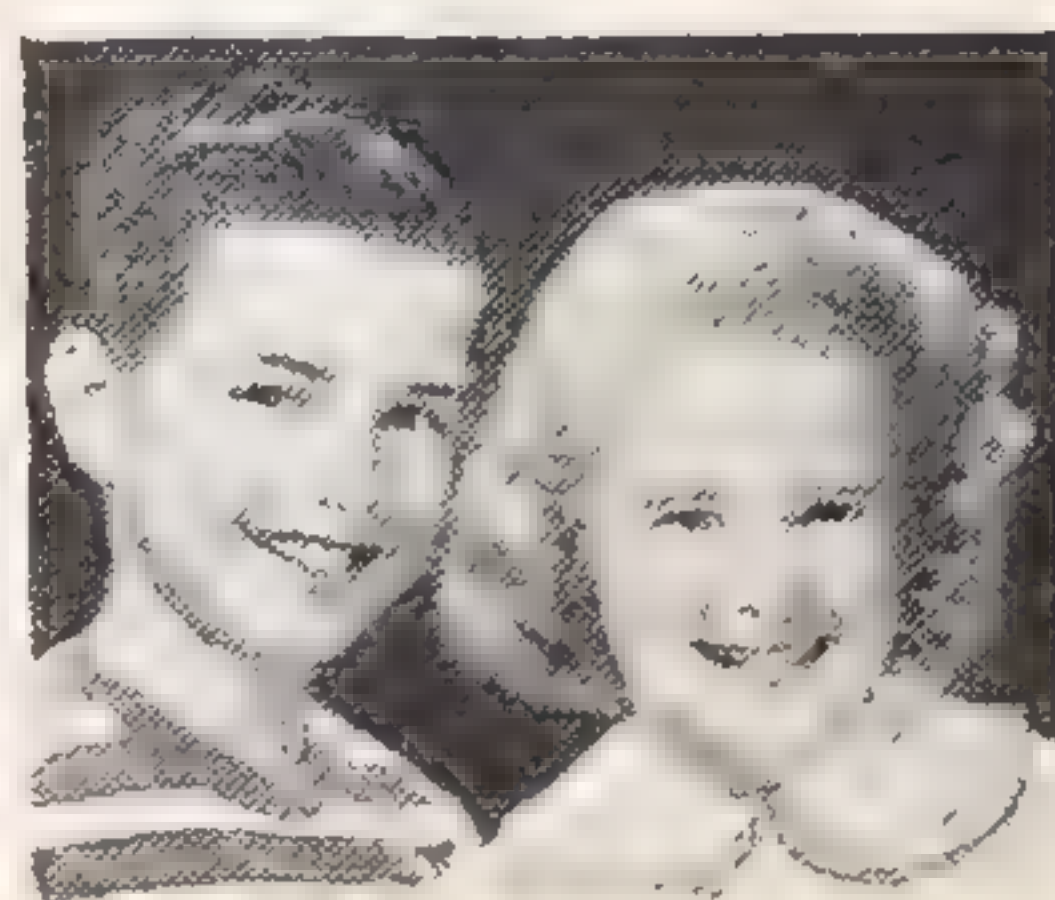


*Contains water-soluble chlorophyllins.

NEW GREEN TOOTHPASTE
Tested and Guaranteed by COLGATE!

Fights Tooth Decay!

Every time you use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste—especially right after eating—you act against the destructive acids that are a cause of tooth decay . . . actually help retard their formation!



Checks Common Gum Disorders!



Tests show chlorophyll promotes healthy gum tissues. New Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll to help you care for sore, tender gums.

Breakup!

(Continued from page 35)

His attitude toward her was strange and puzzling. He seemed to see her as part child, part great creative artist, part vassal. But never as a real wife.

When Olivia was pregnant, no one except the nurse was allowed to see her. His great Duse must be hidden from the crude gaze of the world so long as she looked anything less than perfect.

From the day of their marriage, August 26, 1946, Olivia was permitted to make only epic films. Nothing but the most dramatic, world-shaking roles would do. It was Marcus, admittedly, who encouraged her to do "Snake Pit," for which she was nominated for an Academy Award, and "The Heiress," in which she won her second Oscar. But he steered her away from anything less monumental. It seemed almost as if he were afraid to have her play in anything which would involve her in torrid love scenes. Jealousy? Perhaps. Yet, almost two decades her senior, he was more father than lover to her.

He protected her constantly, worried about her getting enough rest. He carried a revolver when they were out, because once her life had been threatened.

One of the most rewarding days for Marcus in their years together must have been the one when he brought his heroics into full play and rescued Olivia from a bed of snakes. She was cutting flowers in the garden of their hilltop home when suddenly she saw a writhing mass at her feet—a tangle of baby rattlesnakes, guarded over by their irate mother. At her scream, Marcus rushed to her and chopped the snakes to bits with his hoe.

Their household was run entirely to suit his whims. His writing career is as hallowed—even more so, perhaps—than Olivia's acting career. (Critics consider his novel "Delilah" a near-classic.) And Marcus demands the same discipline of everyone else that he asks of himself to pursue it. This meant absolute quiet in the house from 9 A.M. to 2 P.M., his writing hours.

Moreover, Marcus alone had to be enough for Olivia with no one permitted to intervene, not even her sister, Joan Fontaine, or their mother.

When Olivia was working, she was required to leave the set, no matter what, to be home in time for the dinner hour that Marcus set. Everything in the household was run with equal rigidity. Perfection was the rule—and nothing less than perfection was acceptable.

The only guests who were welcomed into this arid atmosphere of propriety were a few of Marcus's ex-college professors and business associates. And these were whisked in and out as quickly as possible. Evenings consisted of discussion on world affairs, on literature, on the drama.

The rebellion must have surged violently under the surface for a long time before Olivia allowed it to erupt. When it did, I am sure it was not sudden or impulsive.

However, even with the divorce soon to be filed, Marcus no doubt still worries about Olivia's welfare and about his son, too. For despite his strange and positive opinions, there is every evidence he is still devotedly in love.

And what of Olivia? Will she return to the gay days when she had friends, a full social life? Perhaps do another comedy like "Princess O'Rourke"?

For one thing, she has her son Benjamin. And she will no doubt give him a great deal of her life—and all her love.

Whatever she does, she will make no compromise with Marcus. The Commander can rule on his bridge alone.

THE END



Interest in Ingrid Bergman never has waned. Above, with Roberto Rossellini, their son Renato, Rossellini's son Renzino

Do you want *Ingrid Bergman* back?

A very important question, this—on which Ingrid Bergman and the Hollywood producers await your answer • BY ELSA MAXWELL

• DO YOU WANT Ingrid Bergman back?

No idle question that. Actually a very important question. A question, also, on which Ingrid Bergman, I am sure, and the Hollywood producers, I know, await your answer.

Mervyn LeRoy, director of "Quo Vadis," insists, "Any director in the world would be eager to make a picture with Bergman."

David O. Selznick, the man who brought Bergman to America from Sweden, has visited her in Rome recently and appears to have convinced her that there is still a future for her in the work she loves.

Howard Hughes is said (Continued on page 91)

THE BERGMAN BALLOT

check one

I want Ingrid Bergman back ☐

I do not want Ingrid Bergman back ☐

My name _____ Age _____

Address _____

Town or city _____ State _____

Reasons for my choice _____

Paste this ballot on a two-penny postal card and mail to Photoplay,
205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Debbie and Bob
are good bowlers



Bob says Debbie al-
ways dresses right



Debbie Reynolds is
in "I Love Melvin"



Bob is next in
"What Price Glory"



"You don't know what you're letting

DEBBIE'S Date Line

BY ROBERT WAGNER

● IT ISN'T EASY to label Debbie Reynolds. One word such as "actress" or one phrase such as "triple-threat star" isn't nearly comprehensive enough. Like Scotch tape, she'll stick to anything until she becomes a part of it.

Take the tuba, for instance.

Or, better yet, give it to me for a few minutes until you dig what I mean. As I write this article (at night), I'm spending my days at Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, working in a picture called "The Stars and Stripes Forever," in which Mr. Clifton Webb plays John Philip Sousa, the march king.

In this picture I play a tuba. You know what a tuba is: a neurotic fog horn that thinks it's a boa constrictor.

Learning to play the instrument is just what you would expect: frustrating and dangerous. I blistered my lips after one day of tootling on this instrument, and I am still trying to live down the jibes of my fellow-workers, both musical and unhep.

In the midst of my attempt to decide whether tuba or not tuba (Shakespeare said it first), Debbie Reynolds came on the set to visit me.

"Having trouble?" she inquired kindly. "Look, give (Continued on page 81)

yourself in for," she told him. It's a warning he's glad he didn't take!

Smith and Fink



Debbie knows a fellow may get a kick out of staring at a girl wearing a skin-tight gown, but that he doesn't want to be her escort. She never gets all done-up, even for formal parties



No one doubts that Pat still loves Gary Cooper. Or that he loves her. But she says, "I'll never see Coop again"



Pat Neal's Heartbreak

BY HEDDA HOPPER

● PAT NEAL ASSURES ME it is all over between her and Gary Cooper.

"I will not see him when I go back to Hollywood," Pat told me when we met in New York. "I have been very much in love with him. And I am sure he has loved me. But I saw that it wouldn't work so I've stepped out. I have a lot of life ahead of me. And I want to live it with someone who is fun and unentangled, someone with whom I can have a relationship that will be good—and permanent.

"Coop," she said, "is wonderful. I never knew anybody like him. But he's a very complex person, as you well know. We last saw each other on Christmas Eve—briefly. It is, I assure you, over and ended forever. Wouldn't you know it would be just my luck to fall in love with a married man?"

"How many times have you been in love, Pat?" I asked.

"Only once," she said.

It was not easy for Pat to talk about Coop. That I know just as (Continued on page 79)



Gary is utterly devoted to Maria who, besides being partly him, is all the things he has always loved in her mother. Above, Rocky, Gary, Maria at Sun Valley



HELENE STANLEY



ROBERT HORTON



DEAN MILLER



ARTHUR FRANZ

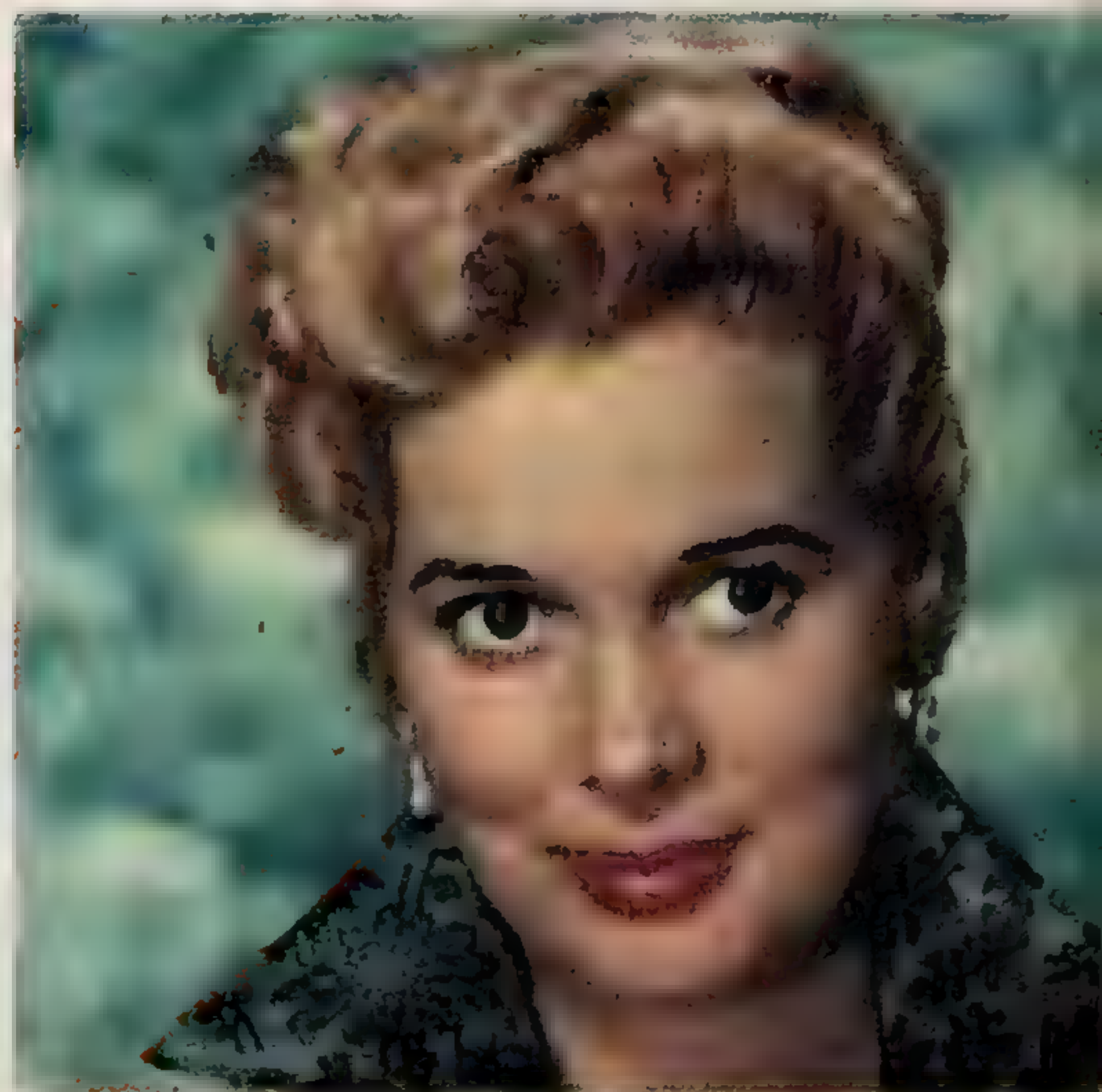


HILDEGARDE NEFF

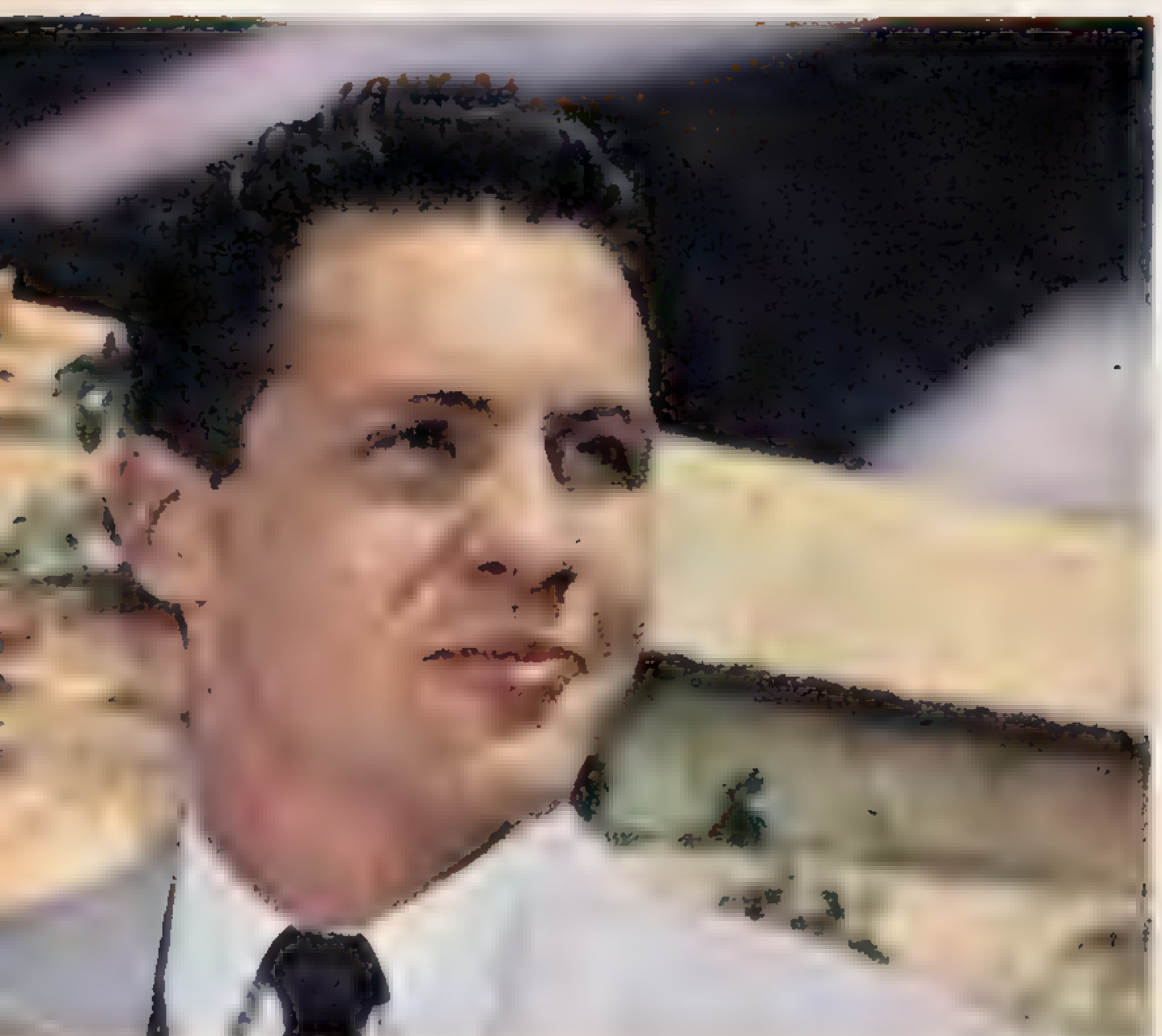


KEITH ANDES

Choose Your Star



BEVERLY MICHAELS



PATRICK CONWAY



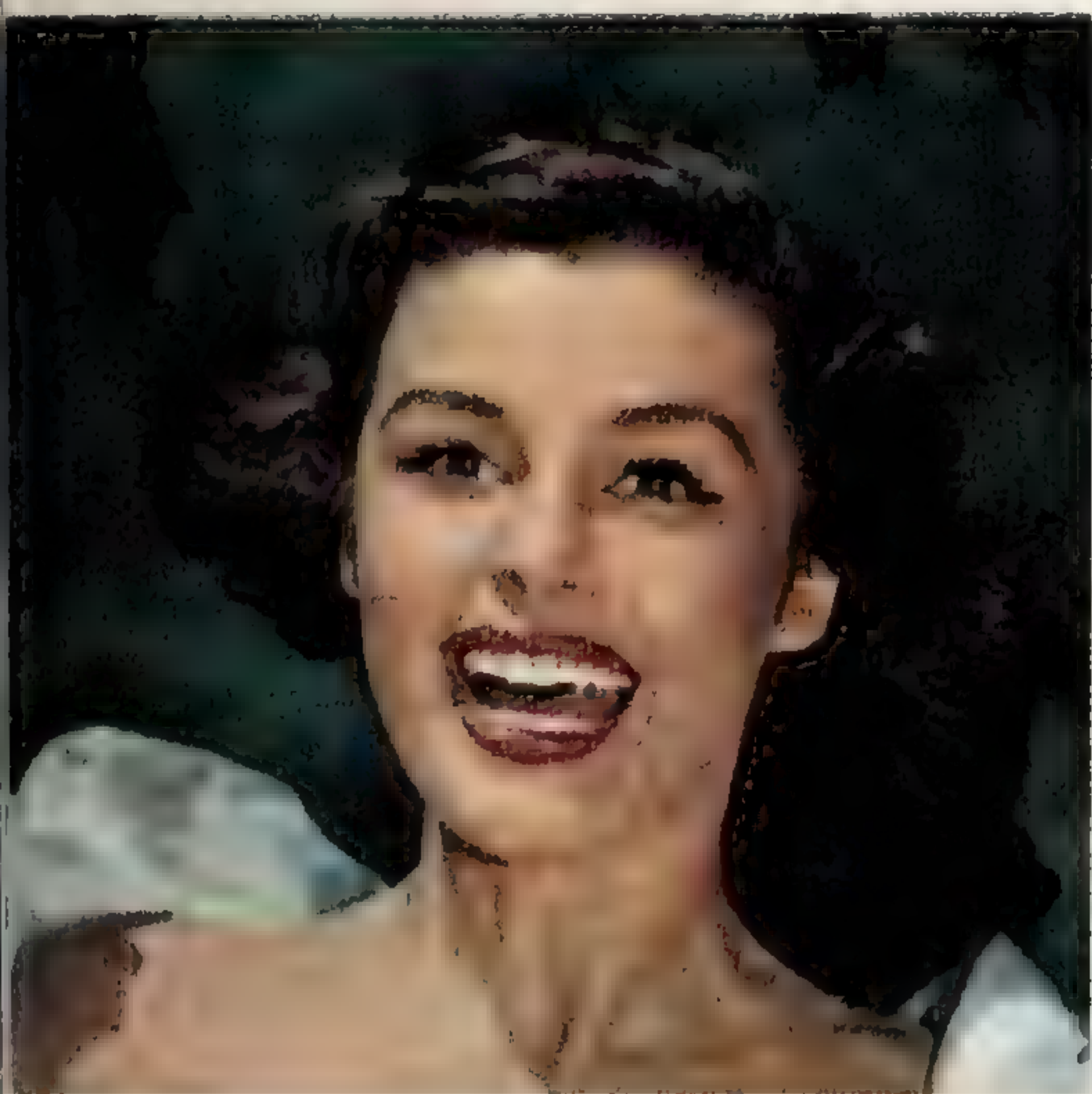
LORI NELSON



GENE BARRY



DAWN ADDAMS



ELAINE STEWART



URSULA THIESS



OSKAR WERNER

These are the young players
the studios are training
for stardom. Not all will
make it. Shoot your favorites
ahead with your votes

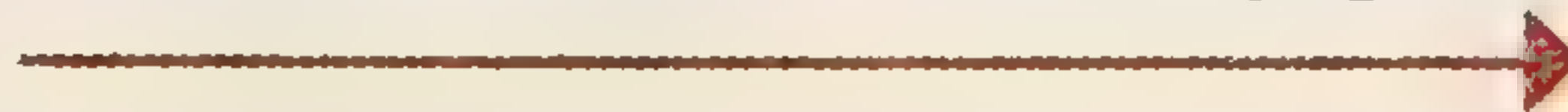


WINKLE, TWINKLE, you Photoplay star-makers, for it is your turn to shine! Whether or not you are aware of it, the fact is that you have turned out to be the best of all talent scouts when it comes to picking the best among the newest and freshest talents in Hollywood. It was you who chose Howard Keel as your top particular favorite a couple of years ago—and now look! It was you who selected Mitzi Gaynor last year; and is there any other girl with so few films who has such a dazzling future? It was you who gave the nod to Tony Curtis, and Pier Angeli, and Bob Wagner, practically before Hollywood was aware of them.

So shift your eyes from left to right on this page and the following and give us your vote once again. Select the 1952 personalities you think are the likeliest of them all. Sixty-five fresh faces we're bringing you. Pick for us, please, in the he and she departments, and we'll sing out the glad news from every Hollywood diving board.

Your choices will have natural talents and beauty, and in addition to your approval they will need the breaks. Last year, for example, you picked Anthony Dexter as your first choice for 1951. But Tony and his producer, Edward Small, got into a hassle, so that Tony's second picture, "The Brigand," is only now going into release. Meaning, of course, that the Dexter career has been temporarily stalled while there's been no new picture for Tony.

For more candidates, turn the page



Choose Your Star

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

The first studio on our list for 1952, **Columbia**, has only one new major contract for this year. That's with

Johnny Stewart: He made his movie debut in "Boots Malone." His next picture will be "The Last of the Comanches." Johnny's seventeen years old, different looking, and an excellent actor.

Beverly Michaels: She's still under contract to Columbia as this is written but she may not be when you read it. In "Pick-Up" she was the big blonde—and right there is her trouble, for she stands five feet nine inches in height. She's a fine actress, though.

M-G-M, beaming over the click of Debbie Reynolds and Pier Angeli, has ten starlets junior grade on its current contract list. On the she-dish side, M-G-M is really crazy for

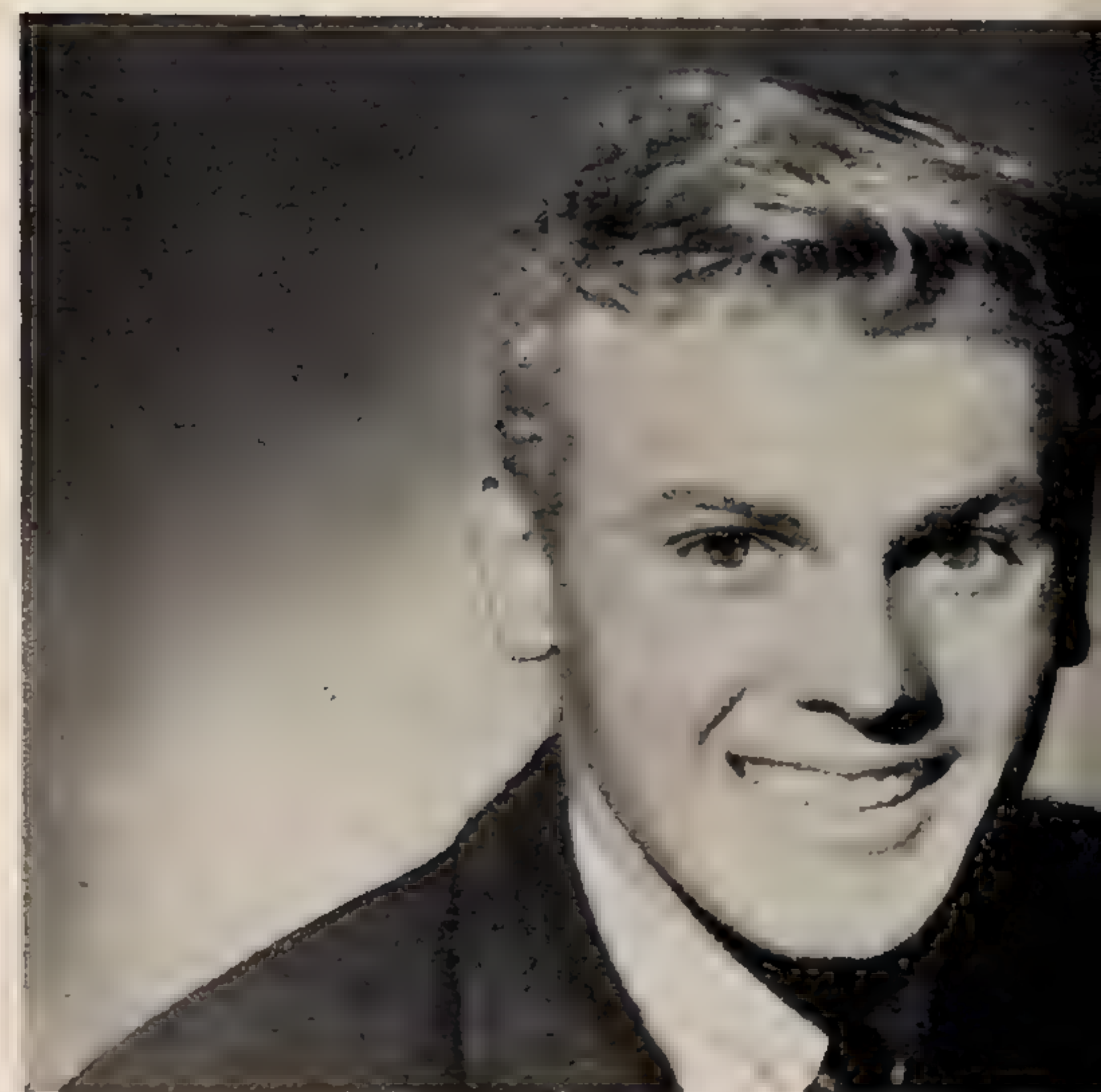
Barbara Ruick: Blonde, beautiful, she was born in the atmosphere of acting—her mother is radio's Lurene Tuttle. Barbara's current picture is "Scaramouche," her next one, "Above and Beyond." Not much to do in either, but studio and Babs both are gambling on what she will do in a real musical as she has a (Continued on page 92)



MICHAEL MOORE



JOAN RICE



TAB HUNTER



JUDITH BRAUN

You've read the story!

You've seen them on the screen—

what is your verdict?

Fill in the names of the actor and actress you think most likely to achieve stardom. Paste this coupon on a two-penny postal card and mail to Photoplay, 205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

I choose: _____ (actor) _____ (actress)

name _____ age _____

address _____



ZSA ZSA GABOR



PETER GRAVES



MARILYN ERSKINE



PALMER LEE



JOAN TAYLOR



KEVIN McCARTHY



LAURA ELLIOT



JOHNNY STEWART



BARBARA RUICK



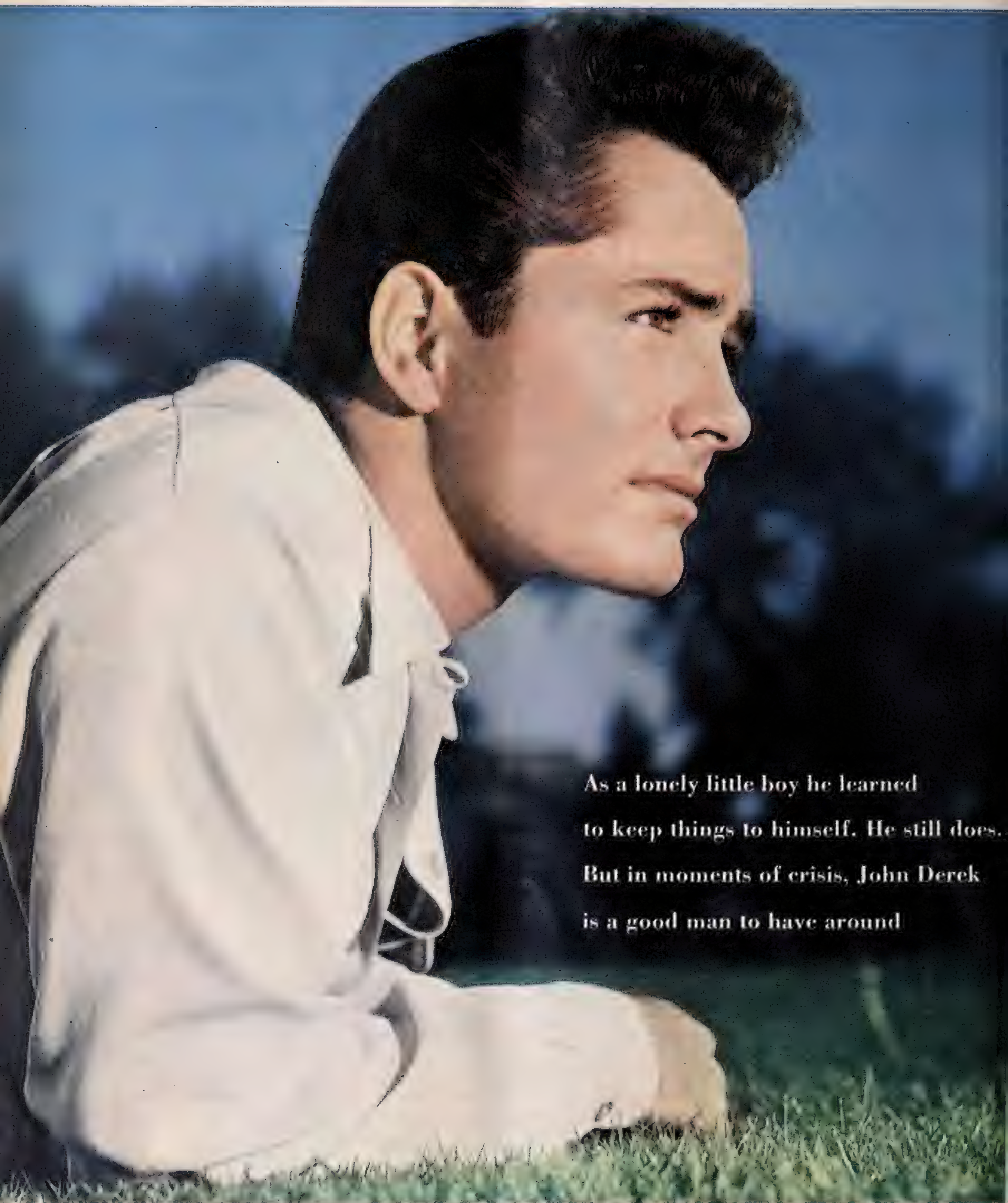
JOHN FORSYTHE



JOAN CAMDEN



RUSSELL JOHNSON



As a lonely little boy he learned
to keep things to himself. He still does.
But in moments of crisis, John Derek
is a good man to have around

"We'll have plenty of time to dress up and make an impression," John says, "when things ease up a bit." He's so terribly grown up in some ways and in other ways, such a little boy. John's next is "Prince of Pirates"



The Quiet One

BY PATI DEREK

THE HOBBY HORSE in the toy-shop window was bright red and saucy, and our two-year-old Russell yearned for it loud and insistently.

But Daddy said no.

This was surprising coming from John, who normally is a pushover for a toy salesman and a down-right patsy for Russell. Surprising, that is, until he explained.

"That's no horse for a boy who's going to learn to ride!" he told me. "All it can do is rock back and forth. I'll make him a proper horse."

Back home in our hilltop garden, Russell watched fascinated as John painted a cylindrical Indian drum for the horse's body, a tomato juice can for a head, fashioned a "proper saddle" from sawdust and an old burlap bag, and a tail from a mop he purloined from the kitchen.

The parts assembled, John proceeded to rig the whole works between two poles with a complicated assortment of springs and ropes. Then he stood back and beamed proudly as *(Continued on page 83)*



TRAVELLING



Don't believe the rumors of friction in the Kelly marriage. Right now, Gene, Betsy and Kerry are on a holiday in North Africa, having a wonderful rest. In Munich, making "The Devil Makes Three," Gene (with co-star Pier Angeli, below), spent most of his spare time shopping, buying books for Betsy, toys for Kerry



Everywhere he goes, people park on his doorstep, peer into restaurants where he's dining, tell him their troubles and ask his advice. And when he's out of sight, keep calling, "Has anybody here seen Kelly?"

"HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN KELLY?"

All over Europe that's what they're saying about Gene, wherever the Kellys—Gene and Betsy and their nine-year-old daughter Kerry—have traveled. In London Paris, Rome, and Munich, Kelly—a conquering hero—has made the city his own doorstep.

It isn't only the Europeans he has met who have become his rooters. Gene's picture, "The Devil Makes Three," was filmed in Germany, and between scenes it was a common thing to see the G.I.'s—who are stationed over there and who play in the picture—practicing dance steps which Gene had shown them. Their loyalty to him was homage not to the star who won an Oscar with his "American in Paris" but to a regular guy.

Pier Angeli plays opposite Gene and she is another Kelly devotee.

"He's wonderful!" Pier exclaims. "When I did any scene with him for the first time, I was scared. But he would wink at me with the eye away from the camera. Several times he even stopped everything so that my face, not his, got the better camera angle. He's the most considerate man I ever met. Now it's my burning ambition to study dancing very hard for three, four years—and then maybe he'll let me play opposite him in a musical."

The crew on the picture had respect for Gene because often he insisted on re-shooting a scene a dozen times, even two dozen times, to overcome a technical fault.

It's a truism of (Continued on page 74)



Reunion in Munich: Daughter Kerry and Gene were like a couple of happy kids when Kerry visited him on location. Says Gene, "She's not even ten and smart as a whip—picked out the outfit she's wearing, all by herself. Takes after her mother." Below, Betsy and Kerry upon their recent arrival in France to spend a vacation with Gene



Call to Arms

SCOOP! The Rita Hayworth-Glenn Ford kiss that has the whole town talking—close-ups taken directly from the film of “Affair in Trinidad”

● WHEN RITA HAYWORTH and Glenn Ford did this kiss scene, against a lush, tropical background and the beat of voodoo drums, the set was closed. In other words, no one who had no connection with Rita's come-back movie could get in. It was surprising how many people found a reason to be on hand! Long before the film was in the can, word spread that, in the parlance of Hollywood, this scene was a “scorcher”!



Glenn moves towards Rita, his eyes searching her face. He pulls her close. Her lips part . . .



They embrace, their lips meeting in a kiss that goes on . . . and on . . .



and on . . . "I'll come to you," she whispers, "as soon as I can"



To Scott, a good cook, dinner calls for music, candlelight and wine

They began their
friendship with a
pick-up. And for
four years they've been
a romantic puzzle that
still keeps
Hollywood guessing

BY GLADYS HALL

"He combines all the things a girl
would want," admits Dorothy of Scott



*what really goes on
with*

SCOTT BRADY

and

DOROTHY MALONE

● "BOYS DATE ME," says Dorothy Malone. "In Hollywood, at home in Dallas and in New York, I go out with a lot of different boys. But suddenly there comes the time when each one starts acting very strange and edgy. Then it comes out: 'What's this about Scott Brady?'"

"I tell you, it's quite a thing to know what to say."

The public, like the fellows, are asking the same question—what's this with Scott Brady and Dorothy Malone? They date each other and have been dating for some three to four years. Hollywood hums the Wedding March, sniffs orange blossoms. Then, the next thing you know, Dorothy is back home in Dallas. Or in New York. And Scott is two-ing it with, among others, Ann Blyth, Piper Laurie, Elaine Stewart, Betsy von Furstenberg. Then Dorothy goes back to Hollywood. And Scott, like a homing pigeon, goes back to Dorothy.

Is it love? The mystified movie town wonders. Is it just a beautiful friendship? Is it for real? Or just for kicks? (Continued on page 76)



"If he was down to his last fifty dollars, he'd send you forty-five dollars worth of roses! He's the most generous guy in the world"

Valeska



*Boys scare her. If you
tell her she's pretty she blushes. But
at fifteen, Margaret O'Brien can't hide the fact that
she's become a junior glamour girl*

maggie shows her age

She's mad about singer Johnny Ray
—even does homework to his recordings.
Above, Maggie at the age of ten



● WHEN A HOLLYWOOD COLUMNIST stopped at Margaret O'Brien's table and said, "Why, Maggie, you're more beautiful than Liz Taylor," Maggie, who doesn't think she's at all pretty, was embarrassed. She's quite shy, really, and, at fifteen, has never had a date. She's more at ease with her mother, her beloved Aunt Marissa and her girl friends than she is with boys. Mad about the old-fashioned look, she'd wear as many petticoats as she has in her closet if she could get them all on. She wore a strapless dress once to a party—came home to announce she didn't like it and hasn't worn one since. In her pine-panelled den there's a TV set, a record player and a radio. Sometimes when she's doing her homework she turns them all on at the same time. "It nearly drives me crazy," confesses her mother. Right now Maggie's in the Orient making "An American Girl in Japan."





Maggie hasn't outgrown her love for comic books—and though she's given away most of her large doll collection, she has kept a few favorites—lets her four-year-old cousin play . . .

. . . with them. Her passion for travel puzzles Mrs. O'Brien. They've been twice to Europe, once nearly around the world. Maggie adores eating in "fancy places" with aunt, below





"At times she's strictly from pixie," says Jerry of Janet. Janet is in "Fearless Fagan," Tony, in "No Room for the Groom," and Jerry, above with wife Patti, in "The Stooge"

"I'm in Love with my Best Friend's Wife"

by Jerry Lewis

She makes his gags backfire, strips him at poker. And he loves her! Which doesn't surprise his wife or Tony Curtis. They'd think he was crazy if he hadn't fallen for Janet Leigh

● I'D BETTER START off with a confession. I'm in love with the slim and lovely Janet Leigh. One of the sweetest, nicest, most delightful persons in the world, who is married to my best friend, Tony Curtis.

This will come as a surprise to practically no one. Tony knows it. My wife, Patti, knows it. Our sons, Gary and Ronnie, know it. All our friends know it. And they all approve. Because they all love her, too.

Tony Curtis and I have been friends for years. We met in New York when I was playing at the Havana-Madrid night club. Later, when we both came out to Hollywood, we used to get together and talk over our problems. After that, we became fast friends.

Patti used to invite Tony to dinner, and usually he'd bring along a girl friend. Then one night the girl was Janet Leigh. And we all knew that Tony had found something good.

When they weren't looking, Patti smiled at me and gave me a wifely nod of approval. Her eyes said, "This one is the real thing."

But Gary, who believes that an opinion ought to be voiced, came right out with, "Golly, she's pretty."

After that, we saw a lot of Janet. Tony used to bring her to our house nearly every Saturday afternoon or Sunday. Usually there was a gang there to swim in the pool and eat barbecued hamburgers.

One afternoon when they arrived Janet was all dressed up. She had on a new dress, and you could see that she had spent (Continued on page 87)



*"Probably don't know when I'm well off,"
he used to say when he didn't have a baby. Then
Terry arrived and Audie admitted he'd
just been whistling in the dark!*

audie gets his "man"

BY CORINNE BURNS

● WE WATCHED from the window, waiting to welcome them home from the hospital, my five-year-old daughter, Charylene, Audie's dog, "Ranger," and myself.

Finally we heard the familiar jet-like zoom that means Audie's ascent up the hill to the house that overlooks Hollywood. Then slowly my brother and Pam came up the steps. Audie carried the little bundle very carefully. Coming from a family of ten children, he's used to handling babies, but this was his own son. And his face told me his happiness was complete, that whatever the going had been in the past—and sometimes it was rough—the sun was really shining for him now.

I remembered the day he came home to Farmersville from the war, with a fire engine escort, banners flying, bands playing, and thousands standing in the 98-degree heat around the platform in the square to welcome him. I remembered, too, when he came back for the premiere of his first picture, "Bad Boy," a motion picture star. Now this happiest of all homecomings with his son. I wished our mother could have been there.

"If Audie only has a chance, he'll make something of himself someday," our mother said to me before she died. He was the light of her weary years. All her dreams were in him and her hopes for a better life for all of us. "I try not to think more of Audie than of the rest of the boys," she used to say, "but he's different somehow, has such different ways."

Whether he was (Continued on page 77)



"You're the calmest father we've ever seen!" the nurses told Audie before Terry was born. But Pam, above, and sister Corinne, below, knew he hadn't been able to eat for three days for indigestion! Audie will be seen next in "The Duel at Silver Creek"



**The Murphys, Terrence
Michael and Audie**





Cover Girl

"Thank



Esther, above with son Benjy, likes to eat— keeps down the pounds with daily swimming

That's what Esther said to L. B. Mayer when really she wanted to be an actress. It's the kind of Williams' thinking that keeps her on the happiness beam

Esther Williams appears next in "One Piece Bathing Suit"

Heavens I can Swim!"



She has created the myth that she's just a helpless little girl where money's concerned—Ben manages her affairs . . .

. . . but Esther's brain still boosts the Gage enterprises! To Kim, Benjy, she's passing on a fine heritage of self-control

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

• THOSE WHO WORK on the Hollywood sound stages develop a sixth sense which warns them when a scene will be shot—and they have to stop moving, stop talking, and sometimes it seems to me, stop breathing. I was preparing to do all three of these things one bright afternoon (courtesy of arc lamps), on the big tank set out at M-G-M. Everything was ready. Esther Williams in a flashing, figger-huggin' suit, poised on the edge of the pool. Extras in fetching but more plebeian swimming clothes were fixing suits and smiles. And the director was starting to croon, "Camera." Then a voice with an English accent cut into the silence, jeering, "Who's this Esther Williams? I've never heard of her!"

And now I'll let Esther tell the rest of the story. "No one was killed, no one was even bawled out. And," Esther says, "I didn't even scream. But I was on the spot, and I knew it. All I could see were eyes,

millions of them, staring at me, wondering what I was going to do about it. So I did nothing, just grinned and said, 'I'm ready, boys.' But it took everything my mother taught me about psychology to go on working as though nothing had happened.

"In a way I had asked for it," Esther continued. This was a month after the picture "Skirts Ahoy" was safely in the can. "It all started when Joe Pasternak came to my house and said, 'Would you mind if I let someone steal a scene from you?'"

Esther has never been a girl to quibble over a piece of celluloid if someone else can improve her picture. So Joe told her he was sending for the Tongay kids from England who were in the news because the authorities over there had refused to allow them to swim the English Channel.

But neither Joe nor Esther knew about Pop. Mr. Tongay came with the kids. (Continued on page 85)



Color portrait by Bachrach. Marilyn is in "Clash by Night" and "Don't Bother to Knock"

marilyn monroe

A leopardess in a gilded cage . . . invitation to romance . . . Carnival night in Venice . . . tropical fruits in a golden bowl . . . Salome in a mink coat

howard keel

*A deep river, flowing towards the sea . . . riding boots on a dance floor . . .
love song on an organ . . . the spicy tang of new leather . . . homespun appeal*

Color portrait by Blackwell. Howard is in "Lovely to Look At"





Memories . . . of the way his name first looked in lights,
his marriage to Sue, his friendships with the boys on the back lot—and all the
other things that give Alan Ladd faith in his future

no one can ask more

BY IDA ZEITLIN



Alan used to punch in at the Warner studios as a grip in overalls. Now he's there as the star of "The Iron Mistress." Above, Ladd in scene with Dick Carlyle and Dick Paxton

● A BIG WARNER BROTHERS truck drove up on to the Paramount lot not long ago and backed up to the door of the third dressing room from the end. Trucks are no novelty on studio lots, and attract no attention. This one did, however. Figures moving about their own business came to a sudden halt. Some paused briefly, then went on, as if they'd rather not see what was happening.

Out from the dressing room one of the boys carried a chair. Preparing to lift it into the truck, his eyes swept the watchers. "Hey, what is this, a wake?" Nobody answered. "Well, if that's how you feel about Ladd," he grinned, "looks like we hit the jackpot over at our place."

"Brother," spoke up a Paramount grip, unsmiling, "you can say that again."

Sue Ladd knew from the first that Alan wouldn't go near the studio that day. They didn't even discuss it. But somebody had to supervise things. "I'll go," she decided. And she planned how she would keep her mind a blank so as not to break down.

Check list in hand, she was all ready to leave. Curiously, though, instead of turning doorward, her feet led her to the library where their secretary worked. Sue handed her the list. "Will you do it, Belle?"

So it was Belle who presided over the dismantling of Alan's dressing room while Sue, to relieve a sense of restlessness, went shopping. By the time she got back with her packages, Alan was up. An odd look crossed his face. "I thought you were going over there to check me out."

"So did I. But at the last minute I got cold feet."

"That's what *you* think, honey. I knew right along you couldn't do it, any more than I could."

They both fell silent. (Continued on page 89)

Not one family portrait but four hang over the Ladd fireplace. Far left, Alan's son Laddie, Alana, David, Sue's Carol Lee



SMART ADDITION to any sweater wardrobe is turtle-neck version worn by Elizabeth Threatt, right, of RKO's "The Big Sky," produced by Howard Hawks. Push-up sleeves are three-quarter length. For variety, sweater can be worn outside skirt to give the new long, middy look. By Jantzen, in Kharafleece—a mixture of wool, vicara and nylon—it's available in a wide variety of colors. \$8.95, in sizes 32-40. To add that finishing touch, a pin by Bill Agnew. Skirt is by Korday, belt by Debutante

Crowley's, Detroit, Mich.

Emery, Bird, Thayer Co., Kansas City, Mo.

A CLASSIC EXAMPLE of what to wear on casual occasions is sweater set modeled by Arlene Dahl, left, star of Paramount's "Caribbean." Both the short-sleeve pullover and long-sleeve cardigan are a hundred per cent cashmere. And don't say cashmere is out of your budget class. For the pullover costs only \$8.95, the cardigan, \$12.95. By Helen Harper, in pink, blue, yellow, gray, black, red, green or brown, 34-40. With this set Arlene wears a Korday skirt, Bill Agnew jewelry, Debutante belt

Arnold Constable & Co., New York, N. Y.

The John Shillito Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

• For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 75



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DIRONE

photoplay fashions

There's a definite place in the smart wardrobe for sweaters.

Take your pick from these Photoplay pages

photoplay fashions

(Continued from preceding page)



THE MIDDY SWEATER worn by M-G-M's Sally Forrest, above, is perfect for the young figure. In black with gray, brown with beige, red with black, sizes 34-40, \$7.95. Matching slim skirt has double kick pleats front and back. Sizes 10-18, \$12.95. Sweater by Boepple, Dunkirk skirt. At Arnold Constable, New York, N.Y.; Gimbels, Philadelphia, Pa. Bill Agnew jewelry

PHOTOS
BY ENGSTEAD

FOR STORE NEAREST YOU WRITE DIRECT TO MANUFACTURER LISTED ON PAGE 75



TWO-TONE SWEATER in gray or beige, with sloping shoulders, seamless sleeves, worn by Esther Williams of M-G-M's "One Piece Bathing Suit." Sizes 34-40, \$5.95. Matching skirt is group-pleated worsted flannel, sizes 10-18, \$14.95. At Arnold Constable, New York, N.Y. Premier sweater, Dunkirk skirt. Margaret Sheridan, below, of RKO's "The Korean Story," wears a 100 per cent wool jersey sweater, \$8.95, and Dunderry plaid skirt, \$14.95, both by Petti. Sweater comes in white, red, black, rust, skirt in complementary colors. Sizes 9-15. At F. & R. Lazarus, Columbus, O.; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.



photoplay

PATTERN

of the month

Virginia Mayo in original ensemble designed by Travilla for "She's Working Her Way Through College"

Three pieces make a smart outfit —can be mixed and matched with other items in your wardrobe. Skirt is straight. Weskit can be in solid or patterned fabric. Turtle-neck, sweater-like blouse is in jersey, has push-up sleeves. Follow this pattern if you want to make an effective appearance



Photoplay Patterns
Box 1295, Grand Central Station
New York 17, N. Y.

Enclosed find fifty cents (\$.50) for which please send me the Virginia Mayo "She's Working Her Way Through College" pattern #12 in size 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20.

Name..... Size

Street.....

City.....State.....Age

NOTE: For speedy delivery, enclose five cents extra for special handling

SUPPORTING LINES

The new bras are designed to put everyone in the sweater girl class

PHOTOPLAY
FASHIONS

A practical and pretty bra in crisp taffeta, embroidered lace, both nylon. Straps are satin. Satin elastic band insures comfortable fit. By Warners, in white only, sizes 32-40, \$3.95



Sketches by
Evelyn Mathews



Built-in contours create a lovelier line for in-between and regular sizes. An Equalizer bra by Exquisite Form, in white broadcloth, 32-38, A-B, \$2.50



Hold that figure line with Peter Pan's innercircle bra with stitched cup. Perfect for average or full figures, keeps its shape no matter how many times it's washed. White broadcloth, 32-40, A-C, \$3.95

Dainty embroidered bra of nylon sheer—four-sectional, with single needle spiral stitch to give that natural rounded line. By Lovable, 32-38, A-B, white, navy, black. \$2.00



Chansonette—Maidenform's circular-stitched bra—rounds and accentuates the bosom at the same time. In white nylon, sizes 32-40, A-C, \$2.50



Fitted for perfection, this "Triple Fit" bra is proportioned to your bust size, cup size and separation—wide, medium or narrow. By Formfit in white broadcloth, it comes in sizes 32-38, A-C, \$2.00

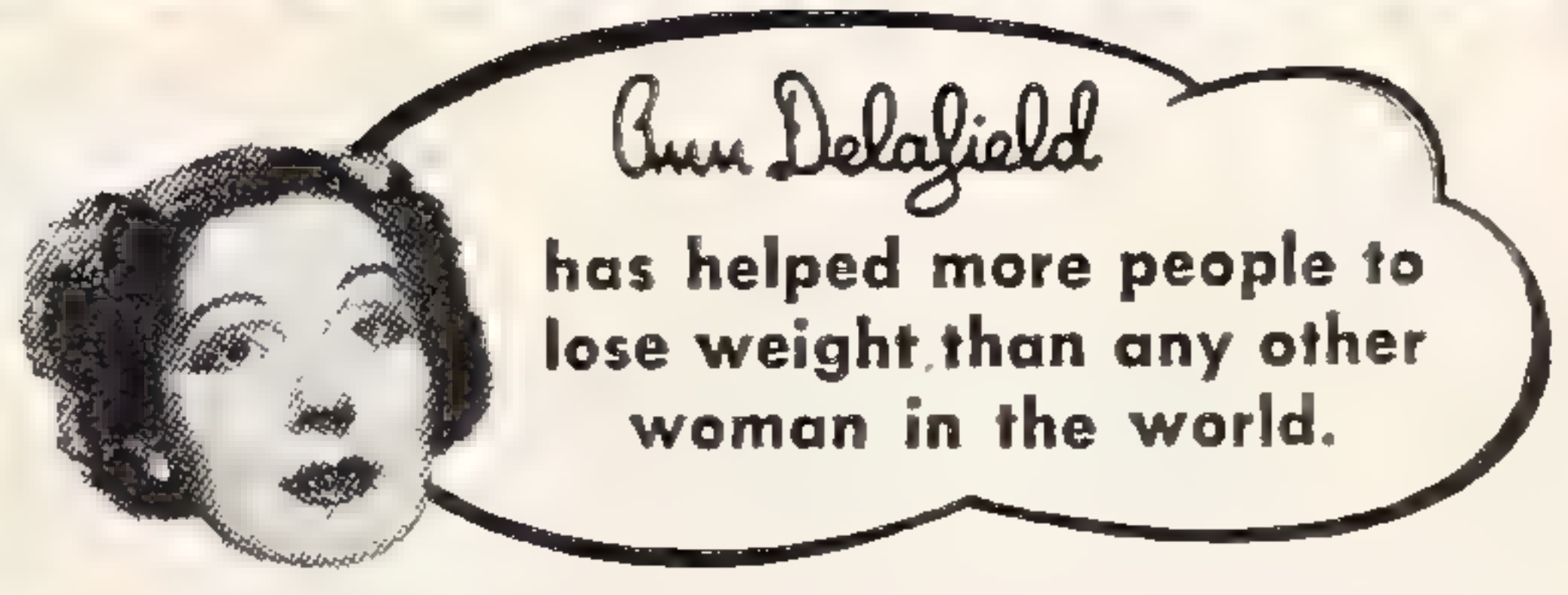


Slightly undersize? Don't worry. Hollywood Maxwell has the answer to that problem—this whirlpool bra in white broadcloth. 32-38, A-C, \$2.50

● BRAS ON THIS PAGE ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY. FOR STORE NEAREST YOU WRITE DIRECT TO MANUFACTURERS LISTED ON PAGE 75

HOW NORA LACEY LOST 65 LBS. WITH THE ANN DELAFIELD REDUCING PLAN

A New, Easy, Natural Way to Lose Weight and Gain a Richer, Fuller Life



BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

	BEFORE	AFTER	LOSS
Bust	45"	35"	10"
Waist	37"	27"	10"
Thigh	26"	20½"	5½"
Calf	15¾"	14"	1¾"
Arm	13"	10½"	2½"
Weight	198 lbs.	133 lbs.	65 lbs.

Nora Lacey's doctor examined her after her loss of 65 pounds and found her to be in excellent physical condition. Her letter to Ann Delafield tells a typical story of the great happiness achieved by those who have followed the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan...

"Dear Miss Delafield: Now at last I am able to do the things that I have wanted to do for years. After losing 65 pounds, I am not ashamed to go skating, dancing and to have all the fun that I missed before. It's like being born all over again at the age of twenty-five!"

Sincerely, Nora Lacey, Brooklyn, New York*
*Address on request from Rexall, Los Angeles

"It's like being born all over again at the age of twenty-five!" Nora Lacey wrote the famous beauty consultant through whose help she lost 65 pounds. "My life is fuller and richer since I took the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducing Plan!"

Nora Lacey is one of thousands... virtually *hundreds of thousands*... who have achieved amazing success with Ann Delafield's help. During the last forty years this famous dietician, teacher and beautician has received acclaim from all over the world for her easy, natural principles of weight reduction. And now her method is offered to you in the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan... a plan that is bringing happy results to women (and men) who have never been able to successfully lose weight!

IT'S EASY... IT'S FUN

No wonder the Ann Delafield Plan is so popular! You don't count calories. You don't feel starved. You even have a piece of cake for dessert! Yes, you can "eat your cake and have IT, too." Miss Delafield has prepared generous, appetizing, yet low-calorie menus for you and gives you a choice—depending on how fast you want to lose weight. Pupils find it *an easy way to reduce that doesn't take the fun out of life.*

HERE'S WHY YOU DON'T FEEL STARVED

The secret of the amazing success of Miss Delafield's plan is a scientifically produced... and *delicious*... wafer called the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer. Miss Delafield's pupils have called it "the greatest blessing a hungry person ever had." This wafer was conceived after years of practical experience and endless hours of consultation with physicians and dieticians. Those between-meal hunger pangs, so familiar to anyone who has ever suffered through an ordinary reducing plan, are quickly satisfied with the Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer Wafer.

BE HAPPY—BE SLENDER!

Why go on letting excess pounds keep you too self-conscious and tired to have the fun that should be yours? If your doctor has told you that your problem is not due to a glandular disturbance or organic causes, start on your way to slender beauty with the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan *today*. The complete package... containing *everything you need*... costs just \$6.95 (repeat package, \$5.95). For this low price you get not only your Appetite Reducer Wafers... but also your Vitamins... *plus* a valuable book that will become one of your best friends!



What you get with the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan:

1. A 116-page book giving you Ann Delafield's new, easy Appetite Reducing Plan, including suggested menus and vital beauty tips.
2. A 30-day supply of Ann Delafield Appetite Reducer... *not* a drug, but a delicious, non-fattening, scientifically-produced supplementary food that includes low calorie *Skim Milk Powder* and *Soy Bean Flour*.
3. A 30-day supply of the Ann Delafield Vitamin Capsules... scientifically prepared according to the Recommended Dietary Allowances, Food and Nutrition Board, National Research Council in 1948 for women on a 2000 calorie or less reducing diet, except for the omission of Thiamine, which has a tendency to increase your appetite.

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No woman can resist such smart, original styles... such magnificent colors and fabrics. And there's a complete range of sizes for every type of figure in an amazing variety of styles, colors, weaves and patterns. No wonder you'll be making **BIG MONEY** just by wearing and showing them to your friends. Best of all, there's no door-to-door canvassing, and you need no experience either.

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Yes, I'd like to be one of the women who get the chance to make up to \$100 in a month for wearing and showing Fashion Frocks. Without obligation, please send everything I need **FREE!**

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Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Age _____ Dress Size _____

(Continued from page 51)

Hollywood that the bigger the star the friendlier he is with the working crew. And Gene—as typically American as his native Pittsburgh—brought to Europe a spirit of friendliness and camaraderie that surrounded his sets. In a way Gene and the crew even came, in time, to talk the same language.

Gene, making a game of his limited knowledge of German, developed an original version of "Kellyfied German." What Fractured French has been to Americans looking for laughs, Kellyfied German was to Gene and his co-workers.

"Haut," for instance, became the equivalent—in Kelly German—to the slang expression, "Slip me some skin."

Other phrases were:

"Let's go, kids!"—"Auf gehts, kinder."

"What's cooking?"—"Was is los?"

"I'm going to hit the sack."—"Ich gehe jetzt ins stroh."

"Let's get the show on the road."—"Lasst uns abhauen."

And of course there came to be that special phrase: "Hat jemand hier Kelly gesehen?" "Has anyone here seen Kelly?" Wherever Gene went about the city, whether alone or with Betsy and Kerry, someone was sure to sing out, "Hat jemand hier Kelly gesehen?"

A few days before Gene finished his picture, Betsy and Kerry went on to Paris, so Betsy could make preparations for the family's holiday in the South of France. Like most husbands Gene leaves the details of working out travel schedules and purchasing tickets to his wife. And like most husbands and fathers, during those last few days after his wife and daughter had gone, Gene was forever hauling out their pictures to show to everyone. He would beam at the picture of Kerry and himself, with Kerry wearing an authentic Tyrolean hooded cape of gray wool.

"She picked out that outfit all by herself," he would explain. "Not even ten years old, and smart as a whip! Kerry has good taste, too. She takes after her mother."

Discount the rumors of friction in the Kelly family as vicious or thoughtless. Gene and Betsy are as truly in love today as they were when they met years ago, when Gene was staging dance numbers at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe in New York and Betsy came applying for a job. She got the job—against the wishes of almost everyone but Gene. And not long afterward she and Gene were dating steadily. A little later his hit came in "Pal Joey," he went to Hollywood and they were married.

Proof that their marriage is in perfect running order is the fact that this spring Betsy left their Hollywood house and took Kerry out of school to travel to Munich to be with Gene—although at that time it looked as if Gene would be gone only a few months!

Now, of course, he's scheduled to be over there much longer. Late this summer he will star in "Brigadoon," which will be filmed in London.

At the Munich studio Gene's dressing room was plain and impersonal, with bare walls except for essential furnishings.

"When I'm working I don't want anything to distract me," he says. "I don't want anything to take my mind off creating the proper mood for the part I'm playing and for the picture as a whole."

In "The Devil Makes Three" he plays an ex-G.I. who returns to Germany after the war. And Pier Angeli has the role of the sole survivor of a family that had helped him.

Traveling Man

According to Gene, some of the crowds that gathered when they worked on outside locations were definitely hostile. Maybe. But certainly there was no hostility toward Gene himself. On the contrary wherever he went eager crowds followed, lingered outside his hotel, pressed noses against the windows of his favorite restaurants, asked his advice, confided their troubles and ambitions. And always the smiling, devil-may-care world beater Kelly had time for everyone.

Gene's career has been one success after another. When he left college he started a dancing school in his home town, Pittsburgh. The school was a success but, wanting to do more dancing himself, he headed for New York. Without the usual period of hard times, he landed roles in one stage hit after another. And when he went to Hollywood he added straight dramatic roles and directing to his accomplishments. The Academy Awards showered on "An American in Paris" certainly are a glowing testimony to his success in a variety of fields.

"It's funny," Gene says, "that after 'An American in Paris' winning so many awards my German public knows me as a straight actor. They think of me in role like those I had in 'The Black Hand' and 'The Three Musketeers.'"

"'On the Town' played Munich recently and they've dubbed in Sinatra's voice and my voice in German. So, as I figure it whoever speaks German for me is helping me get a big reputation over here as an entertainer. A funny business!"

A business nevertheless, which Gene finds fascinating.

"I would like to be twins," he says. "O quadruplets. Then I could produce and direct films... and at the same time could develop film choreography and dancing the way I dreamed of doing when my brother Fred and I ran that dancing school in Pittsburgh. I could scour the world to discover new talent like Leslie Caron, could be working in Munich and Rome and Paris and London and Hollywood absorbing all the varying techniques..."

"Movie-making is a true form of creative art, not just a money-making device. I feel every country has something to offer whether technically, artistically or spiritually. And when I see the influence of films on the minds of the people in every country we have visited, I realize how very great is our responsibility. We must produce the very best pictures that possible can be made."

From many people, this statement might seem the brashest egotism. But with Gene it's obvious he sincerely wants to use his energies, is looking for new worlds to conquer.

But first he's going—with Betsy and Kerry — on a holiday to the South of France and then over to North Africa. He said, "We haven't really been alone, the three of us, for nearly a year. My daughter soon will be old enough to look at other men besides her old man, so I want to have her full attention while the getting's good. Betsy and I, too, have so much to catch up with."

After this vacation Gene and his family board a British European Airways plane for London, where he starts work on "Brigadoon." But wherever he and his family go you can bet they won't be the kind of tourists who look at monuments and buildings and never speak to people. Wherever Gene's work or holiday travels take him you'll hear the cry, "Has anybody here seen Kelly?"

THE END

WHEREVER YOU LIVE YOU CAN BUY
PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

If the preceding pages do not list the stores in your vicinity where the Photoplay Fashions are sold, please write to the manufacturers listed below:

Premier sweater

1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Dunkirk skirts

1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Helen Harper sweater

1372 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Boepple sweater

1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Jantzen sweater

350 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Korday skirt

1385 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Petti sweater and skirt

Rhea Manufacturing Co.
1983 S. Allis St., Milwaukee 7, Wisc.

Maidenform bra

200 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Lovable bra

180 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Formfit bra

385 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Warner's bra

200 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Peter Pan bra

312 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Exquisite Form bra

159 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

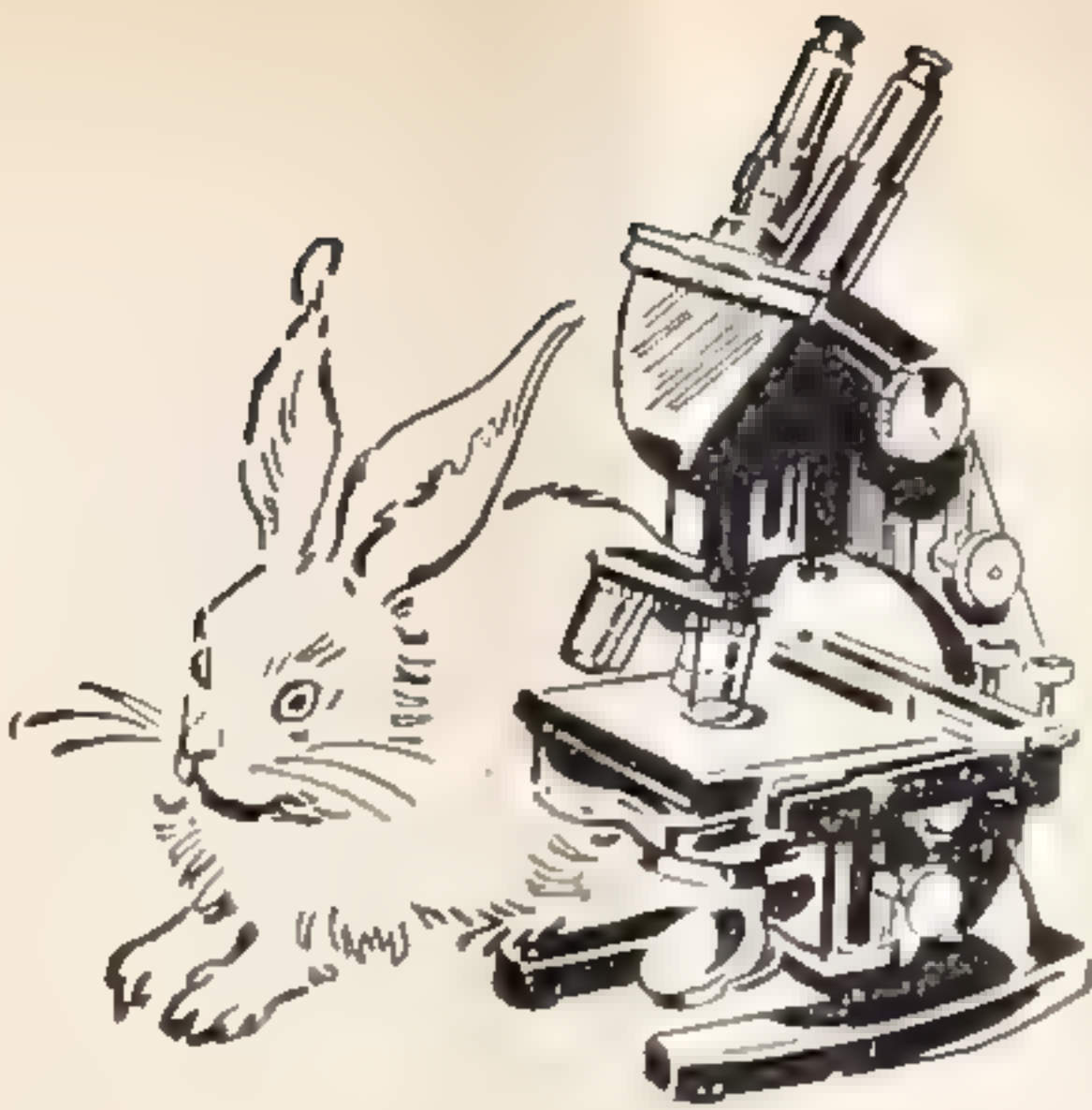
Hollywood Maxwell bra

6773 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.



The Photoplay-Pasadena Playhouse scholarship contestants are preparing for their crucial state auditions, which will lead to the choice of three finalists to go to Pasadena to appear before the judges of the finals.

Watch for details in the September issue, on sale August 13.



Rabbit eye tests prove ZONITE's absolute safety to body tissues in hygiene

The membranes of a rabbit's eye are far more delicate than those in the vaginal tract. ZONITE was put directly into rabbits' eyes *twice daily* for three months. Not the slightest irritation appeared at any time. No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet SAFE to tissues!

Young wives should not experiment with this vital problem

In this modern age, most women realize how important *complete* feminine hygiene (including *internal* cleanliness) is to health, married happiness, after their periods and to prevent offensive odors.

Young wives are no longer forced to experiment or rely on 'guesswork' about what to use in their douche. Gone forever are the days of poisonous and caustic antiseptics! A foolproof rule to follow is to use a germicide in your douche which can be accidentally SWALLOWED WITH SAFETY. A perfect solution is ZONITE. It is a powerful germicide yet *positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.*

ZONITE should forever clear away any doubts and confusion of what to use in your douche because: *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to body tissues!*

In ZONITE women have an antiseptic that *completely* solves their most pressing and intimate problem.

Warns Against Use of Vinegar

The modern well-informed woman would never think of resorting to weak

homemade solutions of vinegar for her douche. Would *you* use vinegar as a *deodorant*? Of course not! Would you pour vinegar over a cut and expect germicidal protection? Of course not! Vinegar and many other preparations have their use for the household. But certainly no intelligent woman should use such homemade makeshift solutions for the most intimate concern of her life.

The modern woman deserves a special, scientifically correct product for her douche. And she has it in ZONITE.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

ZONITE *completely* deodorizes. It cleanses and flushes away odor-causing waste substances and deposits. ZONITE helps prevent infection and kills every germ it reaches. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can BE SURE ZONITE *instantly* kills every reachable germ. ZONITE can be used as directed as often as needed without the *slightest* risk of injury!

Zonite



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*Offer good only in U.S. and Canada

Scott Brady and Dorothy Malone

(Continued from page 55)

"It's a funny thing," Dorothy admits, "this what-you-may-call-it with Scott and me. I'm not surprised that people wonder about it. So do I. So, more than likely, does Scott.

"It's difficult for me to explain our relationship because I am the girl in the case, which is always inhibiting. But I'll say this—it is definitely not 'just for kicks.' Scott and I value each other much too highly to date for so superficial a reason. And it isn't 'just a beautiful friendship.' Although it is a fine friendship, too. But with, a plus, I would say. Yet we're not going steady. I don't believe in going steady with any boy unless you are actually engaged to him."

It all began, this you-name-it with Scott and Dorothy, as a pick-up. A beach pick-up, at that! Their first meeting was in 1948, on the Santa Monica beach.

"Ethel, my best friend—who worked in the publicity department of Warner Brothers Studio—and I were at the Swimming Club at a time when I didn't want to be seen by a single solitary soul," Dorothy laughs. "I had been working indoors, so—no tan yet. I was tired. I had fever blisters. I had pads over my eyes, which were red. I was lying face down, and some fool kept tearing by, kicking up the sand. I was exasperated. I took a peek from behind an eye-pad and beheld the nether extremities of a tall young man chasing a redhead. The two came by time after time, bounding over the beach.

"The next thing, the bounding boy pulled up short, squatted on the sand beside Ethel and me and started asking questions—the redhead no longer visible either then or later. After eliciting from Ethel the information that she was 'in publicity,' he asked me what I did. Still face down and praying that I might remain that way until he, like the redhead, disappeared, I told him I was a car-hop, but wasn't working at the time.

"And he was so sweet. He had a friend, he said, who owned a drive-in. The friend might give me a job. *That is Scott.* Never have I known a boy who cares so genuinely about the other fellow, whether the other fellow is a V.I.P. or a car-hop.

"A sweetness and an identification with the problems and pangs of his fellow-man was my first impression of Scott. I have never changed it.

"One day, after I'd known Scott for some time, I sat outside my agents' office for two hours waiting for them to see me, which they failed to do. Scott was waiting with me and when my agents came out of their office, he told them off. The fact that they were important people who might be useful to him didn't deter Scott from telling them off. Then, when he saw tears come to my eyes (I'd never had anybody take up for me before) he told a funny little joke to cheer me up, took my arm and we went on . . . There's sensitivity and strength in Scott. He's pretty wonderful, warming and very wise.

"But to go back to our first meeting—Scott didn't tell me right off what he did for a living, as he'd just made 'Canon City,' which I hadn't as yet seen, I didn't know what he did or who he was. Right from the beginning, though, at the first peek, I liked his looks. Scott resembles my father and also my young brothers, so that I've always felt for him a mixture of the respect and deference you feel for your father and protectiveness you have for little brothers.

"With all his wisdom and the mature mind he has, there's a lot of little boy in Scott, too. So it wasn't long before he

told us, proud as Punch, that he was a movie actor. He had just finished his first picture and had a big write-up in a big national weekly which—what do you know—he just happened to have with him and here it was if I'd turn over, sit up and take a look.

"As there was nothing else for it, I turned over. I sat up, thinking with amusement that the shock of seeing me, sight that I was, would remove Scott from our midst. But nothing of the sort.

"*That is Scott, too.* Man-like, pretty girls are what he likes to see. And pretty clothes on pretty girls. But beauty and glamour will never be enough for Scott. He's a family-loving, home-loving boy. The girl who marries him may think she'll go on with her career, if any, but it's my guess that she probably won't.

"*'You character, you doll, why don't you give up the rat-race,'* Scott asked me once, 'and settle down and have six chickabiddies?'"

That day on the beach Scott stayed where he was despite Dorothy's fever blisters, telling her all about the movies, explaining Hollywood to her, warning her against the dangers a girl might meet and how she could handle this or that situation. He wound up by asking Ethel and Dorothy to dinner that night.

Dorothy shook her head. She didn't think it right to go out with a pick-up.

Eventually, the girls agreed to go. Dorothy laughed, "We went to the Scandia for dinner that night, the three of us. Scott had picked Ethel up first and she told him who I was. We dated quite often in the three weeks before I left Hollywood. When I left, his goodbye present to me was a record called 'Manhattan Tower,' all about New York, where Scott was born, and which is so dear to him.

"This gift reveals Scott, too, for he loves to share the things he loves—his home town, good times, music, books, friends—with those he loves. And generous. Fifty dollars left and he'd send you forty-five dollars worth of roses!"

That first goodbye after the first dates was almost the last goodbye for Dorothy and Scott. For, from Dallas, Dorothy announced her engagement.

Dorothy says, "This boy back home with whom I'd been in love (so I thought) for a long time became gravely ill, which was what took me back to Dallas—and

back to him. Three weeks before the wedding, I called it off. I couldn't go through with it. No, I don't think Scott had anything to do with it. I think I had cold feet. At any rate, we 'postponed' it. But I stayed on at home a long time and continued to date this boy, wanting to make sure.

"All the time I was home, I turned down pictures—like an idiot, I guess. Scott would call long distance. 'Will you please get back here? Never going to get anywhere in pictures by remote control.' Scott was always advising me—still is.

"That's another wonderful thing about our relationship—Scott's understanding of the problems of a girl who works, which other boys seldom have. As you go through life, you meet certain people you can really talk to. Scott is one of them."

"When, eventually, I did go back to Hollywood I didn't suppose anyone, including Mrs. Mayo, with whom I'd made my home in the Valley, would remember me. But when I got back, there was Mrs. Mayo, door wide open. And there in the opened door was Scott, saying 'It's about time, you character!' And there were people hiding in the house and roses and champagne. I realized that Scott had spent the two preceding evenings at Mrs. Mayo's planning this party.

"We went to three premieres that week. And to the Swimming Club, which is Scott's favorite place for our dates because we met there. And things were just as they had been with Scott and me.

"And then I went away again, went home and stayed a whole year."

Why? Because Dorothy loves Texas; really loves Texas.

In the four years of their friendship Dorothy has made other departures from and returns to Hollywood. Dorothy was in New York recently to do television, perhaps summer stock. Scott would come East, she said, if he could after finishing U-I's "Untamed Frontier" and 20th "Bloodhounds of Broadway."

These separations would have some bearing, you'd think, on the unresolvable relationship between these two who are magnets, one for the other, yet who continue to come together only to part again.

"When I start talking about Scott," Dorothy says, "I can go on for hours, all the things about him and all of them, I like. His being a self-made man, for instance. The way he has educated himself—Scott didn't have much formal education, didn't go to college, but you'd never know it. He's so well-read. His relationship with his mother, which is protective as a grown-up son's should be, happy, too, and healthy. He's very outspoken; you can really believe what Scott says! His cooking—Scott can certainly cook! His excellent taste in clothes. And in the gifts he sends—when, last Christmas at home, his present to me was the most beautiful, blue leather bag, with matching blue gloves, a green scarf, a blue scarf. A whole set-up. And with cute poem which he wrote himself, in each box. The compliments—he's a very complimentary man, is Beau Brady.

"I can't get married right now," Dorothy sums it up, "not because I want to be a great star, though I want that, too, but because I have responsibilities. So has Scott.

"So, who knows? One thing is certain—if it isn't Scott I marry, it will be someone as much like Scott as possible. I respect him. I admire him. And beside I dearly love him. I really do."

THE END

MOVING?

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Audie Gets His "Man"

(Continued from page 60)

chopping wood or carrying a cotton sack, Audie's Irish always showed. He could make our mother laugh—when smiles didn't come too often or easily.

With Audie's deep love for children, it would have been tragic if he could never have had any of his own. And along with many other ex-G.I.'s who suffered from serious attacks of malaria during the war—and Audie had it twice—he worried about this. We've had many long kitchen conversations when he's been back home.

Audie wouldn't allow himself to believe he and Pam were having a baby until they were dead sure. They even planned to keep it a secret for awhile. But when they came back to Texas for the annual "Audie Murphy Rodeo" at the Ray Woods' dude ranch, Audie just couldn't keep his happy news any longer.

Strangely enough, I'd had a dream about it even before I knew. Or perhaps it isn't so strange—when a brother and sister have been as close as we've been. The same intuitive "something" that alerts you for bad news (such as the premonition I had during the war before I heard officially that Audie had been wounded) can prepare you for good news, too.

Audie hasn't changed at all really, other than to be happier than he's ever been before. And the other day the years fell away when I caught Audie out in the front yard working on a super-slingshot—the same kind he used to hunt with as a kid back home. And when he came in with a package of dry pinto beans and the grinning reminder, "There's some good meat in the refrigerator. How about

combining it with these beans? And cornbread on the side"—I knew it wasn't too far from Farmersville to Hollywood.

He didn't ask me to suggest a name for the baby. I'm the one who put the "Leon" in Audie Leon Murphy. And for this alone, my brother has never quite forgiven me. If a boy, Audie and Pam had decided on Terry Michael, after Terry Hunt, who so befriended my brother during his first lonely stretch in Hollywood. But when Pam went to the Santa Monica Hospital one 2:30 A.M., they still didn't have any name for a girl. Audie could work up no enthusiasm on that score.

It was an aroused Audie who called excitedly from the hospital. "We got a BOY!" he said. "You women didn't know what you were talking about when you thought he would be a girl. No wonder we couldn't think of a girl's name—he was going to be a boy all the time!"

But, around the hospital, Audie wore his customary poker-faced exterior, concealing both his fears and his exaltation. The nurses couldn't get over it. "You're the calmest father we've ever seen!" they kept saying. And my brother assured them, "I feel no pain." But he had such indigestion from nerves that he couldn't eat for three days. "Sure can fool 'em, can't I?" he said.

Pam, still in a dreamy daze from the spinal block they'd given her, overheard Audie talking long distance to Ray Woods in Dallas, giving him the news about their new son. "Tell them to feed the horses," she put in dreamily. Audie turned from the phone, wondering if he'd heard her correctly. "Feed the horses? What are you talking about?" he said. "Feed Snuffy and Bazooka," said Pam, referring to the

horses they keep on the Woods' ranch. Then she drifted off again. They brought the baby in to her, but she couldn't see him too well. "Ugliest baby you ever saw. He looks just like Jim Thorpe," Audie teased. Pam, you know, is part-Cherokee. But when the nurse brought the baby in the following morning, Pam called home. "I don't care what his father says—he's beautiful!"

Terrence Michael Murphy reminds me of Audie as a baby. Audie had the biggest blue eyes. And he, too, was always laughing. He was born on a hot June 20, on a cotton farm near Kingston, Texas, in a little shack that was already bulging with the rest of us. I was fourteen years old. Our father, Emmett Murphy, was a sharecropper; our mother, Josie, very pretty, with black hair and brown eyes, and of gentle disposition, did more than her share without complaint.

For all his babyish face (which he always resented) Audie always was old for his years. As he's said many times, "I never can remember being young, or feeling young." He always worked hard, too, doing his part of the hoeing, plowing, and the bent-over kind of cotton-picking. Food was scarce, and sometimes he would take his slingshot out in the woods and bring back a rabbit or squirrel for our evening meal. Supper often was bread and molasses, which we would sometimes "pepper" to break the taste and make it seem like more. I remember when Audie's whole wardrobe was a single pair of overalls, which Mother, who always stressed cleanliness, would wash every night and dry by the kitchen stove.

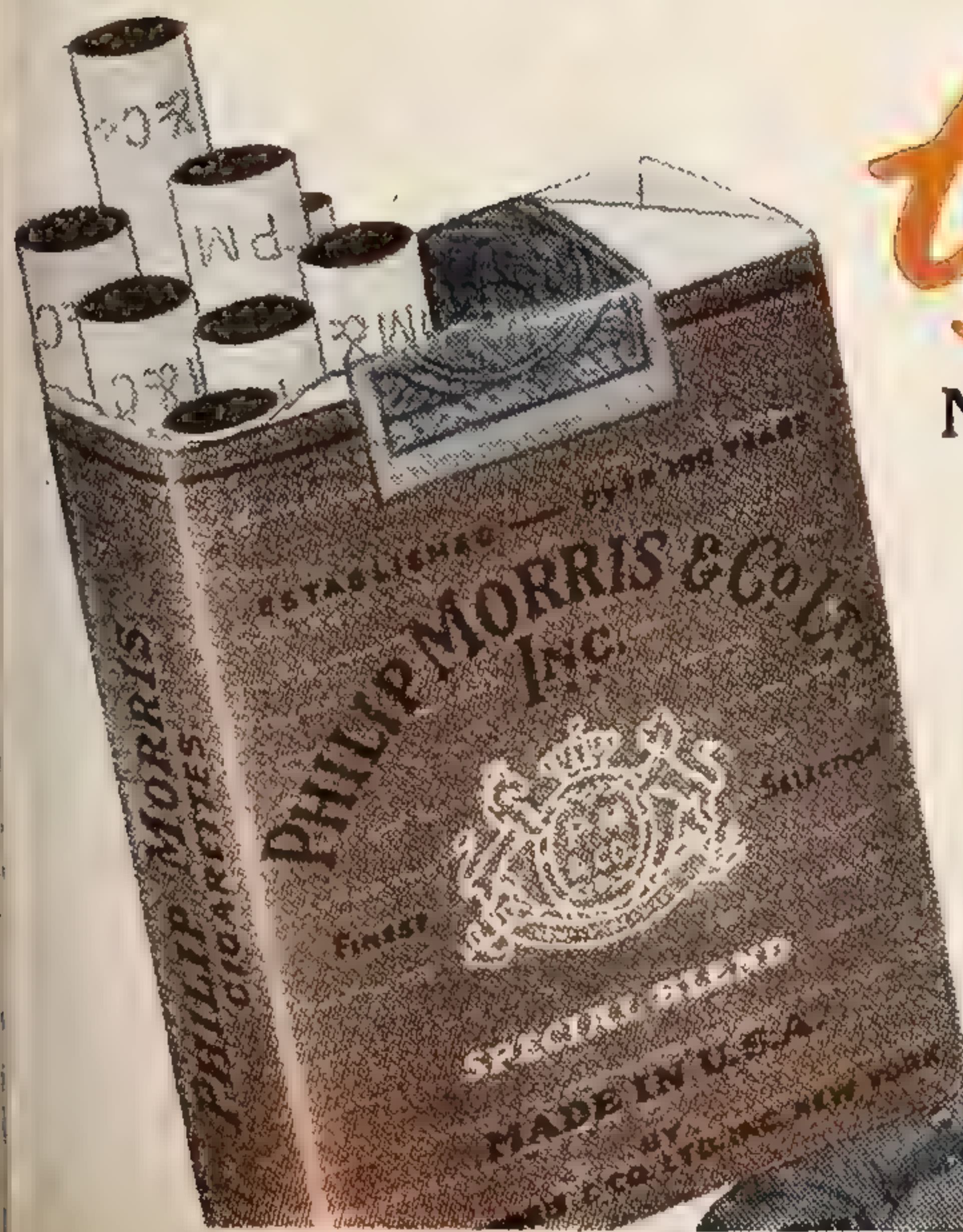
When our father, the load seemingly too much for him, left us, Audie went to work

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in a radio shop in Greenville, and Mother and our sisters, Nadine and Billie, and our youngest brother, Joe, moved in with me and my family in Farmersville. I'd married Poland Burns, who worked at the grocery store, and we had two children, Poland, Jr. and Weldon. Our place was just three rooms and a porch—but a house has a way of stretching when there's need. Some way we managed, and Audie sent as much money home as he could.

When Audie was sixteen years old, our mother died. When she realized she was going to leave us, she told me to call Audie. She wouldn't even let me get the doctor, until she knew my brother was on his way home. Farmersville is fourteen miles from Greenville, and Audie made it in ten minutes. He didn't leave Mother's side for three days and nights.

Audie's laughter seemed to die with my mother. We put our sisters and younger brother in the Boles Orphans' Home in Greenville, as our mother had wished. And Audie, restless and unhappy, kept trying to get in the service. He was underweight, but the Army finally accepted him. Because he was still seventeen, I had to sign the necessary papers. I didn't want to, and I thought about it all night. But Audie said, "If you don't, somebody else will. Besides, they won't send me across until I'm eighteen."

Immediately he was in the Army he volunteered to go overseas. I found out later that a commanding officer had suggested that he be sent to the cook and bakers' school stateside instead, but Audie had said that in any such case he would have a preference for the guardhouse. When he had come home on leave before shipping out, his goodbye had been, "I'll do my part in winning the war." I believed him, and I kept watching for some mention of him in the papers. This may sound strange, but it's true. When my husband brought a newspaper home one evening saying, "Here's something about Audie," I was so excited, but I wasn't too surprised to find that he'd received the Bronze Star for bravery on Anzio. Throughout the four campaigns in which Audie worked his way up from private to company commander and got twenty-four medals and decorations, he always brushed off any suspicion of bravery, and made light of his wounds. Many things could make a man win a medal, he wrote—"Cold, anger, hunger, discomfort, and loneliness. The way I figure, every step is putting me closer to Texas."

My brother appreciates how lucky he's been. And that certainly includes being in motion pictures. "I must be lucky—I can't act," he often told me, although I can't say I concur.

His luck really deserted him when he hoped to get back from overseas without fanfare. When he heard of the home-town celebration that was planned, he threatened to "sneak in by the back door."

"If he does, we'll nab him sooner or later, and he'll get what's coming to him," the mayor said. "He'll just have to take it, that's all. When a boy from Farmersville wins medals all over Italy and France, stands off a German Army single-handed and gets the Congressional Medal of Honor—he just has to count on making a few sacrifices when he gets home."

That was a day I'll never forget. I stood on the porch of our house waiting for my first look at Audie in three years. When I heard the honking caravan coming down the road from McKinney to Farmersville, I ran down the steps and across the yard. Audie jumped out of a car, and we met under a hackberry tree at the edge of the road. I didn't even see his medals. All that mattered to me was that he was back safe at last. He soon

had his decorations distributed among sons and the other children.

"Weren't you ever scared?" Weldon wanted to know. "All the time," Audie said. But the parades and speeches and lionizing that followed scared him more of all until he was driven to saying, "I the next war I'm sure not going to do anything." Then promptly he became captain in the Texas National Guard.

When Audie got out of the service, an thought of being a motion picture star was the farthest thing from his mind. The first thing on his mind was getting the children out of the orphanage. He bought a two-story house in Farmersville, large enough for all of us, and he got us a car. His heart's always been bigger than his body—and usually it exceeds his pocket book, too. When he keeps making mental budgets now about the funds he's going to accumulate, saying, "I've got to start saving money for my son,"—well, I'll have to see it. Money runs through his fingers and into the hands of other who need it. Typically enough, he didn't even let me know when he had to scrounge around for sandwiches and room rent in Hollywood.

When Audie came home he didn't know what he wanted to do. He talked of completing his education, of taking a business course, of studying radio and of having his own radio shop. As he put it he hadn't "majored in much of anything but the Army," and he didn't know what would be best for him. When James Cagney became interested in his life story and his potentialities as a film personality and sent for him, this seemed an answer out of the blue. But always Audie has had to work hard for anything he's ever gotten, and I guess it was part of the pattern for him to have to work his way up in Hollywood too.

My son Weldon has been known to see a Murphy picture some six times. My husband Poland is a faithful follower too. And "Uncle Audie" is my Charylene's "favorite cowboy." She lives every picture right with him. When he gets hurt on the screen, she cries her heart out. She sits tense and still until he's out of danger, then she relaxes and says, "Let's see it again!" Audie's always been so thoughtful with the children. He sent the big black hat he wore in "The Kid From Texas" to Weldon, making my son the envy of every kid in Hunt County. The kids knew Weldon would wear his new souvenir when the picture played Farmersville, and they all wanted to go to the show with him, so they could sit near Audie's hat.

From the first, Audie liked working in motion pictures. "It's an interesting buck," he would say. But I still worried about him. Until he met and married Pam, he never felt at home in Hollywood. He kept Highway 80 hot between California and Texas, always dreading the hour he must go back. Now, when he comes back home on business, he can't return fast enough.

When he brought Pam over to meet us I felt immediately that she belonged in the family. And Audie was way ahead of me. She's such a wonderful girl, and so right for him. I sensed from the first that Pam, and time together, would heal the "scars" that were deep inside Audie where they didn't show.

Since Terry Michael Murphy, Audie has even more to be thankful about. I thank God that he wasn't denied this fulfillment. He now has a great personal happiness. I can't think of anybody who deserves it more.

THE END

Pat Neal's Heartbreak

(Continued from page 43)

I know she now is having a rough time of it. She has loved Coop, according to the boys on the Warner lot, ever since 1949 when they made "The Fountainhead" together. It was not, however, until 1950, after they did "Bright Leaf," that Coop asked Rocky Cooper for a separation. Never, Rocky insists, has Coop asked for a divorce. After this Coop and Pat were glimpsed occasionally at restaurants. But not until much later, when their romance had come out into the open, did they ever attend parties together.

At this time the Warner press agents created a character named Duane Maxwell. He was meant to take the spotlight off Coop. Presumably he was an old boy friend who used to carry Pat's books to school. One story had it that Duane was coming to Hollywood, with his mother, to visit Pat. When one of my staff asked Pat about this she said, point blank, "It's a big phony. If any guy should come with his mother to see me I'd probably hit him right on the head."

Never was there a straighter shooter than Pat.

It is typical of Pat to be—at whatever cost to herself—straightforward and honest. She's the one girl in Hollywood who, I am convinced, would not lie to me. There are also five men who would not—Mario Lanza, Bill Holden, Alan Ladd, Clark Gable and Gary Cooper. But Pat's the only girl. She does not, I think, know how to lie. She's one of those candid, cards-on-the-table creatures. Which hasn't served her too well. For one thing, she makes most Hollywood men, unaccustomed to such stark honesty, slightly uncomfortable.

"Pat," I told her, "I am sure that in this matter of you and Coop, money has reared its beautiful head. What's more, it's a great deal of money that is involved. Coop, remember, made his money before taxes. Never again could he accumulate even a fraction of his present fortune. And since Rocky's stepfather—Paul Shields, a Wall Street man—handles Coop's financial affairs and so knows to a penny how much Coop is worth, any settlement would have to be mighty handsome indeed."

There is more than money involved, too. There's Rocky. There's Maria, their fourteen-year-old daughter, to whom Coop is devoted. There's their house. And there's Rocky's family.

Take these considerations, one at a time. Upon occasion, undoubtedly, the attractive Rocky's social initiative irks Coop. He's said to me more than once, not bitterly

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but realistically. "For years, it seems to me, whenever I've come home from the studio someone has been there underfoot. I wonder sometimes if those people realize how much they've cashed in on my name. I'm tired after a day's work in the studios. It is really work for me, as you know, Hedda. I'm not a quick study. Nor am I the greatest actor in the world."

Coop isn't the world's greatest actor, true! And in spite of all his success he's never overestimated his acting ability. What you see on the screen really is Coop himself—sweet and kind and good.

For a friend he'll do anything. Anything! There's never been a time that I haven't been able to get him on the phone. And, as I said before, always he's told me the truth, even when he's had to ask me not to print it.

I suspect there have been other loves in Coop's life. There was a lot of talk about him and Ingrid Bergman, certainly, when they played together in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." Don't believe all this sweet chatter about love scenes never, never being anything but W-O-R-K. I could cite many times when they've resulted in at least a slight emotional impact upon the two involved. But always in the past Coop has protected Rocky. Until his romance with Pat, he never once did anything to hurt her.

Rocky, in some ways, has been good for Coop. She's shaken him out of his relaxation. I remember the Sundays when Rocky, Coop, Maria and I went to Sunday lunch at Merle Oberon's at Malibu. Some Sundays it would be chilly enough for a big roaring fire in the grate. Still Rocky would insist upon swimming. "Come on, get into your trunks," she'd tell Coop, who would have much preferred to stay, like a cat, by the fire. "Come on," his daughter Maria would urge. Coop would yawn, stretch, get up and change into his trunks. And watching from the window, since there was no one to persuade me to leave the fire, I would see Rocky plunge into the waves, Maria behind her. Coop would inch his way into the Pacific, turning blue bit by bit, until finally—in desperation—he would have to plunge. Of course he loved the swim while he was having it—and felt better for it.

To Maria, he is utterly and completely devoted. For besides being partly him she is all the things he has always loved in her mother.

The Cooper house, a third consideration, is a beautiful, beautiful place, charmingly appointed and furnished in rare taste by the late Elsie Mendl. The minute Rocky leaves the house for Sun Valley, Palm Beach, Palm Springs or New York—Coop moves back in. The servants adore him. "We will do anything for him," they say.

Always Coop has liked Rocky's family enough to visit with them. He has summered with them at Southampton, Long Island. And last winter he stayed in the Shields' house at Palm Beach until they arrived with Rocky and Maria. Then he flew to Detroit, picked up a new Cadillac and motored back to Palm Beach, where he took a small apartment, seeing considerable of Rocky and Maria.

Personally, I doubt that either Coop or Rocky really wants a divorce. She appears quite content to let things continue as they are. And why not? She goes where she wishes when she wishes. She has all the money she wants, the most beautiful clothes and jewels. All this and her independence too. Coop, too, was content with this pattern, certainly while Pat was in the picture. However, when she departed Hollywood to visit her family in Georgia—after supposedly telling him that it must be all or nothing—he turned lonely. Those who lately have

seen him and talked with him tell me he's carrying a terrific torch.

It was at the big party that Charles Feldman gave for Dolly O'Brien—once the light of Clark Gable's life—that I saw the break coming for Coop and Pat. It was one of their first party appearances. When they came in they went directly to the end of the bar. There they remained until dinner was announced. Rocky, on the other hand, arrived with Peter Lawford, went immediately to the table assigned her. I was sorry Pat didn't look prettier that night. She wore flowers in her hair, like an ingenue. They didn't become her. Rocky, in contrast, being a sophisticated woman of the world and having all the cards in her hand, was very gay, danced every dance and never took the smile off her face. At about midnight—when Pat was dancing—Coop got up and, for a few minutes, visited Rocky's table. Everyone held his breath. I would not be surprised if it was then and there Pat accepted the fact that things would not work out, and so—stepped out.

When Pat went to Georgia to visit her family she was really running away to forget. "I had a wonderful time there," she says. "I got reacquainted with my family and found them very nice people. I never lived as far south as Georgia before and I loved it."

She laughed, "Almost nightly we went to a little cafe to listen to a song dedicated to Robert E. Lee. It's the rage down there—'Save Your Confederate Money, Boys, the South Will Rise Again'."

Pat planned to go from Georgia to England—to get as far away from Hollywood as possible, of course. It was to embark that she had to come to New York. But a call from Twentieth Century-Fox changed her plans. They wanted her for "Something for the Birds." Jeanne Crain, scheduled for the part, had been advised by her doctor to take a longer rest following the birth of her fourth child, Jeanine.

"I was delighted to get this part," Pat said. "It is the first picture I've ever done that is written around a girl. All the others have been written around a man and the girl was incidental."

Personally I wish Pat would return to Broadway where she did so well before Warner Brothers brought her to Hollywood. In her 1947 Broadway debut in "Another Part of the Forest" she won five performance awards. She's a very fine actress indeed. I doubt, however, that she'll ever get the roles she should have in the movies. For one thing she's too tall to suit most leading men. For another she's too intelligent looking. She makes most leading men, despite their age, appear empty-faced schoolboys.

However, until Pat decides to go back to the theatre she certainly cannot afford to turn her back on Hollywood just because a certain long lanky actor who used to be a cowboy lives there and works there, although this summer Coop will be across the Pacific on a South Sea Island, making a picture there with 800 natives, two-thirds of them female.

"I will not see Coop again," Pat says. And you have only to look at that determined chin of hers to realize that she usually means what she says.

But Coop can be very persuasive—even if you aren't in love with him.

It's my guess Pat and Coop never will reach the altar. And right now I'd say this would be their guess, too.

But love is a very strange and wonderful thing. They might just turn around and fool me and it wouldn't be the first time it's been done either.

THE END

Debbie's Date Line

(Continued from page 40)

me the instrument. I think I can save you a certain amount of trouble by giving you a few short-cut pointers."

Yeah, Debbie plays tuba. This five-foot genius, this vest-pocket Venus, this lass with the delicate air, plays tuba.

That isn't all. She is that rare operator, a shrewd but kindly practical joker.

I'll give you a f'r-istance.

Remember a picture called "Let's Make It Legal"? It starred such gifted people as Claudette Colbert, Macdonald Carey, Barbara Bates. Far down on the credit sheet was the modest name of Robert Wagner. It was one of my first jobs and I was fractured by the professional polish of the people with whom I was working.

The first day of shooting I felt was a very difficult scene. It involved only a few lines, but for some reason the dialogue seemed strained and since I couldn't remember it exactly as it had been written I kept flubbing at the last minute. Then an arc exploded. Then something went wrong with the sound track. Then I flubbed a few more takes.

It was a real dandy day for everyone; forty-nine takes were required. I crawled home over ground glass.

This is as good a place as any to explain the importance of the word "lily" on a Hollywood sound stage. It is an accolade as precious to an actor as being touched by King Arthur's sword was to a cast-iron knight. When called out by director and/or crew, at the end of a take, it means that the scene has been perfect in every respect.

So what did Miss Reynolds do to alleviate my suffering after I had failed, by forty-nine tries, to elicit the flowery phrase? She sent me a calla lily with a stem about three feet long. One single lily, plus a note reading, "Dear R. J.: Just remember that the first day is always the toughest and that forty-nine takes aren't a set record."

The next day I made a deal with the set photographer: I made up with a black eye, numerous bandages, and a general air of defeat in battle, and lying down on the floor, lily on my chest, I posed for a portrait which I sent to Debbie.

If I can find a beaten-up old tuba, I'm going to have it filled with lilies and delivered to Debbie the next time she starts a picture. This will not, of course, give me a lead in the special effects department. Debbie can always out-plan anyone who wants to play that game.

My birthday gift from her proves that. Bright and early, on the morning of February 10, I received a large, light-weight, beautifully wrapped package, done up in a mile of ribbon.

A week earlier, Debbie and I had been guests at a houseparty given by friends who own a ski lodge. I think there were six or eight young guests, plus several pairs of parents as chaperones.

Out on the ski slopes, the zipper of my windbreaker jacket kept falling to the bottom of the jacket and sticking there.

Debbie inquired brightly, "Are you so in love with that jacket that you don't want to replace it? There's a new Swedish imported windbreaker that isn't much heavier than an air-mail stamp. Wouldn't you like one?"

"I'm getting along fine with this jacket," I said, fighting the zipper back up.

Twenty feet further on, I had to go through the same performance. Forty feet, ditto. Sixty feet, again.

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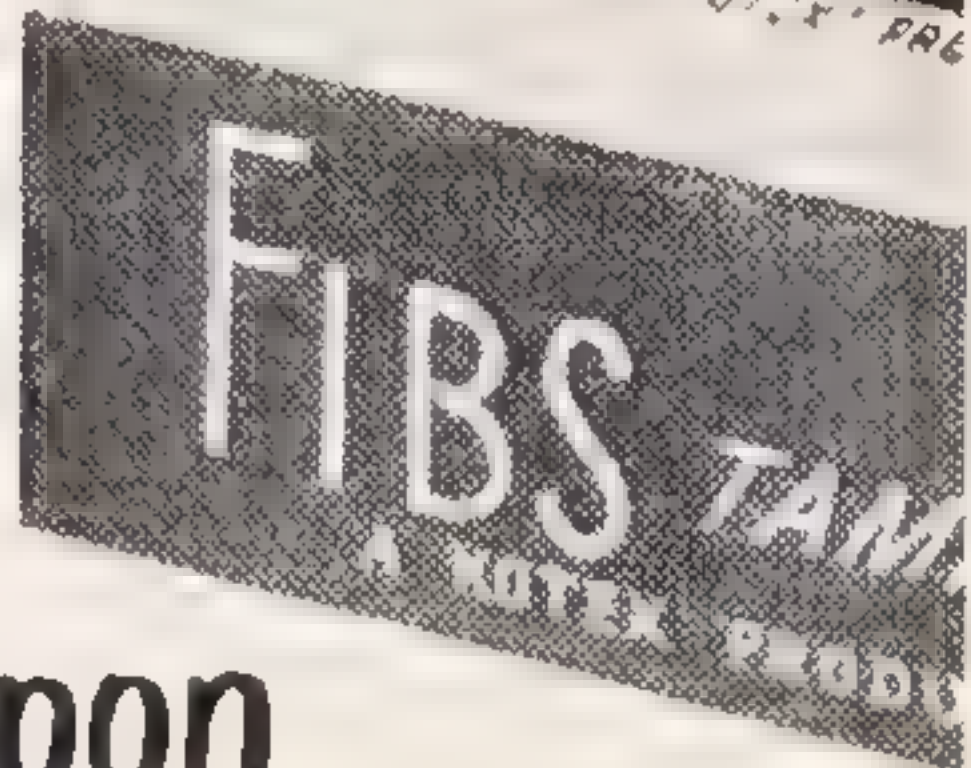
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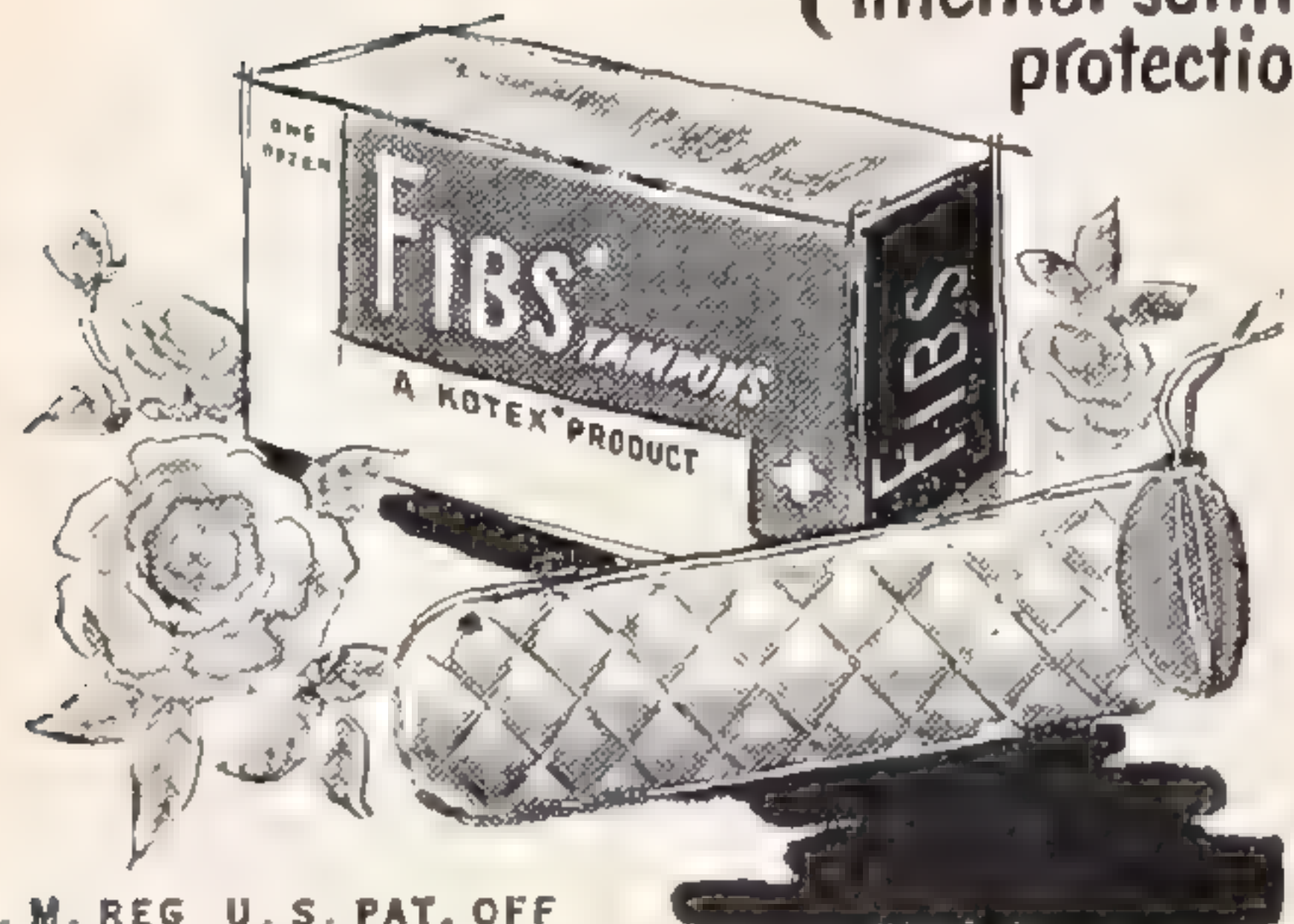


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"Don't you need a muffler?" Debbie continued. "You should - do something to protect your throat."

"Mufflers bother me," I explained. "You need a better pair of gloves," she pointed out. "You wouldn't have so much trouble pulling up that stubborn zipper if your gloves were more flexible."

All this conversation romped through my head as I fumbled with the box lid. New jacket, maybe? Or a vicuna muffler?

Or a pair of duck-down insulated mittens? A fellow can always use a pair of new gloves.

I lifted the lid to stare at what lay within. The sweet logic of the offering almost knocked me flat.

It was a bright, shining, efficient zipper.

Debbie's birthday is April 1. In conversation with Debbie, I forecast my gift as an item appropriate to the season. I mentioned chocolate-coated soap, pepper candy, and phonograph records of "How Sad and Still by the Old Distillery."

She loves a joke so much that I've never been absolutely sure she wasn't just a little bit disappointed when my present to her turned out to be not a joke but a blue leather script-holder with a gold nameplate on which her signature had been engraved.

Debbie and I could see a movie every night in the week.

We try to see every picture released by both our studios (Twentieth Century-Fox and M-G-M). And we try to catch all the widely discussed pictures put out by other Hollywood studios. Then there are frequent issues of English and Italian films that we feel we must see, as well as reissues of old pictures that we have missed.

When we leave a theatre, we are, ordinarily, so taken up with the movie that we're in a daze as we stroll to the nearest coffee spot and caffeine ourselves out of the spell.

We talk about the mood of the picture and the use of lighting and sets to extend the mood. Deep stuff. We talk about the performances, and we examine the picture for memorable scenes to add to our mental collection of same.

Incidentally, my meeting Debbie was the result of wanting to make the picture grade and doing everything I could to fit myself for any part that might come along. When I was between pictures several months ago I dropped into one of the rehearsal halls at Twentieth to talk to a dancing friend of mine, Camille Williams.

Visiting Camille was a little gal whom Camille introduced to me as Debbie Reynolds. I stuck around and watched the girls have laughs with a few dance steps, then when Debbie said she had to leave to catch her bus I asked if I might drive her home.

She gave me a big grin and said, "I live in Burbank."

Burbank, it should be explained, is practically a sleeper jump from Fox Hills. Nowadays I figure that it takes a minimum of ninety minutes to make the round trip.

That first day I drove Debbie to Burbank I assured her that cross-country hops were my dish. I didn't see her after that for about three months. Then I called Debbie and asked if she would like to attend a premiere.

I can't remember anything about the premiere except that Debbie was ready when I arrived and that once we were in the car she didn't ask me if her hair was all right, if her lipstick was on straight, or if I liked her dress.

For some reason I have an aversion to a girl who tries to turn me into a talking mirror. I figure that she should have herself put together when I call for her, and

that she shouldn't third-degree me about it.

I knew that night what has been demonstrated a hundred times since: Debbie has excellent taste. She always wears the appropriate garment.

She never gets all done-up, even for formal parties. She knows that a fellow may get a kick out of staring at a girl wearing a form-fitting gold sort of mermaid-skin gown, but he doesn't want to be her escort.

Another thing about Debbie that impressed me on our first date was her seriousness about her career. We hadn't exchanged ten sentences before we hit upon the subjects of ambition and accomplishment. We agreed that acting is a craft that demands constant schooling and that, during the early stages of a theatrical career, everything else in one's life has to be placed second to the upward climb.

I suppose this is as good a spot as any to answer the question every columnist in town has asked us repeatedly during the past three or four months: is our friendship really a romance?

I think that's an unfair question. I think two people should be allowed to be friends for at least a year or two before strangers begin to play "Lohengrin" for them. If a man denies the rumors, he's ungallant.

If a girl denies them, she has to be very careful in choosing her words and her tone to avoid seeming either to confirm the rumors indirectly, or to be tossing the poor guy off as a joker of no importance.

I thought Debbie handled it very well when she said that she and I were in complete agreement that right now our careers came first. We had plenty of time for romance, she explained, but, at present, friendship with someone in the same profession was our chief interest.

When we aren't working in a picture, we get together several times a week and practice tap routines. Debbie is a patient teacher and as soon as my feet receive the message, we'll learn some great routines.

We like to dance (ballroom) at the Palladium about once a month, and occasionally we take in a night spot where some particular singer or orchestra is featured. We don't go for the usual nightclub routine; after all, I'm operating on thirty-five bucks per week (that's what I'm allowed by my business manager who happens to be my dad).

Debbie is sensible; she'd rather spend an evening around a phonograph playing and replaying Les Baxter's silky version of "Blue Tango." Or recreating episodes from some pictures we have seen recently. This sort of thing is fine training with a girl like Debbie, who is sharp enough a critic to detect stress, strain, and over-acting. She has an eloquent phrase with which she corrects me when I get a little too "great."

To introduce it, I'll have to explain that I have a sister four years older than I. She is married and has two youngsters, a boy almost four years old, and a little girl just past two. They call me "Uncle R.J."

Debbie and I stopped at my sister's house one afternoon and were met by my nephew, who launched himself into Debbie's arms and then turned to me to remark critically, "Uncle R. J. is an old ham."

Miss Reynolds has not forgotten this for a moment, nor has she allowed Uncle R.J. to forget it. This situation brings up my only criticism of Miss Debbie Reynolds: her memory is too darned good.

Aside from that she's my favorite friend. And pretty, too.

THE END

The Quiet One

(Continued from page 49)

Russell mounted the wildly bucking bronco and rode, digging his knees into the sides of the drum to keep his seat.

"Now that," John declared, "is a horse a boy can learn on."

It's just a tiny incident, but it reveals better than many more dramatic things which have happened to us Dereks just what sort of man my husband is.

In a crisis—and it seems we have had nothing but a series of crises since we first knew our baby was on the way—John has a way of locking up his emotions. Unless you know him very well, you get the impression that he doesn't feel things very deeply.

Actually he is so acutely sensitive, cares so much about the half dozen people in his life whom he really loves that in crucial moments he must steel his nerve ends against pain or he would collapse when most needed.

Our baby is alive today only through a series of medical miracles, and—let me add quickly—God's help and our own iron wills. He was born two years ago on April 13 with a separation of the esophagus. This meant major surgery in the first twenty-four hours of his life.

Not more than forty infants, I am told, have survived this delicate operation—and our Russell was premature and frighteningly weak and small; his chances were at an absolute minimum.

This is what I mean by a crisis.

Near hysteria, I wept and prayed when our doctor told us what had to be done. John accepted the news with steely calm, only his tight lips and white face betrayed his inner agony.

I think I would have lost my mind waiting for news if John had not been so calmly hopeful. When the news came at last that our baby had made it, I wept with relief. John, still unable to show his suffering, went into the little bathroom off my hospital room, and was sick.

He's like that.

He's terribly grown up for his years. I would say a little too grown up except that his stability under extreme pressure proved invaluable in the months after Russell was born. Our crisis in the hospital was only the beginning of a prolonged nightmare. There were scheduled horrors—the monthly (at first) trips to the hospital where Russell, so little and so helpless, was anesthetized and his esophagus stretched with a glass tube. And there were the emergencies when, despite the most meticulous care in his feedings, he would choke and turn black in my arms and have to be rushed to our doctor for treatment.

John kept his head and we got to help in time every time.

Now Russell is miraculously two years old, miraculously healthy and happy. And John is triumphant in his own calm, understated way.

The boy is going to grow up and be a regular fellow, like his daddy was, and ride, and hunt and swim with his daddy as a teacher. For a beginning he has a "proper horse," and it is only the beginning.

But it has been a long, hard pull, and a tiring one.

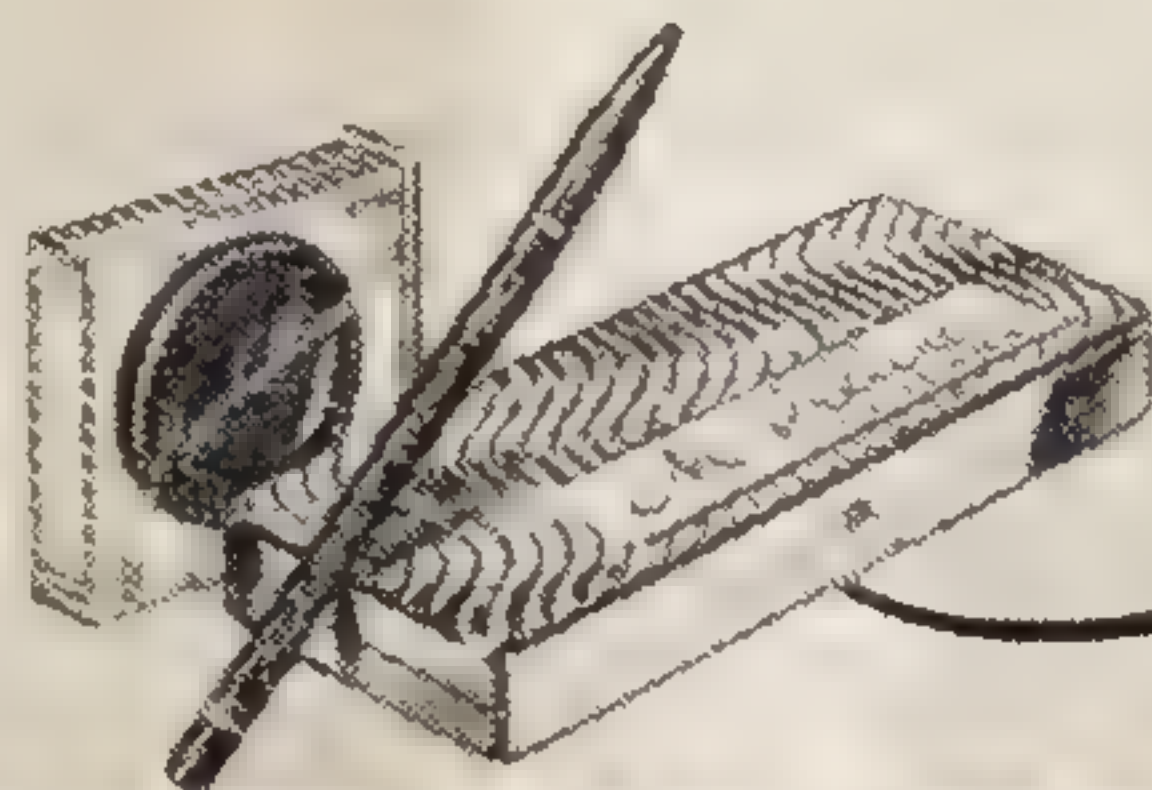
For over a month we had no help in the house at all, and I spent all of every day—and John did too, when he wasn't at the studio—in the nursery or the kitchen. I collapsed like a rag doll as soon as the baby was tucked into bed.

I felt a little guilty about it. I was so



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tired and harassed that I had no energy left to be a real wife for my young, handsome husband. I had no time, it seemed, to set my hair attractively, or to get out of my blue jeans and rumpled T-shirt to look pretty for John when he came home from work.

It came home to me forcibly one day when I took Russell with me to the market. He spied John's picture in a movie magazine.

"Daddy, daddy, daddy," he shrieked, and I felt the disbelief of the shoppers near by. "A movie star's wife! That frump in the crumpled slacks and her hair every which way! Ridiculous!"

I went right home and curled my hair and put on my prettiest, most feminine dress, and I told John about it when he came home.

"It's not right," I told him. "It's not fair to you."

John laughed at me.

"We'll have plenty of time to dress up and make an impression," he said, "when things ease up a bit."

He's like that, as I've said, terribly grown up in some ways, more considerate and understanding than many men twice his age.

And, in other ways, he is such a little boy.

He got every bit as much kick, for instance, as Russell did out of his creation of the little horse. I think he was a little put out that he couldn't ride the thing himself, put it through its paces.

Russell has a favorite television program, "Range Riders." Mahoney is the greatest hero who ever lived. But once when Russell had a sniffle and was put early to bed, John turned on the show for himself.

"I can tell the kid what happened," he said. But, actually, he is pretty star-struck by Mahoney and his riders himself.

A few weeks ago, the circus came to town, and John came home with three tickets. Russell, he said, was old enough now to go to the circus. We really *should* take him.

I called the doctor first. I *always* call the doctor first. He advised against the outing. . . . There were too many cases of measles and mumps around. Our baby had been through so much in his two years; better not expose him to other hazards just yet.

So Russell didn't go to the circus. And Mommie didn't go to the circus. But Daddy went to the circus.

He's just a little boy sometimes. And I'm glad—for he has it coming.

His own childhood was pretty grim. His parents, two highly individualistic and tempestuous people concerned with their own careers, his father as a producer and director, his mother as an actress, were divorced when John was five. After that he was pretty much on his own, living in one exclusive boarding school after another, making his own friends, shifting for himself.

Until, when he was nine years old, and captivated the imagination of Russell Harlan, a cameraman who was a good friend of his mother's, he had never had any real companionship with a grown-up. Harlan taught him all the skills John wants to teach our son now—riding, and swimming and shooting. They went camping together, packing into the hills for days at a time. . . . but as two men who could look out for themselves. John had somehow skipped boyhood.

Our Russell, of course, is named for Russ Harlan, and our Russell will not skip boyhood.

We'd like him to have some brothers and sisters, hope that we can arrange it,

but even if he should remain an only child he will never be lonely—because his daddy is only too eager to grow up with him.

John built a barbecue in our patio, Russell helped him paint it. John papered our dining room with his collection of bullfight posters from Mexico; Russell helped mix the paste. They're co-workers and pals.

John has never liked to plan for anything. (Probably because anticipation when he was a child was followed so often by disappointment.)

But for Russell he will plan. As soon as he is able he will go to nursery school. He needs companions of his own age. Our trips to the hospital for Russell's treatments are more and more infrequent now, thank heaven, and we get better news every time we go. Despite their harrowing side these trips have become a sort of holiday for the baby. We took a private room for him at first, then one day John stuck his head into one of the wards and saw that all of the children were laughing and talking together.

"I think Russ would like it better in the ward," he said. We had him moved. It was wonderful to see.

"He talks so fast and so constantly," the nurse told us, "that I can't even take his temperature."

So he has to have some pals, and soon.

John will plan for that.

And probably because he has a family now, and a chartable future, he is beginning to be willing to plan for himself.

He wants to go on acting, of course—he is yearning for a role he can really get his teeth into. He would love to play *Joaquin Murrieta*. "No more suppressed parts, please." He really analyzes a character before he plays it, and he has ideas. But nobody listens.

"Nobody ever listens to an actor," he says. And he accepts it without bitterness, because he is like that.

But one day—he is planning for the first time in his life—one day he will direct pictures. And people will have to listen.

In the meantime, he will listen, and work, and wait.

One thing is certain. Whatever is demanded of him in the future, John will be in shape for it.

He is almost compulsive about keeping fit. He rides, he fences, he boxes, he goes for long tramps through the hills with our dogs.

When it rains—and this year it rained!—he is like a caged panther. Then he takes out all of his amazing energy on the bar bells.

He would teach Russ, if our little fellow were just a bit bigger. Since that is out for the time being, he lures me or whatever friends happen to be about into competing with him.

Up—down, up—down, up—down . . . twenty or thirty times. The wicked things seem deceptively light.

"Good girl," John will approve, and with a twinkle, the villain will add, "Boy! Are you going to be sore in the morning!" And is he ever right!

If patience will do it, with the added asset of the best-tended set of muscles in town, John can pretty well choose what he wants to do with his life from now on.

Nothing—not even the future—frightens John any more. (Didn't we bring our baby through? What could be harder than that?)

Only good things can happen to us now. Because they're due.

For the first time in his life, John believes that.

THE END

Thank Heavens I Can Swim

(Continued from page 63)

"Every day Mr. Tongay would think up rude things to rile me with," Esther told me with a reminiscent shudder. "Things like: 'Are you really a champion? Then how come I don't have any scrapbooks on you?' But I knew that if I held on my chance would come. And, by golly, it did. One day Mr. Tongay, after sneering more than usual, said, 'My six-year-old son, Bubba, can beat you, I can beat you, and in a year the baby can beat you.' Brother, this was it! I was mad, but I said very sweetly, 'Then why don't we have a race?' That shook him, but not much. He said it was fine with him."

You can imagine the whispering on the set. Esther's whole swimming career was at stake. To be beaten by a six-year-old boy, a middle-aged man, and perhaps a baby?

"It would have made a fascinating story for the press," Esther says, "but, thank God, it didn't happen. What Mr. Tongay didn't know and very few other people do know is that every morning, no matter how late I'm out the night before, I swim for a quarter of a mile in my pool. So I'm always in top swimming condition. But these Tongay kids are good. The six-year-old one actually could swim the Channel. But I was really mad. While everyone watched, I beat them by half a tank." It was so exciting they kept it in the picture.

And then something really awful happened. While Esther was drying, she heard agonized sobbing. It was little Bubba gasping and weeping for dear life.

"Whereupon," Esther says, "the mother in me started working. I felt like a heel, and I took Bubba in my arms and told him to stop crying. And I felt simply terrible when he managed to say, 'You beat me, and my daddy said no one can ever beat me.' I'd like to have beaten his father over the head with a little good psychology."

The dictionary defines psychology as the science of mind. All her life, Esther has used her mind for everyday living—from the time she decided to be a success with boys in high school, to running her marriage, raising her children, and coping with big business. There was only one time, to my knowledge, when Esther's psyche went off beam—when the Hollywood Women's Press Club gave her the sour apple last year for being the least co-operative actress of the year.

But there are several sides to every apple.

"And," relates her mother, "Esther comes home exhausted after a long day at the studio, and it's understandable that she wants to be alone with Ben and the children. Even so, I've seen her let her dinner get cold, because someone was waiting to do a layout of the house or write a story." The sour-apple accolade astonished Esther and hurt her. "Especially when she'd keep her babies awake for hours to take pictures. Esther's trouble," says her mother, "is her total inability to say no. She wants to say yes so much. She'd say yes when she shouldn't

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and then get there too late. She has great
energy, and wants to do everything, but
she can't. So she gets into trouble."

Let nobody fool nobody at this point.
Esther adores publicity. She knows it's
a big part of her particular trade. In fact,
and this is a revealing insight into the
machinery of her mind, at a recent medal-
giving dinner, Esther's husband, Ben Gage,
buttonholed the editor of the magazine
and said, "There has to be something
wrong with a poll that Esther wasn't in."
Esther roared with laughter, but I didn't
hear a disclaimer.

To understand Esther, you must know
her mother, who with Esther's older sis-
ter, Dr. Maurine Fellstrom, counsels at a
college of Human Relationship. "I've been
doing it for sixteen years," says Mrs.
(Doctor) Bula Williams. "Of course I
helped Esther. But this pupil is better
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out clearly and objectively."

For those of you who don't know or
have forgotten how Esther's objectivity
started, we'll do a movie cutback to when
Esther was about to enter high school.
Esther was never ugly. But she was in-
different as to how she looked. She rarely
bothered to comb her hair and, as her
mother puts it, she was a fifth child in a
dizzy household. Her closest companion
was her brother, two years older. She
was a tomboy plus, and it never entered
her head to try to look pretty. Boys were
something you played ball with, and she
wondered why her few girl friends always
giggled when you mentioned a boy's name.
She felt left out of things.

But she learned the great lesson—to be
objective. Esther's battle was won when
she came to her mother one day and said,
"Mother, everyone's worrying about
whether they're popular or not. And
everyone's worrying about whether they'll
make the grade. So now, instead of my
worrying about whether they smile at
me, I'm going to smile at everybody."
Esther's never had inhibitions, and it
worked like a charm.

It always works with Ben, who is quite
uninhibited himself. Esther is smart
enough to let him be the boss. She rides
him with a loose rein (to get horsy for a
minute). But, on the other hand, Ben
never takes advantage of it. I was with
Esther at a recent party. Ben had wan-
dered off to be very charming to some
ladies at another table, and it was quite
something the way Esther kept an ani-
mated conversation going with me with-
out ever losing sight of Ben. And when
he looked up, and caught the invisible
signal, he trotted back like the good boy
he is. She didn't have to say, "Now Ben,
you've gone far enough, you'd better sit
down here." But he did.

Mrs. Gage's marital psychology is inter-
estingly different. She believes you must
care about what other people think. It is
usually thought that all psychiatrists ad-
vocate complete freedom of action. But
Esther believes in controlled behavior,
especially if you are a movie star and in
the limelight. "We're in a showcase,"
she has told me, "and we don't even kid
like the other people." Naturally there
are times in marriage when things go
wrong—and they have for Ben and
Esther—but in Esther's code you don't
talk about it until the irritability has
passed.

Because a man is supposed to have
more business ability than a woman,
Esther has created the myth that she's
just a helpless little girl where dollars
are concerned, and she hates to talk about
money, and isn't it lucky for her that she
has a great big, strong financial genius like

Ben to handle all their money matters?

Ben is bright and he's making a good
success of their Trails Restaurant, and of
their aluminum doors and windows busi-
ness, and he's Esther's very capable
business manager. But when a better
business brain than Esther's is born, the
Rockefellers and Morgans had better
watch out.

And while most of the stars today from
Turner to Sinatra are struggling to make
their income-tax ends meet, Esther should
be a rich woman when she wants to, or
has to, retire. Nothing in the Gage menage
is wasted. Until the Gages had children,
they didn't even employ a maid who lived
in. They built their first swimming pool
themselves and made most of the furni-
ture.

And even today, when Esther can get it
for free, she sees no reason why she
should pay. Not long ago, she was doing
a picture layout at the Farmers' Market,
posed against a candy stall. "You're going
to get free publicity," she told the con-
fectioner, "so how about some candy?"
He handed Esther a pound of his choicest
sweets. "No, not that," said Esther, reach-
ing for a five-pound box. "This."

Esther's psychology chart runs from A
to D for discipline. For herself and for
her family. The morning swim is part of
the deal, because she likes parties and
she likes to eat. Well, this way she can
have her cake and eat it. The exercise
keeps her thin, and the food keeps her
merry, and the heck with calorie counting.

And she is passing on to her children
a fine heritage of self-control. When
Benjy or Kimmie falls down and gets hurt,
she doesn't pretend to ignore the incident
as nothing at all, nor does she ladle out
a lot of sympathy. She gets terrifically
interested, and asks the child to tell how
it all happened, and when he's finished,
she starts it all over again and by the time
he's through for the third time, the child
is so bored with it all he's forgotten how
the darn thing started, let alone finished.

If the injury is serious, Esther explains
all the mechanics of the bandaging, and
the boy is so interested he forgets to pity
himself.

She uses the same psychological ap-
proach to her acting career. "As long as
I can swim and my pictures make money,
why should I want to be an actress?" I've
heard Esther say over and over again. She
learned her lesson when she tried to act
with William Powell in "Hoodlum Saint."
It's the only one of her pictures which
flopped. As Fanny Brice said when some-
one asked, "Is she a star?"—"Wet she is,
dry she ain't."

But she's always a good friend, as Joan
Evans learned during "Skirts Ahoy." When
director Sidney Lanfield was mad at
Esther for any reason, he seemed to
take it out on Joan. "I know what he's
doing," Esther consoled the younger ac-
tress, "but don't let him break you down."
And it was Esther who led the applause
for Joan in the projection room, when
viewing one of Joan's dramatic takes.
Made them both feel very good.

Of course, the psychological approach
was working 'way back in 1942 when
Esther told L. B. Mayer in effect to go
jump in a swimming pool when he wanted
to sign her. The more reluctant Esther
appeared to be, the more L. B. just had
to have her. "If I get it, fine—if not,
thank heavens I can swim!" said Esther.
It worked out fine with him. And I have
a hunch it will always work out fine for
Esther. And I hope it does. In her own
psychological fashion, she's really kind
of wonderful.

THE END

I'm in Love With My Best Friend's Wife

(Continued from page 58)

Some time fixing her hair. So what happened? This happened: she fell in the pool. Or could it be that I pushed her? A psychologist could base a complete character analysis on the way some people react after a ducking. Some of them blutter and squawk and get madder than a wet owl. Others grin foolishly and try to cover up the fact that their dignity has become badly warped. Once in a while you meet a girl like Janet Leigh. When she came up, the water was already churning with her laughter. She shook her head like a frisky pup and she mortled in high glee. "This is wonderful! I'm glad I didn't waste time putting on a bathing suit." And she stayed in twenty minutes for a frolic and a swim. Then she swam over to the edge of the pool where I was standing. She reached up and she said, "Hey, Jerry. Give the girl a hand, will you?"

When Janet was halfway out of the water she started to reverse her field. She fell backward and she hauled me with her. She hollered, "Come on in, the water's fine!" And I went flying into the water. Me and my gray flannels and my fancy sport shirt.

Of course that was the perfect pay off. Just like an old Chaplin movie. When I ducked my head out of the water I was greeted by a double chorus of raffish laughter. Janet was shaking so hard she was having trouble hanging onto the edge of the pool.

Soon after Janet and Tony started going together we all knew that they had fallen in love. When Janet had to go out of town I located Tony used to call her on the phone every day. Then he started phoning two or three times a day. One day I talked to her seven different times.

Later, Tony and I were having a talk. He said, "She's quite a girl, isn't she?" I said, "Look, schnook. This girl has everything. She is neat and clean andugal and gorgeous. She has a sense of humor, and she likes kids and dogs. And she can cook pretty good, too. So what's the matter, you got rocks in your head? Are you going to marry her?" "No," said Tony with a large grin. "Yes."

Now we see Janet and Tony more than before the wedding. They have an apartment near our house, and we visit back and forth two or three times a week.

Janet and Patti have become good pals. They go cycling or riding or shopping together. In the evenings Tony and I build model boats or airplanes and the girls put their heads together and talk about clothes and books and men and love.

Sometimes we play penny-ante poker. In this, Janet is unpredictable. For a while she plays conservatively and according to Hoyle. When she draws she figures the percentages. When she raises you know she's got the cards.

After a few rounds of quiet, man-type draw poker she is apt to get the deal and then roll back her sleeves and announce, "Now then, let's separate the men from the boys. This is not for the weak-kneed or the chicken-livered. It'll be seven-card stud, high-low and split the pot, with the deuces and one-eyed jacks wild. So if you want to stay in you'd better sit tight and buckle your safety belts. There may be heavy weather ahead."

And you know what can happen when you play games like that. You can't win!

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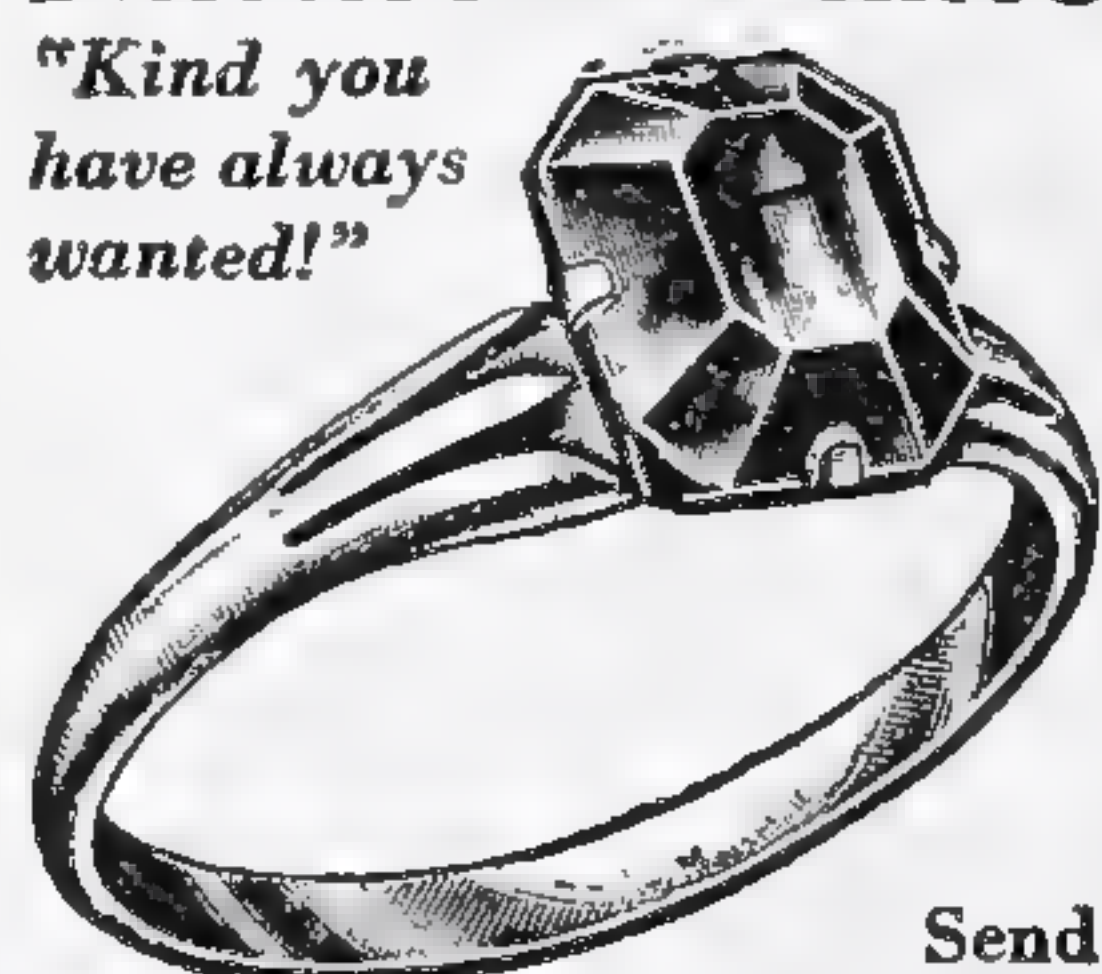


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One night she took me for a dollar and forty-three cents. Women!

I don't have to tell you that Janet Leigh is beautiful. It's a matter of facial planes and bone structure; of legs and hair and eyes and shoulders. Tony, as you can well imagine, is aware of this. And a casual conversation will often develop along these lines:

Tony: You're a fine girl. Sort of cute and beautiful.

Janet: Oh, go on. You're just saying that.

Tony: Incidentally, I love you. Or have I mentioned it before?

Janet: I love you, too.

Tony: Here's an idea. Come live with me and be my love.

Janet: Sorry. I have a prior engagement. A slight case of marriage.

Tony: Indeed? Anyone I know?

Janet: It happened in Connecticut. Fellow name of Tony Curtis.

Tony: Lucky guy.

Janet: Lucky me.

Tony's wife is a paradox in many ways. She looks sort of delicate and fragile, but she has the constitution of a plow hand.

If we choose up sides for a game of soft ball on the vacant lot, Janet is always there. When she throws the ball she looks like Yogi Berra on a flat toss to second. And she can hit and run and field just like a man. But in a sweat shirt and a pair of postage-stamp pants you'd never mistake her for the male of the species.

At times she is strictly from pixie. Once when she wanted to leave a note for Tony, she pinned it to a shelf inside the refrigerator.

"Why not?" she asked, wide-eyed. "That's the first place he'll look when he gets home."

She also has a wide streak of sound common sense. She believes in sensible living and sensible eating. Before she knew Tony he used to exist almost entirely on chili beans, pickles, hot dogs and his favorite drink, orange soda pop. Now he has a more balanced diet of salads, vegetables, milk, eggs and roast meats. And orange soda pop.

Janet is an excellent organizer and she is always meticulous about social engagements and appointments. Whereas Tony is inclined to be impetuous about such things, and often finds himself in hot water because of his inability to say no to his friends, Janet will never make a promise unless she knows that she can keep it.

She is never without her "little black

book" in which she notes all her appointments and lists her daily expenditures for such items as stamps, gasoline, tips, taxi fares and cosmetics. This, she will inform you seriously, is "for income tax purposes."

As an actress, Janet is potentially one of the brightest stars in Hollywood. She has great heart and depth, and she lives everything she does. She has the uncanny ability of being able to stir you mentally emotionally and chemically all at the same time.

She is unusually critical of her own work. When she sees herself on the screen she often wishes she had a chance to play the scene over again. On the other hand she is entirely without false modesty. If she thinks she has done a good job and turned in a commendable performance she will not hesitate to say so.

On the set she is a director's dream. She works hard, concentrates well, and no effort is too great if she feels it will add to the merit of the completed picture.

Tony's wife smokes moderately but she is a chain coffee drinker. She likes it black and scalding hot. She rarely drinks alcoholic beverages.

She prefers small parties of six or eight people, but she also likes big formal affairs because they give her an excuse to "dress up." Her idea of a wonderful evening is to cook a steak for Tony and then go to a movie.

She used to be quite clothes conscious and she now admits that some of her gowns were much too extreme and daring. Today her clothes are more conservative. Recently she was delighted when an old friend congratulated her on her excellent taste in clothes, and added, "In a simple black tailored dress like that you look ever sexier and more beautiful than ever."

She loves to read—especially biographies and current novels like "The Caine Mutiny" and "The Brave Bulls." For several weeks she carried a large volume of Shakespeare while she was on the set. And this wasn't for effect, as some people thought, for she read every word of it.

She sings and plays the piano and has an excellent collection of records. These are mostly semi-classical and "show" tunes but recently she has been buying the bebop and hot jazz numbers which are Tony's favorites. Also when Tony was rehearsing his prizefight role in "Flesh and Fury" she spent hours holding a pillow so that he could spar and punch into it.

That's Tony's wife. She's for real!

THE END

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No One Can Ask More

(Continued from page 67)

This was a day they'd remember as strange and sad. To fathom its mood, you must know the Ladds, whose emotions run deep under the quiet surface, to whom people mean infinitely more than things. The decision to Alan to leave Paramount had been made long since, but still the day of actual leave-taking caught them off base emotionally. The memories of ten good years crowded upon them. . . .

Ten years ago Alan was working in "Joan of Paris" at RKO. Sue Carol was his agent. She got Bill Meiklejohn, Paramount's casting director, steamed up about him and Meiklejohn sent him over to Frank Tuttle's house to read. Tuttle's first reaction was something less than lukewarm. Just an average looking joe, he concluded. Nothing in his face that would make him believable as the killer in "This Gun for Hire."

But as the average looking joe read, his face turned steel bright and hard. Power blazed in the eyes. His low voice rang with authority. From the mysterious sources where such things lie hidden, Alan Ladd's magnetism leaped and set fire to Tuttle. He ordered a test—none of your blue-plate regulars but the kind that takes two full days and costs real dough.

They ran it for Buddy De Sylva, a man who knew his mind. "That's all," he said. No more tests. This is the guy."

Over at RKO, Alan was still working in "Joan of Paris." Sitting on one of the benches in the quadrangle, he kept his eyes glued on the door through which Sue would be coming to join him for lunch. Finally it swung open and he strode forward to meet her.

"I've got something to tell you."

"I've got something to tell you," Sue interrupted breathlessly.

"They want to sign me here at RKO."

"They want to sign you at Paramount or 'Gun.'"

On a bench in the quadrangle they talked it out. RKO offered more money. Paramount offered a great part. To one Alan's spot, the cash was tempting. He took courage and vision to turn down the larger income. They turned it down. The part was the thing.

"If I do a good job," said Alan, "others may hire me. If not, I'll have had my chance and no one can ask more."

Soon enough it was obvious to everyone but Ladd that "This Gun for Hire" had given birth to a star. When people said so, he squirmed. Shy, unassuming, lacking in self-assurance, he refused to believe it. Life had banged him around too long for him to accept any such easy verdicts. Not till the studio sent him to New York did he even begin to realize what his impact had been.

He and Sue stood in front of the theatre where "Gun" was playing, staring up at the marquee and bedlam broke loose. The moment they were two alone on a sidewalk. Next, they formed the hub of a crowd gone wild, yelling his name, begging for autographs, thrusting to get near him. It was his first experience of the kind, and it scared him blue. But over and above his panic surged a wave of wondering gratitude toward these people who were kind enough to like him.

Ten fat box-office years have done remarkably little to change Alan's attitude. Producer Henry Blanke discovered not long ago. Alan, talking to Blanke about "The Iron Mistress," his first Warner picture, kept stressing the importance of a g-name feminine lead. "If people don't

like me, they'll like the other star. If they won't pay to see me, they'll pay to see her."

Blanke found this uproariously funny. To Alan, it's not funny. He takes nothing for granted and sees no reason why ten years of success should guarantee eleven, or even ten and a day.

They celebrated their tenth anniversary last March 15th. The Ladds' idea of marriage is for husband and wife to be together. Till they started their house and Sue had to be on the spot to supervise details, she lunched with him every day. In good days and bad, in small crises and large, he was conscious of Sue at his side. But in one department she left him strictly alone. As an actor, Alan took over alone.

But let anyone ask him how he got where he is today, and the answer comes arrow-swift. "Susie did it."

A clue to Ladd is his avoidance of the first person singular. We comes more easily to his lips than I. We includes Sue as a matter of course, but many others too.

His early contacts with the press were nightmares to Alan. Sitting shriveled in dread, he'd stumble and mutter through interviews, wipe the beads from his brow as the door closed and spring a fresh crop as he wondered if he'd said the wrong things. This inner paralysis held him tight in its grip until little by little it began to dawn on him that these people came in a cordial spirit, not to probe and grill, but to seek legitimate information. Learning to know them better, he began to defreeze. Many became his friends, all his well-wishers. The trust between them has never been betrayed.

Among those who have helped him up the ladder, he never fails to rank his newspaper friends.

We includes, high up, the boys on the back lot. With them, Alan's unquestionably the best-loved actor in Paramount's history, and the feeling's mutual.

Kindnesses done by the Ladds they won't discuss. For kindnesses shown them, their memory is long. They still talk of the gold pencil Alan got from the crew when he left for the Army, and the beautiful leather chair to celebrate his return. To hear the other side, you must go to the others, and the stories come tumbling. Stories of sickness and sorrow, eased by the compassionate hearts of the Ladds and their unobtrusive generosity. Stories of comradeship.

Alan's dressing room was more than a dressing room to him. It helped to steady the ground under his feet. Up to the time he got his dressing room he was still on trial in his own mind, serving an apprenticeship at Paramount, uncertain whether he'd make the grade or not.

On his return from service, Paramount at least must have felt that the people had voted yes on Alan Ladd. Government controls prevented a salary raise. In lieu of money, they gave him a star's dressing room and *carte blanche* to furnish it as he pleased. In Connecticut, he and Sue picked up some antiques which the studio paid for. Walls were knocked out, the whole place refurbished to their taste, and Alan stepped into his early American home away from home.

"Like it?" asked Sue without needing to ask.

For a moment he stood quiet, soaking it in. "Know something, honey? For the first time I feel kind of permanent."

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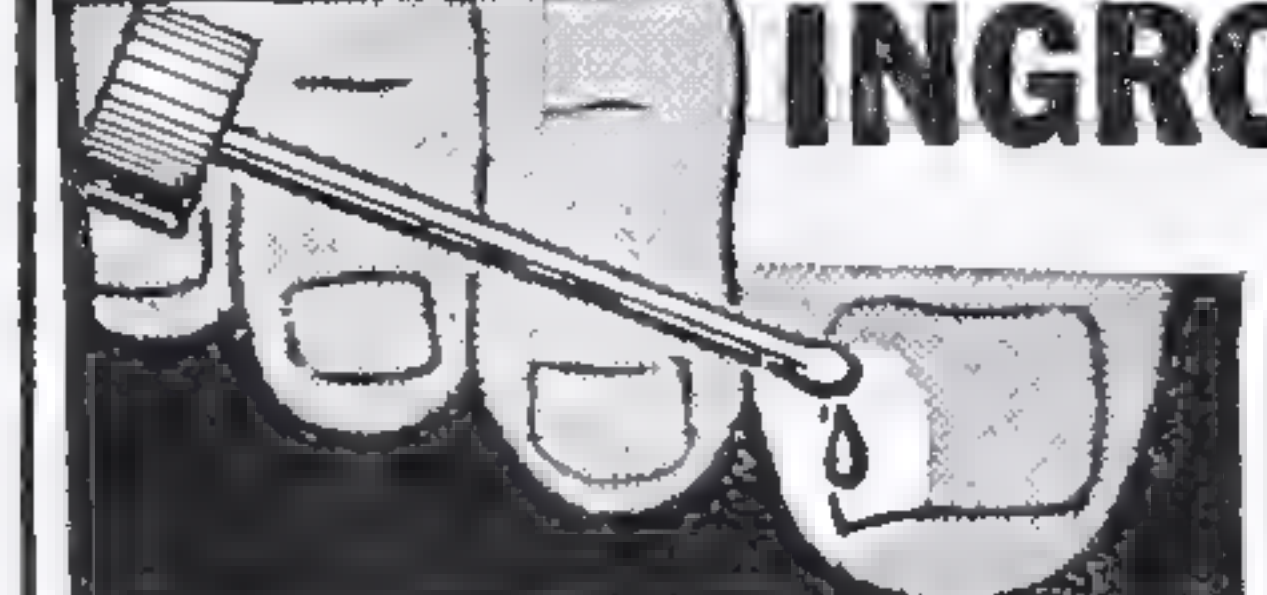
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its associations, he grew to love it as you might love something animate. Once, during his years at Paramount, he went on suspension. Vital issues were involved, but Alan walked out on the following exit line: "And if anyone's put in my dressing room while I'm gone, I'll be gone for a long time."

Now the furniture goes with him over to Warners'. "I'd like to buy it," he told Frank Freeman of Paramount.

"We won't sell it to you, but we'll give it to you."

The furniture goes with him. He leaves behind the room which is part of his life and Sue's, a place of dreams fulfilled and disappointed, of hope and pain and cheer, a place where friends came to laugh and sometimes to weep. A good place, but no longer Alan's. You couldn't have paid him to go near it on moving day.

For the most part, Alan's relations with Paramount were pleasant. It's an open secret that the Ladd name carried his pictures, many of which were flimsy vehicles. "Why worry?" argued his bosses. "They make money, don't they?" "Nobody's strong enough," Alan argued back, "to stand up under a load of weak material." Again and again properties were bought that made his mouth water. They were used to prop up lesser names, or as loan-out bait. From the studio's standpoint, this was smart business. But Alan had his and his family's future to consider. With his contract nearing its close, Warners' made him an offer. And around the same time he suffered a bitter disappointment at Paramount.

Picking up the *Hollywood Reporter* one morning, his eyes bugged out. "Detective Story," ran the item under a New York dateline, had been bought for Alan Ladd. He read it twice, complete with details that sounded valid and conclusive.

At the studio he flagged an executive. "Is it true that I'm doing 'Detective Story'?"

"We haven't closed the deal yet. Expect to close it over the weekend."

By Monday morning the item had been corrected. It was true that Paramount had bought "Detective Story," but definitely not for Alan Ladd.

Basically, Alan left Paramount because Warners' offered him the kind of deal he wanted: a flat sum plus 10 per cent of the gross, freedom for outside pictures, story approval and—most important of all—residual rights which insured for his kids a share in the profits of his labors. Two months after he'd signed, the Paramount brass were still laying bets that he wouldn't. They lost.

But they lost with magnanimity. If they'd given him poor stories now, Alan

wouldn't have blamed them. They did the reverse. His last two assignments—"Shane" and "Botany Bay"—are the best he's drawn since "Gun for Hire." He never stops being grateful for the thrill of working with director George Stevens. Since Alan is not given to bursts of enthusiasm, you take his quiet words at their face value. "I learned more from this man in sixteen weeks than I've learned in years. He made me feel that I was in the bigtime at last, like a performer who gets the closing act."

Paramount went further. Under his contract he owed them two more pictures. Since the Warner deal wasn't due to start till November, they could have squeezed the two in. But Alan was eager to do "The Iron Mistress," offered him as an extra picture on the Burbank lot. To make this possible, Paramount released him ahead of time. The two pictures due them, he'll deliver in '53 and '54. It's an arrangement that makes for good feeling all 'round.

In any case, Warners' is Alan's home lot now with first call on his time, and new excitement's stirring over there. They've put on extra help in the fan-mail department, and the glamour gals have been knocking themselves out in tests to play opposite Ladd. Virginia Mayo with him in "The Iron Mistress."

Long before Alan saw the inside of Paramount, Warners' was home to him in a different way. For two years he worked there as a grip, thinking his thoughts, nursing what seemed then impossible fantasies. Approaching the place again after all this time, his hands took a tighter grip on the wheel. Sue knew he was shaking inside, and shot a sidelong glance in his direction.

He caught it and grinned. "I'm okay, honey. Only here's where I used to punch in with my overalls on. Now we're driving through the gates in a new car to see a producer. Can't help feeling strange."

"Well, the lot won't feel strange any way. You know every foot of it."

"But not the people. They've all gone their separate ways."

Change is the law of life. He'll meet new people and forge new ties, because the atmosphere he carries with him breeds loyalty and friendship. Moving day behind him. His eyes face forward now. To anyone else, the future would look pretty solid. Being Ladd, he'll take it day at a time.

The past?

"There's only one line to cover that Alan says, 'and I hope Bob won't mind.' It's . . . thanks for the memories . . . for mine—no one could ask more."

THE END

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Do You Want Ingrid Bergman Back?

(Continued from page 39)

to have made her a definite picture offer. Bergman herself says: "I may make pictures in America again—time will see. It depends on my husband's decision. We have discussed taking 'Europe 1952' to America for a world premiere."

"But before we make a picture I would like to do a play—perhaps in New York on Broadway."

When Ingrid retired from the screen three years ago to await the birth of her son, Renato, she announced that she never would act in another picture. Last winter, however, she was again in the studios working in "Europe 1952."

For her change of mind she has offered no apology. And indeed no apology is needed. No one who knew her really believed she would be able to stay away from the cameras. As she says:

"Picture making has been so much of my life for so long that I am happy doing it. And," she adds, showing that her love of Rossellini for which she paid so dearly still survives, "Doctor Rossellini is so great that it is inspirational to work with him. His pictures are great because they are real, not make-believe; true and sincere documents."

For several months now there have been indications—obvious to anyone familiar with Hollywood's wheels within wheels—that the producers would like to star Bergman in an American movie—if they could be sure the public would support her.

What are these indications? Newspaper items, for one thing, items that tell human and warming things about her, items calculated to be both provocative and endearing. These items are a test of public reaction, and producers are carefully watching that reaction. There have been, also, innumerable news pictures—showing Ingrid at work with Rossellini and with their two-year-old son, an enchanting child, no one can deny. And—before her recent pregnancy, which X-rays indicate will make her the mother of twins—there were glamorous pictures of her at the Italian opera, at parties in Paris, holidaying in Venice. This means that she—and Rossellini too—are quite willing to woo the American public again.

Bergman also is dressing well these days. "There was a time," she says, "when I never gave clothes a thought—just costumes for pictures. But the Italian women dress so elegantly—and now that I am one of them, I am very clothes conscious."

The Jack Bennys were the first to draw her back into the Hollywood circle. Jack, devoted to Ingrid who accompanied him to the South Pacific to entertain troops, entertained for her at a small dinner at the Grand Hotel in Rome.

At this party Bergman appeared happy to talk about Hollywood. And Mervyn LeRoy, also a guest, invited her to visit Cinecitta where "Quo Vadis" was filming. She arrived quite unannounced one morning and an undercurrent of excitement followed wherever she went. In the spotlight, no matter how small, Bergman always is brilliant and compelling. Such a personality cannot be hidden or lost.

Looking out over the big sets, the Technicolor equipment, the large crew at work she said, "It's wonderful! Just like home, when I was making 'Joan of Arc.'" And for three hours she sat watching, quite oblivious to the stir her presence occasioned among prop men, extras, players and executives alike.

Interest in Bergman never has waned.

Hedda Hopper, the famous columnist and my colleague on Photoplay, tells me that on her recent lecture tour—after which she conducted a question and answer session—she was asked, always, about Bergman. Many who asked about her also condemned her. *But they asked about her.* Which means that three years after forsaking her child, career and husband—I think I have observed the proper order—for the love of one Roberto Rossellini, she is well remembered.

Bergman, let us face it, kicked over the traces in a way no other star ever has done. There are many who would forgive her for leaving her husband, who cannot forgive her for leaving her child. Not that she ever abandoned Pia, renamed Jenny Ann, really. When she joined Rossellini in Italy it was, above all, to make a movie. For it was only after they were together over there that the excitement they had for each other—at first attributed to an artistic *sympatica*—proved a grand passion.

Always she wrote to Jenny Ann, talked to her on the telephone and sent her thoughtful presents. In fact, when she saw Mervyn LeRoy over there she called him aside. "Would you—when you go home to Hollywood—give Pia this watch?" she asked, tears in her eyes. "And would you tell her how much I love her, and how much I miss her?"

"A child has only one mother and one father," she concluded. "I am so far away. I know I can trust you to do this for me."

Last summer she and Jenny Ann met in England. And now she is asking that a person of Doctor Lindstrom's choosing be named to accompany the child to Rome for a summer visit. Doctor Lindstrom, however, protests the visit. During the London meeting, he claims, Ingrid "insisted upon bringing up our past in front of the child and in berating me."

The court's decision in this matter is not known as I write.

Certainly Jenny Ann was grieved when—the scandal of her mother and Rossellini filling the newspapers—she had to face the little girls and boys in her neighborhood, at school and at dancing school. She asked to stay at home, I understand, away from the curious eyes and childishly cruel taunts. And such things I, too, find it difficult to forgive Bergman. I believe, nevertheless, that no child should be kept from a mother.

In all that Bergman did, the damage undoubtedly would have been less had she been less honest. But I find it difficult to damn anyone for honesty.

Other stars have had scandals, have—carried away by love or an infatuation or out and out physical attraction—defied the laws of propriety. And, after a decent length of time, allowing for the heat of disapproval to die down somewhat, they have come back. So the Hollywood producers figure, why not Bergman, who was, certainly, the greatest actress of them all, and who, except for her last three ill-fated pictures—"Arch of Triumph," "Joan of Arc," and "Stromboli," which she made in Italy for Roberto Rossellini, then her lover and now her husband—has always brought audiences flocking to the box office. Indeed, Bergman might well help Hollywood recapture what Hollywood refers to as the lost audience, meaning the older men and women who have gotten out of the habit of going to movies as frequently as they used to. THE END

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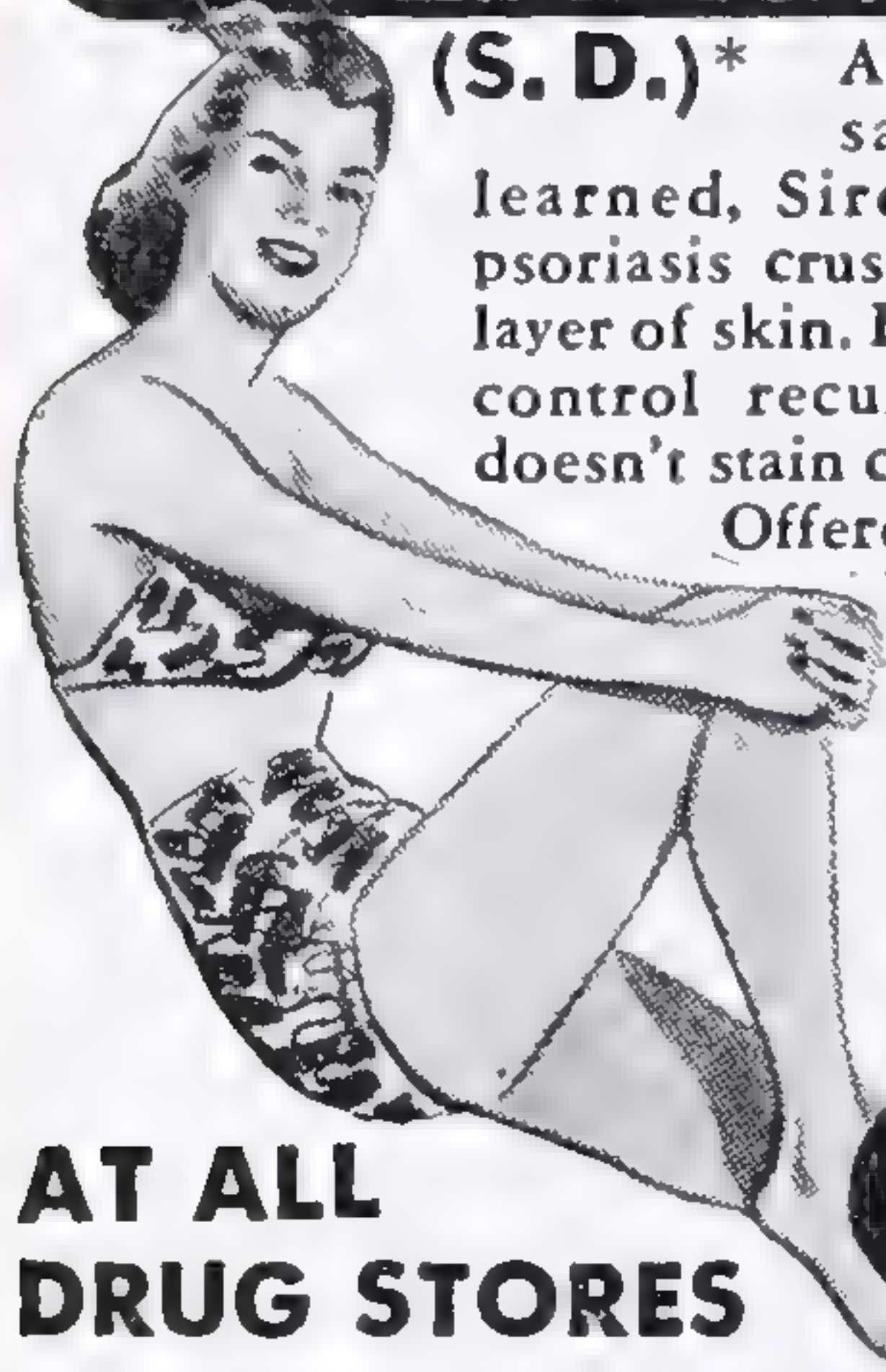
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Richard Boone



Mary Murphy



Richard Crenna



Katy Jurado



Lee Van Cleef



Allyn McLerie

Choose your star (Continued from page 46)

great voice. She is in "Apache Trail."

Rusty Tamblyn: Current picture, "The Winning Team." Next, "The Making of a Marine." Only seventeen and red-headed, he's causing big enthusiasm at the studio because all the messenger girls swoon when he passes, all the established lady stars murmur, "Cute." Can act besides.

Dean Miller: Current picture, "Skirts Ahoy." Next, "Because You're Mine." Tall, handsome, dark Dean is listed as third in the big prospect list at M-G-M. Has had radio-announcing experience, has nerve, is already dating the glamour dolls, all of which makes a winning combine.

Patrick Conway: Clicked as Sid in "Westward the Women." Next picture, "Above and Beyond." If inheritance will do it, Pat's in. He has the looks and the connections, his father having been the late top director, Jack Conway; his grandfather on his mother's side being Francis X. Bushman, first matinee idol of the screen. Lost in the shuffle so far, however.

Donna Corcoran: Current picture, "Young Man with Ideas." Next picture, "One Piece Bathing Suit." Only youngster being currently pushed in a big way, what with Gigi Perreau about to become a teenager. A real baby Bernhardt, her fate will depend, as it does with the kiddie brigade, on how fast she grows up.

Dawn Addams: Current picture, "The Hour of Thirteen." Next picture, "Plymouth Adventure." A beautiful British brunette with M-G-M head man, Dore Schary, personally backing her career; she should get up into that thousand-candle-power zone. Good theatrical training, too, and accent being ironed out.

Marilyn Erskine: Current picture, "The Girl in White." Next, "Above and Beyond." Came from the New York stage and radio where she'd been since childhood with vast success prophesied. Hasn't quite made the grade. Maybe because she is too outspoken. Pretty, though, and very intelligent.

Elaine Stewart: First picture, "Sailor Beware." Next, "Tribute to a Bad Man." True Story Magazine Cover girl and a model, Hollywood reacts to her beauty.

Robert Horton: Last picture, "Return of the Texan." Next, "Pony Soldier." Really hot with M-G-M, who hold his contract. Starts working for them as co-star of "Apache Trail" and in "The Making of a Marine." Six foot tall, red-headed, with that menace charm that made Gable, he's a very, very safe bet.

Jeff Richards: Last picture, "The Sell-out." No future commitment. Nice-looking, nice guy but the chances are he's been around too long without clicking to click big now. Has been under contract to Warners, Paramount, M-G-M.

Paramount, having launched a "Golden Circle" which was supposed to be nothing

but talented young things, has battered said Circle badly by dropping quite a few off the list before they ever got started. They have seven tremulous hopefuls this year, however, with a kind of "possession" on two others.

Of the seven, **Joan Taylor** has the most studio interest behind her. Her current picture is "The Savage." Her next is "Military Policeman." Very distinctive looking, twenty-three, happily married, she has much stage training, a long background in ballet dancing and singing, tremendous ambition. Hard to beat that blend down, as well you readers know.

Gene Barry: Rates tops, male side. Current picture, "Atomic City." Next, "War of the Worlds." More than six feet tall, darkly handsome, with much Broadway and TV experience. Happily wed and a father, you know he's good when he played a lead in his first picture, got a better lead in his second.

Tom Morton: Current picture, "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie." Next, "The Stars Are Singing." A dancer from Broadway, he grew up in show business. Given the right musical breaks, he may hit.

Michael Moore: Current picture, "Atomic City." Next, "Stalag 17." Six feet two, eyes and hair of brown, muscles of iron and pul-lenty of maleness. Should make it, and good, because he's ex-Yale, ex-Navy, ex-tra smart.

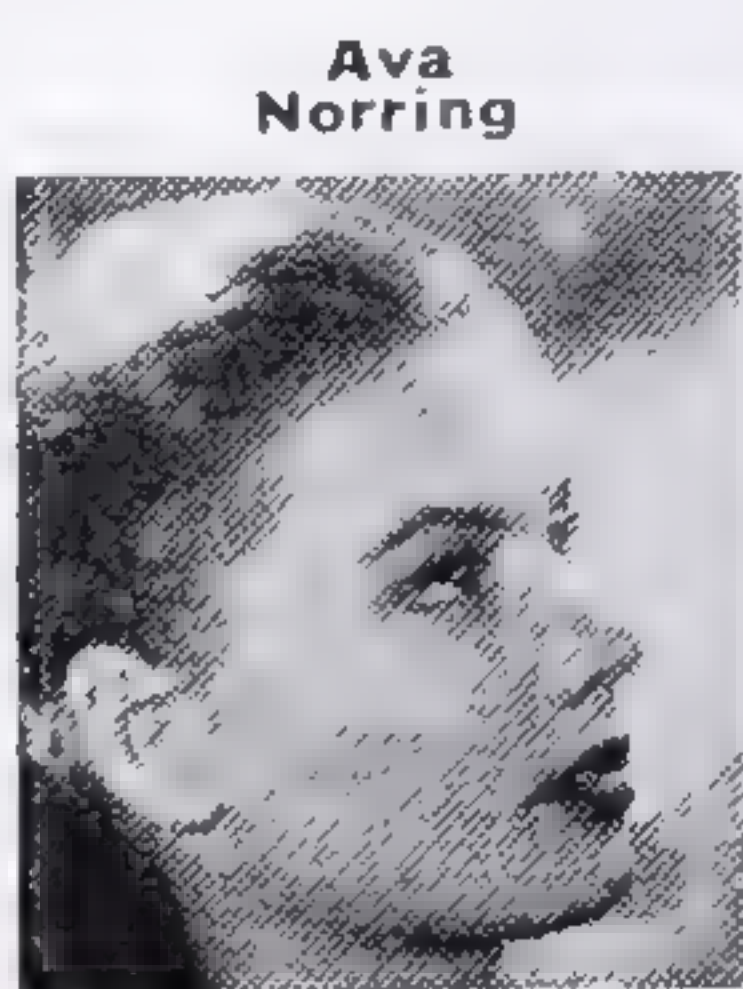
Judith Ames: Debut picture, "When Worlds Collide." Next picture, "The Turning Point." The very pretty daughter of theatrical parents, it was inevitable that both in high and college, she'd study dramatics. Blonde and blue-eyed, for Judith it definitely depends upon casting.

Laura Elliot: Last picture, "Denver and Rio Grande." No future assignment. Taller than average, with brown hair, brown eyes and inexhaustible ambition, Laura has made more than a dozen pictures since a Paramount talent scout discovered her in 1948. Yet that might hurt her chances, too, since by this time she should have clicked. Worth watching, anyhow.

Mary Murphy: Current picture, "Carrie," then in "Come Back, Little Sheba." Cutie type, with several small parts in former pictures, she's rather in Laura Elliot's position of having time running out for her to be discovered for the top rounds.

Paramount's two, in whom it has a sort of left-handed interest, are both actresses: **Lydia Clarke**, who is Mrs. Charlton Heston, currently in "The Atomic City." Since Heston prefers to stay in New York for TV and stage between pictures, the chances are so will Miss Clarke.

Susan Morrow—Current: "The Savage." Next in "Blazing Forest," dropped for reasons a bit hard to fathom. Looks so good, she'll probably pop up soon at some



Ava Norring



Mari Aldon



Casey Adams



Suzan Ball



Anne Bancroft



Eve Miller



Susan Morrow



Donna Corcoran



Cindy Garner



Adrienne Corri



Jacqueline Duval



Jack Kelly

other studio with a big, handsome contract.

Always remember, in your appraisals, there is much more to stardom than meets the eye. Unless your pet should be:

Ursula Thiess: The way Ursula meets Hollywood's eye makes the movie colony feel she is not only the most beautiful of the current crop, but among the most beautiful that ever landed west of Hollywood and Vine. Ursula, the exquisite, has the full backing of Howard Hughes, the mysterious. But that means she is under contract to RKO and what, what is Mr. Hughes going to do with that same studio? This is the current \$64 question.

Ursula's first American-made film is "Monsoon." Next "Pocket Venus." Latter title can't refer to this German-born girl, as she herself is tall, dark and has spectacular gray-green eyes. And zing!

Keith Andes: Next big RKO bet, did do one bit in "The Farmer's Daughter" but starts his major screen career by telling Marilyn Monroe where to head in in "Clash by Night." Next, "Blackbeard, the Pirate." He's the real gone male type, with distinctive looks. They want second film to be even bigger. Stage experience, "Kiss Me Kate." Seems to have everything needed, plus much more in reserve.

Linda Douglas: in the studio's ranking, comes in third. Last picture, "Marshall of the Pecos," she has appeared in other similar Westerns. Blonde, pretty, has a figure—but can she shake the sagebrush?

Colleen Miller: Current picture, "The Las Vegas Story." Her story is she's cute, brunette, likable. Probably not enough.

Elizabeth Threatt: Debuts in "The Big Sky" making like an Indian maid, but actually is a New York model. Her future, at least at RKO, depends upon your reaction. Like all Mr. Hughes' starlets, she meets the eye at all the correct places.

Joan Rice: First American picture, "The Story of Robin Hood." Very British, with many British pictures behind her. Solid healthy girl, solid healthy actress, probably too much for wide American taste.

Twentieth Century-Fox is the very distinguished studio which launched Ty Power, Betty Grable, Dan Dailey, in a big way and your pet winner of last year, Mitzi Gaynor. Two of your runners-up, Jeff Hunter and Bob Wagner, are mid-way in the discovery routine. But this year it surely gets "E" for effort, since it has nine not-at-all average people, freshly added to its contract lists. One they consider already a star, and no less a personality than Farley Granger says she's the most attractive girl in Hollywood. She is, of course,

Hildegard Neff: Current picture "Diplomatic Courier." Next picture, "The Snows of Kilimanjaro." Twenty-six, German-born, blonde, not beautiful, almost terrifyingly real, it depends upon whether or not

you like the exotic. Distinctly a personality, and an actress.

Oskar Werner: also "unknown but a star." He, too, like Miss Neff, is German. He, too, is blond. His American debut picture was "Decision Before Dawn." His next is "The Man Who Fooled Hitler." A superb actor, he is not good looking, has an accent. Will either make it big or nothing.

Against these two, the others loom up as just hopeful young things, the prettiest and sweetest of whom is

Helene Stanley: Current pictures, "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie" and "Diplomatic Courier." Next, "The Snows of Kilimanjaro." A little red-head, with a traffic-stopping figure, she can sing, dance and act. She really should get there.

Ava Norring: Current picture, "Bagdad on the Subway." Next, "The Snows of Kilimanjaro." She's a blonde from Budapest. A former model, she has a sharp publicity sense and that never hurt any girl.

Merry Anders: First picture, "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie." Next not decided. She's cute. She's eighteen. She's blonde—and there's always a hundred of her in Hollywood. She might make it. Betty Grable was cute, blonde and eighteen once.

Anne Bancroft: Current picture, "Don't Bother to Knock." Next, "Treasure of Concor's Nest." Brunette and distinctive, she might turn out to be the new Anne Baxter. A former TV actress, she has similar dramatic power and the studio regards her as an actress, rather than a cutie-beauty.

Richard Boone: Last picture, "Return of the Texan." Next, "Way of a Gaucho." He's no Cary Grant for looks, but he can act, which he learned on stage and TV. He is up for fine roles, so don't overlook him.

Casey Adams: First, "With a Song in My Heart." Next, "What Price Glory." Nice guy, former Broadway comedian.

Warren Stevens: Last picture, "Phone Call from a Stranger." Current: "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie." At Twentieth, where acting is honestly appreciated, they are impressed by his Broadway and TV background and big things are planned for him. Fan mail would help him.

Universal-International, with Tony Curtis, Rock Hudson, Piper Laurie, all former "Choose Your Star" favorites—to say nothing of Shelley Winters Gassman—is happily backing seven personalities this year, diverse in talent and temperament, but all having one thing in common—youth.

Suzan Ball: U-I picks her as the most important of the seven. Twelve months ago, she was unknown theatrically. Now, she has already completed her first big picture, "Yankee Buccaneer," and follows that with "City Beneath the Sea." Not beautiful, but very distinctive. Unmarried and can cook!

Palmer Lee: U-I feels he is their best



Jonathan Cott



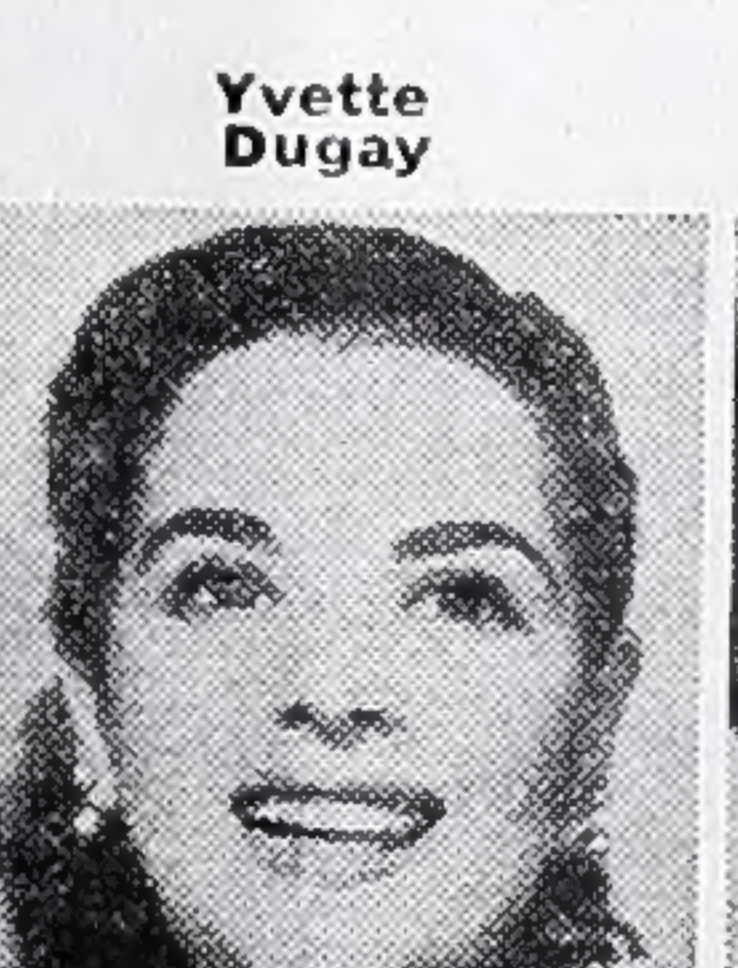
Colleen Miller



Judith Ames



Merry Anders



Yvette Dugay



Diane Cassidy

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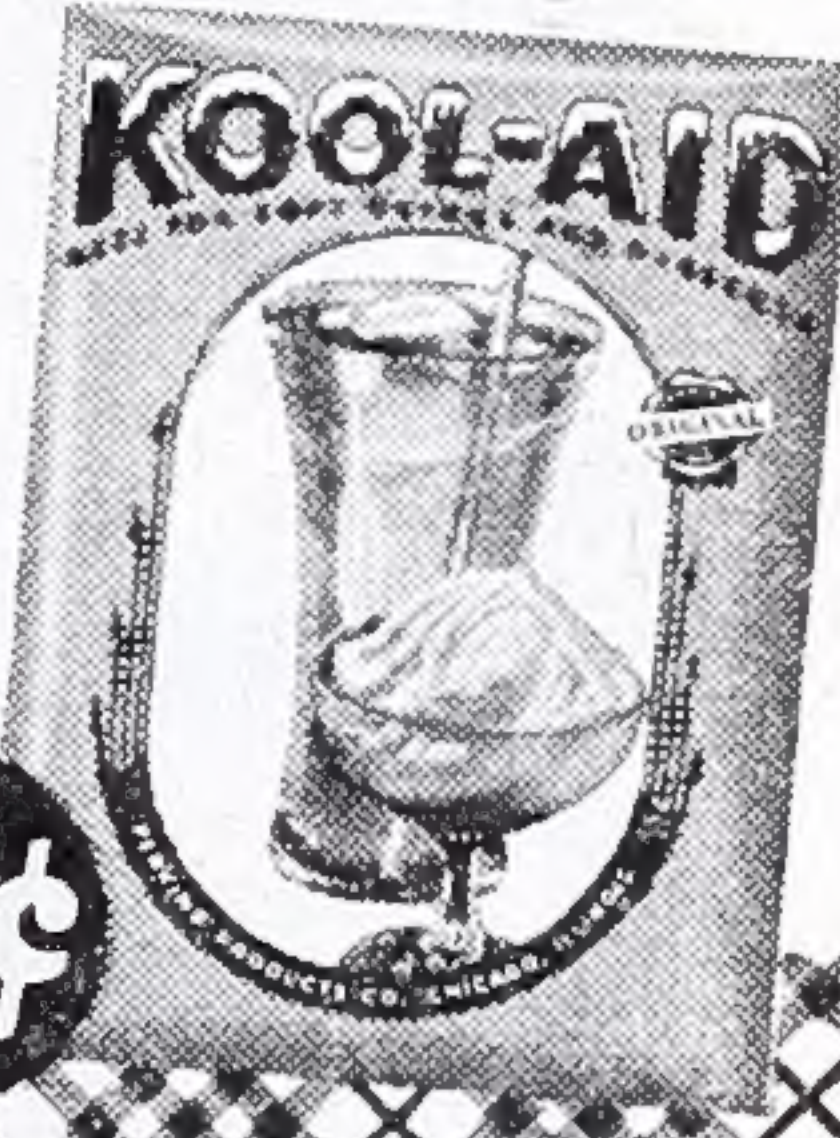
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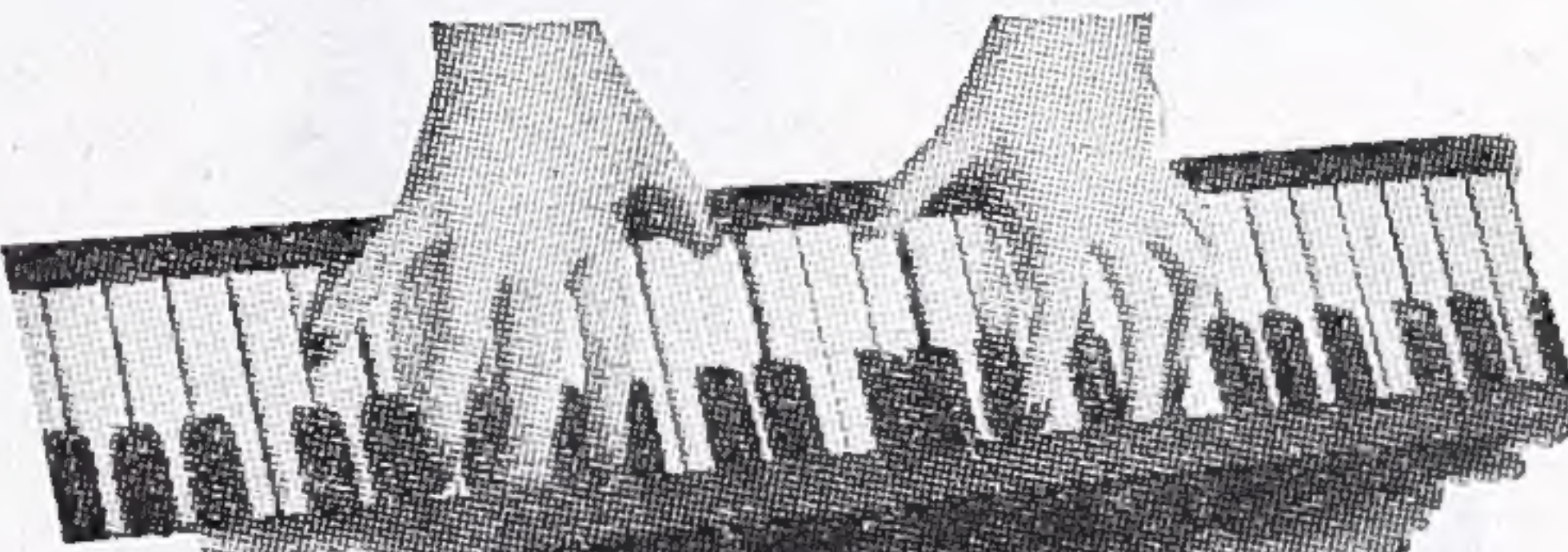
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Linda Douglas



Lydia Clarke



Elizabeth Threalt



Richard Kiley



Alice Kelley



Tom Morton



Jeff Richards



Rusty Tamblyn



Warren Stevens



Robert Sherman



Vera Miles

boy. Current picture, "Red Ball Express." Next, Ann Blyth's leading man in "Sally and St. Anne." Tall, broad-shouldered, dark, he can also sing—and the Blyth picture has the studio singing about him.

Judith Braun: Current picture, "Red Ball Express." Next, "The Texas Man." Sultry twenty-two-year-old, with sexy voice, might trip over her own temperament, but definitely has what it takes so far.

Lori Nelson: Clicked in "Bend of the River." Current picture, "Ma and Pa Kettle at the Fair." Eighteen, blonde and a darling. Good little actress.

Alice Kelley: Current picture, "Son of Ali Baba." Next, "Ma and Pa Kettle Go to Paris." A dimpled, brunette twenty-year-old, she needs to watch her figure.

Jack Kelly: Current picture, "Red Ball Express." Next, "Sally and St. Anne." Brother of former star, Nancy Kelly. Dark and handsome, but alas, most young leading men are. Jack hasn't yet shown any other distinctions.

Russell Johnson: Last picture, "For Men Only." Next picture, "Joe and Willie Back Up Front." Rugged and nice, but again, needs more—which he might get with the right future casting.

Warner Brothers, in sharp contrast to M-G-M, U-I and Paramount, has only one new personality under contract. And for her only is the big, big push on. She's

Allyn McLerie: Allyn debuts on screen in the same role that made her a star on Broadway as Amy in "Where's Charley?" Very distinctive, a ballerina, the studio was so impressed by what preview audiences said about her that they gave her a very, very important role in "The Desert Song." It's up to you now.

FREE LANCERS

This year the twenty-one newcomers without studio affiliations are more important than ever before—and even without a major company behind them a great many are hitting the stardom trail. The most important of these, by virtue of an Academy Award nomination for his first picture is

Kevin McCarthy: After turning down film offers for years he debuted in "Death of a Salesman." A close friend of Monty Clift, like Monty he prefers to free-lance so he can pick and choose. As yet, he hasn't picked his second screen role. Not conventionally handsome or young but he's attractive.

Zsa Zsa Gabor: This spectacular beauty is in "Lovely to Look At" for M-G-M and "We're Not Married," for Twentieth. She is so interested in living she may forget her career. She's estranged from George Sanders and a TV star in her own right; anything can happen to Zsa Zsa.

Arthur Franz: Currently in Stanley Kramer's "The Sniper." Next, "The Dirty Dozen," also for Kramer, who rarely uses the same actors twice and must think a great deal of Franz. He took a long time making it, but he's talented, fine looking and has girl-appeal besides.

Richard Kiley: Important in "The Mob," he gets best break to date in "The Dirty Dozen." Another Kramer favorite, he's also in "The Sniper." Good Broadway and TV background here.

Jonathan Cott: Current, "Scaramouche." Next, "Above and Beyond." Former college athlete, has yet to find himself after the blow of being dropped from M-G-M.

Eve Miller: Last picture, "The Big Trees." Next, "April in Paris." Pretty brunette but again, again it takes more. She left Warners for TV work.

Peter Graves: A rugged blond he-man, he's building steadily in popularity. Current, "Red Planet Mars." Next, "Stalag 17." Audiences and studios like him. A better than average bet.

Cindy Garner: Current, "Red Ball Express." Dropped by U-I. A pretty blonde ex-model who could use a little more acting experience.

Yvette Dugay: Last picture, "The Cimarron Kid." Has been acting since she was seven with beauty enough to win her more attention.

Tab Hunter: Current picture, "Island of Desire." Blond, which is a male handicap; twenty-one-year-old, which isn't; dreamboat, which is super! Add it up.

John Forsythe: Current film, "The Captive City." Next, "Return to Paradise." Under personal contract to director Mark Robson, a very discerning person, so this should have special meaning for a happy future for this dynamic former TV personality.

Joan Camden: Currently in "The Captive City." Blonde cutie, but she can act! A college girl too, so maybe . . . Next will be "I Am Jack Mortimer."

Richard Crenna: Current film, "The Pride of St. Louis." Next, "It Grows on Trees." Can act, as proven by radio background, but won't knock you dead by looks.

Robert Sherman: Last picture, "For Men Only." Next, "Ring Around Saturn." This Paul Henreid discovery doesn't need any more dramatic lessons but his off-beat appearance may limit him. He does have charm, though.

Vera Miles: Last picture, "For Men Only." Current, "Rose Bowl Story." She's awfully sweet and appealing, but her debut didn't cause any great commotion. Maybe next time.

Jacqueline Duval: Current, "Red Ball Express." Brunette and pretty, she grew up in Hollywood and a new big contract isn't a bit impossible.

Adrienne Corri: The redhead of "The River," she came to New York for stage work and may be heading for Hollywood. Beautiful in an original way, but needs to watch her figure.

Lee Van Cleef: Current, "High Noon." Distinctive but no build-up plans for him until this picture is generally seen.

Katy Jurado: Current, "High Noon." An excellent Mexican actress, but probably too foreign for American taste.

Diane Cassidy: Current, "Skirts Ahoy" and "Lovely to Look At." Formerly under contract to M-G-M. Young, beautiful, red-headed, a former model. But there are so many beautiful red-headed former models around Hollywood. Don't bank on her.

Mari Aldon: Last picture, "This Woman Is Dangerous." This interesting blonde was going great guns at Warners—and then was dropped without much explanation. 'Tis rumored temperament was the reason which may scare the other studios off.

• • •

There it is. Send your ballot, which appears on page 46, to Choose Your Star, Photoplay. It must be post-marked no later than midnight, August 3.



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